THE

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE ILL-HUMORIST; OR, OUR RECANTATION.

Oh, I am stabbed with laughter.

[A voluntary confession of error has always a certain recommendation with it. We therefore trust that the discovery we have made, and the acknowledgment we here give of the fault we have fallen into respecting the "Humor" in which we have written, will be properly appreciated by *a discerning public*.—EDITOR.]

WE are weary of good humor, heartily tired of mirth; we are resolved, in short, to be comical no more. The Tragic Muse shall have us all to herself. The Blue Devils take us!

> For all man's life me-seems a tragedy
> Full of sad sights and sore catastrophes;
> First coming to the world with weeping eye,
> Where all his days, like dolorous trophies,
> Are heap't with spoils of fortune and of fear,
> And he at last laid forth on baleful bier.*

There shall be no more "cakes and ale" if we can help it. Our part in future shall be with virtue and Malvolio; we mean to give Sir Andrew Ague-cheek warning, and clasp Sir Andrew Agnew to our heart. If there shall be any more ale, it shall be "bitter ale," and our cup shall be that of Tantalus.

The grievances of Englishmen are, in sad earnest, the dearest privileges they possess. Our patriots of former days committed a grievous blunder in bringing in their Bill of *Rights*. A Bill of *Wrongs* would have been infinitely more popular, and immeasurably more in unity with the tastes and feelings of the country. The true rights of a Briton are his wrongs, for he is never so pleased as when he is afflicted, and never so discontented as when cause for grumbling he has none. Dogberry was a genuine son of Albion, albeit the great dramatist, in his caprice, claps us down that pink of constables in the streets of Messina. With what satisfaction and vain-glory does he not describe himself as "*a man who has had his losses!*" The losses of many a man are worth his profits told ten times over. What he gains subjects him to envy, increases his cares, augments his responsibilities and temptations; but what he loses (in addition to all the moral benefits resulting from the abstraction of so much filthy lucre,) has the enormous advantage of furnishing him with a good *casus belli* with the world, and a fair quarrel with the lady of the ever-spinning wheel.

* Spenser's "*Tears of the Muses.*"

Can there be a better proof of the prevailing fashion for grievances, than the precarious hold which reformers have had in all ages upon the affections of their fellow-citizens? The love of abuses springs from the love of having something to abuse. To be abusing somebody or something the live-long day, is an enjoyment not to be dispensed with by those who have once tasted it; and the abuse highest in favour is that which comes in our way most frequently, and affords us the greatest number of occasions for exhibiting our spleen. We have known a man keep a three-legged stool in his study, for no earthly purpose but to knock his shins against and swear at. Upon the same principle many people keep cats and dogs in their houses, that they may have something to execrate for every broken saucer, and to cuff and kick whenever they meet it on the stairs. This is the true reason that pets are often the most odious creatures of their species; the animal is maintained at considerable expense, expressly because it is mischievous and detestable, thus providing us with a perennial theme for vituperation, and the exercise of our irascible dispositions. Nay, we often see this system extended to the human race, and servants and other dependants retained in an establishment, purposely to keep the temper of the master or mistress up to the boiling point. This is the use of a Smike to a Squeers. Smike was a well-conditioned simpleton; but many a mischievous and incorrigible brat escapes expulsion from school, because he ensures some epicure of a pedagogue the daily exercise of his verberose propensities. An urchin of this description is the schoolmaster's pet-boy; not all the good scholars in the academy afford him half the satisfaction which he derives from this one incorrigible favourite.

This pleasure to be found in pain, this good in evil, this source of joy discoverable in the very stream of sorrow, is precisely what is figured by the diamond in the reptile's head.

> Sweet are the uses of adversity;
> Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
> Still wears a precious jewel in his head.

Discontent is the jewel of adversity; tears are literally pearls; and there is no gold to be compared to the "gold of affliction," as a celebrated impost in the Lower Empire was appropriately designated. Why is Ireland, for example, called the

> First flower of the earth,
> And first gem of the sea,

but because she is always in tribulation, and for ever in the dumps? Her true emerald is her distress; robbed of that she would be robbed of her reputation, and reduced to poverty indeed. A "good distress" makes the fortune of a tragic poet, and in this respect most men resemble the priests of Melpomene; they love a "good distress" prodigiously. It is evident from the wild schemes and impracticable objects that we are continually proposing, or in quest of, that we actually seek to be disappointed, knowing how sweet it is to talk of blighted hopes and rail at Fortune. How often do we not subscribe to mad speculations, and invest every shilling of our capital in the airiest bubbles, seemingly out of an abstract love of ruin. A ruined fortune would seem to be as attractive as the ruin of an abbey or a castle in a landscape. In like manner we expect impossibilities from our children,

and make the most unreasonable requests of our friends, merely to qualify ourselves to deplore filial ingratitude, and protest that friendship is but a name.

The place-hunter may possibly derive some slight advantage from gaining his suit and a situation; but how much happier is he who is in a condition to accuse the perfidy of a minister, and revile the government all his days? In matters of religion, it is well known, that the way to gratify the zealot is to persecute him. The enthusiast loves the country where good fires are kept to warm, and even occasionally to roast him. Toleration freezes him, and perfect religious liberty is like sending him to Siberia. We have a shrewd notion that the most miserable country imaginable is that which Sir Thomas More discovered, and called Utopia. We would not be Utopians for all the world; but as we meditate a formal attack upon that dull nation at a future opportunity, we shall say no more of them, or their sad prosperity, at present.

He that will take the trouble of measuring the L'Allegro with the Il Penseroso, will find the latter poem some score of verses longer than the former, an apt illustration of the truth that the catalogue of human troubles is longer by twenty grievances than the list of human satisfactions. We are determined, therefore, to be merry no longer.

> There's such a charm in melancholy,
> We would not, if we could be gay.

What costs and trouble we have been at in the quest of gaieties, while sorrows and tribulations might have been had in bushels, as plenty and cheap as blackberries! It is to be feared that we have hitherto committed a gross mistake in catering for the supposed public appetite for mirth. We have forgotten the *luxury of woe!* We have overlooked the most striking fact in the philosophy of the human mind,—namely, the *love of grievance.* From this error have arisen the Comic Almanacks, Comic Annuals, and all Comic Miscellanies of the day. Even the Latin Grammar has been made a farce of, and laughter extracted from "As in Presenti." "Punch" has even distilled smiles from law-books; which proves that sunbeams are producible from cucumbers. One would suppose that England was still the "merry England" of the days of Robin Hood and the Round Table. One would think that we English were a giggling, grinning, joking, light-hearted people, instead of the plodding, grumbling, tax-paying nation that we are. What have *we* to do with fun and frolic? *We* who live on melancholy beef, and have our being in solid plum-pudding, what have *we* to do with kickshaws, entre-mets, and trifles? Our centre is the centre of gravity, and those who would have us spin on the centre of levity, mistake the mechanism of our national character altogether. The Englishman is solid as his own food, and grave as his own mustard-pot. We eat melancholy meat, drink melancholy drink, and melancholy has "marked us for her own."

It is the most preposterous thing in the world for *us* to keep a retinue of wits, and such an immense establishment of jesters. Next year it will not be our fault if there is not a "Tragic Almanack," and our resolution is taken to establish a "Tragic Annual" likewise, and perhaps baptize the *New Monthly* anew by the title of the "Ill-Humorist." We shall publish at Charing *Cross*, and we expect all *grave* people will promote and encourage our *undertaking.* It will be our study to suit the *ill*-temper of the times, and we shall en-

deavour to engage the services of Mr. *Croker*. In fact, it will be a sort of revival of "Fog's Journal."

With a view to these projects we have already commenced forming a library. It contains,

Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.
Zimmerman on Solitude.
Thomson's Winter.
The Dance of Death.
Young's Night Thoughts.
Hervey's Meditations.
The Sorrows of Werter.
Blair's Grave.
The Newgate Calendar.
The Elegies of Tibullus.
The Mourning Bride.
The Distressed Mother.
Memoirs of *Grim*.
McWhine on the Lamentations.
Ovid's Tristia.
The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay.
Stories of Shipwrecks and Tales of Conflagrations.
Miserrimus.
The Practice of Courts of Equity.

With this lamentable library, and a corps of the sourest fellows, drinkers of vinegar and eaters of lemons, to be met with in the saddest streets, the most lugubrious lanes, and the crossest courts in London, we hope to make the "ILL-HUMORIST" a most fascinating magazine. We have already retained three elegiac bards to do the poetry, and the same number of grievance-mongers to manage the political department. Our editor will always be habited in a sorry suit; our "sub" will wear green and yellow, those being the colours which Shakspeare assigns to melancholy; our devils will be blue, if we can procure them, if not we shall advertise for sad boys; and at the door of our office will be stationed a pair of the most dismal mutes to be found in the metropolis. We shall appear in a drab cover, with a huge cross, or vinegar-cruet for our device, with the motto,

It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jacques.

There will be a letter-box (illuminated with weeping gas) always open to receive the sighs of lovers, the tears of schoolboys, the complaints of wives, the recriminations of husbands, the wails of the disappointed, the grunts of the disaffected, the moans of manufacturers, the groans of the farmers. It shall not be our fault if we do not deserve to be groaned, and merit the rueful countenance of the public. Moor ditch shall not be more melancholy than we, or a drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe more doleful. The cries of London shall find a faithful echo in our pages, and we shall make engagements with the criers of all the courts of justice in England, so as to ensure returns of all the wrongs and hardships that suitors and offenders sustain at the hands of judges and juries. Instead of paying a penny a line for murders and great fires, we shall give the same handsome sum per word, including conjunctions and pronouns. All who rail at railways will do well to favour us with their contributions, for it is our fixed determination to be always rich in land-slips, collisions, and explosions. In general strikes we shall endeavour to be as striking as possible. If we fail, it will not be for lack of failures, for our columns shall be rich in insolvencies, and we are resolved to break ourselves in bankruptcies.

A portion of our space will be devoted to rural and agricultural affairs. We have a project for cultivating the cypress in this country, and encouraging the growth of rue and wormwood. As to our English corn, it will be our constant care to tread upon it; we shall thrash the question of the corn-laws, and raise the animating cry of "Dear Bread;" while in Ireland we shall maintain, support, and de-

fend the Corn-Exchange, that Delphos of discontent, and Dodona of dissatisfaction. As to Oates, we care but little for any branch of the family except old Titus, who catered so well in his day for our national love of a supper of horrors. We shall ourselves be always well supplied with plots and conspiracies, and treason alone shall flourish in our pages. We intend to be the greatest alarmists in England, and our readers will see a French navy or a Russian squadron in every fleet of fishing-boats they perceive in the offing. Every month there will be a report of a terrible earthquake in some part of the country or another. We shall prove this to be the most volcanic corner of the globe, and we shall have correspondents in Wales and Cumberland who will give us daily accounts of wolves and avalanches. Then Perkins's steam-gun shall burst once a fortnight at least, and the blowing up of the few public men whose loss is likely to afflict the nation, shall be recorded minutely.

The markets will be carefully watched—the flesh of donkeys detected in the veal, horse-flesh in the beef, kittens in rabbits, crows in pigeons, and hemlock in every sprig of parsley. We promise to keep public attention for ever alive to the adulterations of bread and every other necessary of life. There will be a sharp eye into every copper kettle in London, and it will be a small speck of verdigris that will elude our sagacity. Our magazine will be a vast assistance to the magistrates and police, by pointing out a thousand street nuisances which, with all their acuteness, they have as yet no notion of. We have been educating our eyes and noses for the purpose, and if a single annoyance escapes our notice, we engage to return the money to our subscribers.

To recommend ourselves to fine gentlemen and young men of spirit, there will be a black list published in every number, of those discreditable tradesmen and shop-keepers who keep accounts, and have the assurance to send in their bills.

There will be always a pitiful story by Moody, illustrated by Scowl, or a tale by Mrs. Whimper, with a design by Wasp. We invite contributions, but a single stroke of pleasantry, or the slightest evidence of good-humour, will be fatal to any writer who desires to appear in our pages. Nobody shall shine in the "Ill-Humorist." Instead of paying by the joke or the smile, we shall pay by the rub or the frown. Our contents must be discontents, or mal-contents.

The discontents of the first number will be as follows:

1. The Shocking Condition of England Question. By Sir Gloomy Grumble, Bart., M.P.
2. Sharpe upon Acids.
3. The Perils and Dangers of the Streets of London.
4. Ode to Dissatisfaction.
5. An Essay on Sighs. By Dieaway Sob, Esq.
6. The Natural History of the Weeping Willow. By Professor Lorn.
7. The Seven Woes. By the Rev. John Fright. Author of the "Waters of Mara," and the "Day of Vengeance."
8. Disasters by Land and Sea.
9. Life and Adventures of Mr. Diggory Doleful, with his continual falls and downfalls, misdoings and undoings, losses and crosses, evictions and convictions, moanings and groanings, his woes, foes, throes, blows, from his first cry to his last sigh. By Miserrimus Moody, illustrated by Scowl.

THE ROBERTSES ON THEIR TRAVELS.

By Mrs. Trollope.

A score of reasons, at the very least, might easily be found to prove that it is a sin to make public any of the personal anecdotes and observations which we have all, more or less, the opportunity of making in private; there is a sort of treachery in doing so that can admit of no excuse or defence whatever, and most justly does it deserve the universal reprobation which attends it. Far distant, however, from any such offence is the office performed by the moral satirist, who, looking upon his fellow-mortals with an observant eye, and perceiving such faults or follies, not only in an individual, but in a class, as he thinks within reach of being cured or checked by the wholesome touch of ridicule, exerts all the power he has in applying it. It is true, indeed, that in performing this office, he may occasionally be accused, by those who feel themselves galled, of having been guilty of personality. But the answer to this accusation is too obvious to escape the dullest, even if an apt, though homely proverb, were less certain to suggest itself as a reply.

In recently looking over a miscellaneous collection of old travelling notes, made at various times, and in various lands, I found such constantly-repeated expressions of regret and vexation at the effect produced on the minds of all foreigners by the strange, and often offensive, manners of many among the multitudes of English travellers who thronged their cities, that I almost felt remorse at never having made public some of the offences and absurdities which had come under my own observation, and which tended to account for and justify the universal sentence of condemnation which has been passed upon English manners by every nation on the continent. But I well remember that all, or very nearly all, such observations were laid aside at the time they were written, because I feared that some of the sketches, however slightly drawn, might possibly be recognised by any one who happened to know what I had been doing, and where I had been. But my wanderings have now been so various, that this danger can exist no longer; yet, sorry am I to say, that what was truth on this subject several years ago, is truth still, and I think it not impossible that some good may be done by occasionally bringing before the eyes of the thoughtless people who have brought this stigma upon us, some of the follies by which it has been occasioned. Did I believe that the English people as a nation, or even the majority of them, merited the odium which has been thus cast upon them, I should certainly not occupy my pen upon a theme at once so useless and so distasteful; but knowing, as I do, that such is not the fact, I am tempted to make an effort towards the reform of follies, which are not, as I conceive, of so hopeless a nature as to be given up as incurable. The mischief, for the most part, arises from mere blunders and mistakes, which there is great reason to believe would be gladly avoided by those who fall into them, did they know a little better what they were about. Those who have travelled much, and still more, perhaps, those who have *resided*

for a time in any of the continental capitals of Europe, must, I think, have observed how very much more conspicuous those English travellers, who are not of the most polished class of society, make themselves, than those do who are. Any one residing for a twelvemonth in Paris, for instance, who would direct a little attention to this point, would be sure to find that, whereas hundreds of highly-educated and refined people come and go without ever exciting a remark, or drawing upon themselves any disagreeable attention whatever, persons less educated, or less refined, can scarcely show themselves in any place of public resort, without attracting both eyes and ears, in a manner that cannot fail to establish for the English nation exactly such a reputation for *mauvais ton* as at this moment attaches to them. And thus it happens, *of necessity*, that the better specimens of our travelling countrymen form no antidote, in the popular judgment of the countries they visit, to the worse; for while the first pursue the noiseless tenour of their way without drawing upon themselves any popular attention at all, the last, amongst all the amusement they may chance to find, have perhaps no pleasure so great as that of being conscious that they are observed—that they are producing a great sensation—and that they are not leaving their gold behind them without the meed of being stared at as rich *milors*, who were of too much consequence at home to condescend to be decently civil and quiet abroad. Could these persons but hear, as I have done, the observations of those before whom they perform these tricks of noisy and consequential impertinence, the evil would be soon cured, for there are few who would not willingly submit to some restraint, or at any rate, to the same discipline of ordinary good-breeding to which they yield themselves at home, rather than become the subject of remarks, often as good-natured as they are acute, and all tending to prove beyond the hope of a doubt, that the only delusion produced by their obstrusive swaggering, is that which causes them to be considered as the fair type of their countrymen, instead of a bad specimen of a small class. For it is a positive fact, that from the *gamin* who mutters his "got dem" upon the boulevard, to the individual of the very highest class, let it be who it may, whom they have the honour to encounter, there is not one who will blunder so egregiously as to mistake them for people of education.

But what makes this national judgment, both in France and elsewhere, the more provoking, is, that these very offenders are not a fair specimen even of themselves. How many respectable fathers and mothers, pretty daughters, and *learned* sons have I seen "at church and market," at the theatre, and in the chamber of peers, at the king's court, and at a restaurant of forty sous, who, in all of these scenes, have assumed a sort of tone (*mauvais ton, sans contredit*), as unlike as possible from what the very same persons would display in similar scenes at home. That this is a fact, no close observer will deny; but to account for it satisfactorily, is not easy. Sometimes I have been tempted to believe that it arises from the unwonted lightness of spirit, produced by the change of climate. On first breathing the clear bright atmosphere of France, almost every one seems to enjoy a sensation of *bien-être* from its influence. The animal spirits rise. The customary restraints imposed by the habits and manners of home, and the check produced by the presence of familiar eyes being withdrawn, the gay

travellers become fantastic first, and then impertinent, and like children invited out without their governess, appear in the eyes of those they visit to have much worse manners than they ever exhibited at home.

It is impossible to witness this sort of display without mortification and regret, which is only increased by remembering how many amiable qualities, and how much genuine excellence, exist behind this provoking *chevaux-de-frise* of thoughtless folly.

It is said that a warning is better than an example; and if so, there may be use in stringing together some of the recollections which bear upon this subject, and setting them, from time to time, before the eyes of my dear *compatriots*, so many of whom are daily taking wing to visit foreign lands, in which they would find it infinitely more pleasant to be liked than disliked.

I beg to observe, however, that although I shall set nothing down which has not a fact for its foundation, I shall take especial care to avoid every thing approaching to personality. Even my old note-book, as it lies in the original before me, might be read from the first page to the last, without throwing any light upon the questions "WHO?" and "WHERE?" The anecdotes stand isolated, and although they may recall to me, freshly enough, places and persons alike distant, I am quite sure that they could perform the same office to no one else, unless, indeed, it were the near and dear ones who were beside me when they occurred.

"I wish you joy, Mrs. Roberts," said a tall, well-looking man of fifty, entering his drawing-room in Baker-street with rather a triumphant step; "I wish you joy, madam. The arrangements, respecting the disposal of the banking business, are all concluded, and I am now a free man, and at liberty to indulge your long-cherished wish to visit the continent."

The lady he thus addressed was his wife; she was of an age and appearance very suitable to his own, being about five years his junior, and having, like himself, the remains of considerable comeliness of feature. It is true that the lady was rather more *en bon point* than she would have wished, and the carnation of her once fine complexion had deepened into a coarser tint; nevertheless, she was still what many people would call a very fine-looking woman, and in this judgment both herself and her husband joined.

"You have actually sold your share in the business, and been permitted to withdraw your share of the capital, Mr. Roberts?" demanded the lady, clasping her large, fair, fat hands in an attitude of thanksgiving.

"I have actually sold my share of the business, and have excellent security for the price, as well as for my capital, and I am to receive four per cent for the whole," he replied. "Thank God!" exclaimed his wife very fervently; "and now then for the amount?" "Why, my dear, it is a good bit less than it would have been if you could have let me remain a few years longer in the business. However, I dare say we shall do very well, because of what you tell me about the cheapness of

living abroad." "But what is it, Mr. Roberts? Pray don't beat about the bush in that way; you know I can't bear it." "I won't beat about the bush, my dear; I have no thought of the kind; but if you don't give me time to speak, you know, I can't tell you. I reckon that we shall have altogether, with your railroad shares, and the interest from your brother upon the mortgage, just about seven hundred a-year." "Seven, Mr. Roberts? Upon my life I expected it would have been nearer seventeen. However there is no need of your looking so terrified; I'll undertake to make seven hundred a-year abroad go as far as three times the sum at home. Just let me have the management of it, and you will see that it will do very well. But I hope you have not forgotten my positive injunctions about securing a sufficient sum of ready money to pay the expenses of the journey? Remember, sir, I will have no forestalling of the income. I must have *that* from the very first, perfectly clear and unincumbered." "You know, my dear, that I never forget what you say. Nicholson has promised to advance me three hundred on the furniture of this house," replied Mr. Roberts, "and I only wait for your orders about the time of setting out, in order to speak to an auctioneer about it."

"I would rather the sum had been five hundred, Mr. Roberts, a good deal rather. However, I am not going to find fault; altogether you have done very well; I only regret that I did not tell you to let me speak to Mr. Nicholson myself. But never mind, with my management I dare say I shall make it do."

"And about time, my dear," said her husband, greatly relieved by the degree of approval his statement had met with. "How soon do you think you should like to set off?"

"I must not be hurried, Mr. Roberts. I have a great deal to do, an immense deal to do, and all I can say is, that you may depend upon it I shall get through it all in about half the time that any body else would take. In the first place, you know, I have got to give notice to Edward that he is to leave Oxford immediately."

"God bless my soul, Mrs. Roberts, I never heard you say any thing about that before," exclaimed her husband, the startled blood mounting to his temples and his ears; "don't you intend to let him stay at Oxford till he has taken his degree?"

"Most decidedly not, Mr. Roberts," she replied. "If you knew a little better what you were talking about you would not ask such a question. Edward, with his extraordinary talents, has already had a great deal more time than was necessary for acquiring as much Greek and Latin as any body can want who is not intended for a schoolmaster, and I certainly do not mean that he shall lose any more time at it. Modern languages, Mr. Roberts, must now be added to the accomplishments for which he is already so remarkable. Modern languages and waltzing will render him as nearly perfect as it is within the reach of human nature to be. Say no more about his remaining at Oxford, if you please, for I feel it would irritate me."

Thus warned, Mr. Roberts attempted no further remonstrance on the subject, but pulled out his pocket handkerchief, blew his nose, and remained silent. "There, my dear, that will do now," said the lady, waving her hand; "I need not detain you any longer, and I have myself many things to do more profitable than talking."

"I will go this moment, my dear," replied her husband, "only I should like to know first how soon you think of setting off?"

"My dear Mr. Roberts, I must insist upon it that you do not persecute me any more with that question. Depend upon it you shall know in time to get yourself ready to accompany me. All you have to do at present is to get the money from Mr. Nicholson, and let me have it; and little enough it will be certainly; but I shall buy nothing till we get to Paris, and I must insist upon it that you implicitly comply with my wishes in this respect; I would not see you in an English coat or hat in Paris for more than I'll say. There now, go my dear, and let me have leisure to think a little."

This conversation was followed by such a degree of activity on the part of Mrs. Roberts, that in less than a fortnight from the time it took place, herself, and her whole family, consisting of her husband, her son, and her two daughters, were all safely stowed on board the Boulogne steamboat, and careering down the Thames. Of the younger branches of the Roberts family it will be necessary to say a few words before they are launched upon the ocean of Parisian gaiety, in order to show distinctly the effect which it produced upon them, and to be perfectly grammatical and correct, we will acknowledge the male to be more worthy than the female, and begin the family picture with a portrait of the son. He was a slight, small featured young man of twenty, certainly not ugly, for he resembled both his parents, and both were well-looking; but in him regularity of feature was almost a defect, for there was a preciseness of outline in nose, mouth and chin, which, together with his carefully arranged hair, gave him a strong resemblance (though rather upon a small scale) to one of the pretty waxen young gentlemen exhibited in the window of a hair-dresser's shop. The young ladies were also very tolerably pretty; Miss Agatha, the eldest, being light haired, with a pretty mouth and brilliant complexion; and Miss Maria, the youngest, was more fortunate still, from being tall and well made, with a profusion of dark chesnut curls, and a very handsome pair of eyes. In short, the three young people formed a group of which their papa and mamma were exceedingly proud.

From the first hour in which Mrs. Roberts formed the project of taking her family abroad, her mind had been made up as to the tone and style in which they were to travel, and the station they were to hold in society in the different cities which it was her intention to visit. Her active and aspiring spirit had been labouring incessantly for the last two or three years, in endeavouring to improve her set of London acquaintance; she firmly believed that nature had formed her with abilities of so high an order as fully to justify her hopes of taking a place in the highest circles, as soon as her husband's earnest attention to business should have acquired for her an income sufficient to support her pretensions. She saw many bankers' ladies holding a place in society which would have fully satisfied her ambition, and she determined that as soon as her daughters left school, the family should remove from their residence in Bloomsbury-square to a good house in a more fashionable part of the town. This she had achieved by means of a domineering temper, and a steadfast will, although her somewhat more prudent husband hinted that he thought they had better wait a little longer before

they made a move; but his doubts and scruples were all silenced by the irresistible arguments with which she proved that if her daughters were "brought out" in Bloomsbury-square they would never afterwards take their proper station in society. But Mrs. Roberts was a sanguine, ardent-minded woman, and the process of improving her circle of acquaintance proved slower than she expected. But, who is there from Whitechapel to Belgrave-square who has not the advantage of having some friends and relations who have been abroad? Mrs. Roberts had many; and though she had listened with much indifference to all the information they were ready to give as long as London continued to be the theatre of her hopes, their boastful narratives became interesting as soon as those hopes began to fade. No sooner had the idea of passing a few years abroad suggested itself than every other project was forgotten, and so well did she know how to work upon the not unambitious spirit of her husband, that, in less than a year after the idea had first occurred to her, she found herself in the triumphant situation above described.

As Mrs. Roberts' chief object was to ensure for herself and her family the inestimable advantages of superior society, it will readily be imagined that she had not neglected the necessary task of inculcating her views and principles on the minds of her children, and she had for years enjoyed the inexpressible gratification of perceiving that there was not one of them whose young spirit did not kindle at her lessons; so that the path before her, important as it was, seemed really strewed with flowers. She felt, happy mother! that their hearts beat in unison with her own, and that she should only have to say "do this," or "look thus," in order to ensure the most willing and prompt obedience.

As soon as they reached the deck of the steamboat Mrs. Roberts took the arm of her husband, and walked with great dignity to a seat which she considered to be the best on board, signifying to her son and daughters that they were to place themselves on a bench opposite. Their only travelling attendant was a tall footman in a showy livery, and as soon as the party was seated he was ordered to seek footstools for the three ladies. Just as he had succeeded in obeying this command two quiet-looking girls, in dresses which had nothing to recommend them save their being particularly well adapted for the scene and the season, placed themselves on the same bench with the Miss Roberts' and their brother; but in the next moment they were all disturbed by the approach of two or three men employed in putting up an awning. "Take care of your head," cried one of the plainly dressed young strangers, addressing Miss Roberts, who profitted by the warning without acknowledging it, and in a few minutes the awning was arranged, and the party restored to the quiet possession of their seats.

"What a comfort!" exclaimed the same young lady, addressing Miss Roberts, looking, as she did so, too full of youth and enjoyment to be aware of the immense liberty she was taking with a young lady so elegantly dressed as to be much more fit for a drive in the park than a voyage on the Thames. But whatever sensations of happiness Miss Roberts might feel, they were not of a nature so completely to overcome all her preconceived notions of what she owed to herself, as to induce her to reply in any way to the unauthorised familiarity of her neighbour, neither did she turn her eyes towards her, but looking

straightforward, exchanged a glance with her mamma which very eloquently expressed all the annoyance she experienced at being exposed to a liberty so every way unauthorised.

"This will never do," said Mrs. Roberts, knitting her brows, and shaking her head with a look of mingled alarm and indignation. "Mr. Roberts," she added, "I must really beg you to change places with my daughters, I can easily make room for them both, and," lowering her voice a very little, "it will be quite a different thing if you and Edward are attacked."

The proposed change was instantly made, and the young ladies placed themselves one at each side of their mamma, with the happy look of recovered security, which an escape from danger naturally inspires. But the young ladies, in their hurry to escape from the freedom of manner which had so greatly annoyed them, had left their footstools behind, and one of the cotton-robed young ladies, though with a very innocent and unconscious look, almost immediately placed a foot upon one of them: Mrs. Roberts seemed greatly agitated.

"I really do wish," she said with every appearance of being deeply in earnest, "I really do wish that they would make the steam-boats on a different plan. The division between deck and cabin passengers is by no means sufficient. Now, that all sorts and kinds of people go abroad, there really ought to be some means of dividing them a little into classes."

"I am sure so do I," said Agatha.

"A capital idea, mamma! I wish you would set it going," added Maria.

"My dear Edward," said Mrs. Roberts, bending forward across the space, which divided the seat she occupied from that on which her son was gracefully lounging along a space that might have accommodated three, "I am excessively sorry to disturb you; for, happy creature, you really look as if you were going to sleep, and upon my word under some circumstances that is the best thing one can do. But I really must trouble you to call Stephen here."

The young man obeyed, and the tall footman again made his appearance.

"You must contrive to get us more footstools, Stephen," said his mistress, with sufficient distinctness to have been heard almost from the helm to the head of the vessel.

"I don't think I can get any more, ma'am," said the man; "for I have seen every one that was laid up in the heap carried away."

The young offender on the opposite bench immediately withdrew her feet, at the same time pushing forward the footstool, and making a slight action with her head, as she looked at the servant, to indicate that he was at liberty to remove it. The man did so, and placed it beneath the feet of Miss Agatha.

"You must contrive to find another, Stephen," resumed Mrs. Roberts, in her most decisive tone. "Miss Maria cannot sit without a footstool."

The two young girls who had innocently been the cause of all this trouble, were either unconscious that their dresses concealed the wished-for accommodation, or thought that they had better not intrude any further civility upon their elegant fellow-travellers. Perhaps they began to feel not quite at their ease, for the beaming gaiety of

their bright young faces seemed a little overcast, and instead of continuing to converse together concerning the fortunate fineness of the weather and the like, they both seemed occupied in looking about the deck, as if in search of some one they expected to see there. Nor did they, as it seemed, look in vain; for in the next moment, they both sprung up together and darted away to meet a gentleman, who from his age, and the manner in which he smilingly received one under each arm, proclaimed himself unmistakably to be their father. The very instant that their removal restored the coveted footstool to sight, Mrs. Roberts extended her own hand to seize upon it, exclaiming as she did so, "How extremely disagreeable it is to meet with underbred people!"

This sentiment was very cordially echoed by her daughters, upon which Mrs. Roberts took occasion to observe that in the new mode of life which was now opening before them, they would find it highly necessary to assume and sustain a tone of manners differing very essentially from what was either necessary or desirable at home.

"And the reason for this," she continued, "is very obvious; while people remain in their own country, every body about them knows who and what they are, and there is neither good nor harm to be got by letting all that sort of thing take its course; but it is plain to see that when travelling abroad, a very different line of conduct becomes necessary. It is most probable, you know, that every body we meet will be strangers to us, and I should like to know how they are to find out that we are something above the common herd, unless we take care to make them feel it and know it by a little dignity and high spirit in our manner of going on? This must of course be equally necessary towards foreigners and English, and I beg to observe to you all, that it must never be lost sight of. I am quite certain that we are now in a situation to choose our own position in society, and this, it is very certain, that we never were before. Every body, you know, says that one pound on the continent will go as far as five in England, and we therefore have quite enough to place us in the very highest society, if we take care to conduct ourselves properly. Nor is this, I beg to observe, the only reason why it is necessary to behave, so as to give ourselves consequence in the eyes of those around us. Though a great many people of fashion come abroad, it is only too certain that a great many others come also, and just think what a business we should make of it, if, instead of keeping amongst the very highest set, as I hope and intend, we should any of us run up an intimacy with a parcel of people actually inferior, perhaps, to any that we should choose to speak to at home!"

The whole party, father, daughters, and son, listened to this harangue with the most earnest attention, and it was very evident from the observations which fell from them in reply, that they one and all fully appreciated the justness of her reasoning.

"Well, thank God!" she said, after having listened to them all in turn, "I don't believe I have any fools to deal with amongst you, and that is an immense comfort when there is an important object in view. In fact, I know that we all think and feel pretty much alike as to the manner in which we should choose to go on, but as to the means, I know perfectly well that you must trust to me—and I am happy to

say that you may do this safely, for depend upon it, I shall forget nothing. That letter now, for instance, to the embassy—who but I would ever have thought of making use of our good apothecary in such a business? But I will bet you what you please that we shall find Lady Carlton's letter quite as effectual as if she had written it to please the first duke in the land? Don't I know that an apothecary, as clever as Tomlinson is with children, may get what he likes from the parents, if he does but know how to ask for it?"

"It was a capital good thought of yours, my dear," said Mr. Roberts; "I am sure it would never have come into my head, if I had studied where to get an introduction, for a hundred years."

"Certainly, mamma understands all that sort of thing better than any one I ever heard of," said Agatha.

"I do not think we shall run much risk in trusting to her," observed Maria.

"Upon my soul, you are first-rate, ma'am," added Mr. Edward, as he reconnoitred through a glass the different groups that occupied the deck; "but do you think, ma'am, there would be any indecorum in our moving about a little? I think we look rather musty-fusty sitting here altogether, as if we were afraid of all the people."

"Afraid of them in one sense, my dear Edward, it is very necessary we should be, as you must have perceived yourself since we came on board; but that is no reason why we should not walk about, if we like it. We can take care of ourselves, you know, whether we move, or remain stationary. I have no wish to make any of you timid, quite the contrary. If you will give me your arm, Mr. Roberts, I will take a turn or two upon the deck; but you must call Stephen here first, Edward, that he may take charge of the foot-stools till we sit down again."

As there was nobody else on board who appeared to be attended by a tall footman in a blazing livery, the young man felt that his appearance among them, gave a considerable degree of distinction to the party, and this consideration was fully sufficient to reconcile him to this third mission in pursuit of Stephen, and once again the long-backed serving-man bent very literally to the ladies' foot-stools, and having dutifully withdrawn them, desired to know if he was to follow them to the place they were next going to occupy. Mrs. Roberts raised her eyes to the man as he asked the question, and he looked at once so very stately and so very obsequious, with the three footstools in his hands, that for a moment she was strongly tempted to answer in the affirmative; but recollecting that the purpose of their moving was to promenade the deck, and not merely to change their places, it occurred to her that the being so followed might look odd, and she therefore contented herself by pointing out a conspicuous place just below the quarterdeck, where he might deposit them, charging him at the same time to keep a strict watch over them, and not to permit their being removed by any one.

The party then set off, the father and mother in front, and the son and daughters following; but although thus divided, they contrived to converse together, exchanging many keen and clever observations upon their fellow-passengers, the nature of which might be guessed at, perhaps, by the frequent laughter of the party, although all they said to

each other was very decorously uttered to each other in whispers. Having thus amused themselves for about half-an-hour, the ladies declared their wish of sitting down again, but as they approached the places they had before occupied, they perceived, to their extreme surprise and indignation, that they were occupied by the very identical cotton-dresses which had already proved so particularly distasteful. Mrs. Roberts never felt annoyed without blaming somebody, and now, of course, she felt exceedingly angry with those very presumptuous young people; she knew, however, perfectly well (for a river steamboat was no new scene to her) that she had no right, though she was Mrs. Roberts, to reclaim the seat, and she therefore contented herself by preparing to brush past it, with the words "bore," "public conveyances," and "vulgar people," on her lips. But the sharp eyes of Miss Maria descried something in the appearance of the two gentlemen who were now the companions of their obnoxious fellow-passengers which led her to doubt whether, notwithstanding their "horribly common gowns," they might not be very different sort of people from what she had first supposed.

"Mamma—mamma," she whispered, at the same time restraining her mother's steps by a little gentle violence. "Don't go on in that way till you know what sort of people they are. Just look at the gentlemen who are with them."

Mrs. Roberts did look at the gentlemen, and her state of mind underwent an immediate change. She returned the pressure of the arm which had seized upon hers, in token that she comprehended what the pressure meant, and returned the whisper by saying in the same tone, or one lower still,

"Never mind—I will set it all right again. The girls seemed vastly inclined to be sociable."

And then taking a step back, she pointed out some object on the bank of the river to Maria and her brother, and having led them to the side of the vessel, said,

"I suspect we were wrong about those shabby-looking girls—look at the men they have got with them. Follow me, and behave just as I do, that's all."

She then pursued her way to the seat they had previously occupied, and having reached it, seemed suddenly to perceive for the first time that it was fully occupied. The youngest of the two girls now seated there looked a little frightened, and exchanging a glance with her sister, made a movement as if she was about to rise.

"Not for the world, my dear young lady," exclaimed Mrs. Roberts, with a courteous smile. "But I am afraid you will not find that high seat comfortable without foot-stools."

And stepping briskly back towards the place where her servant was still keeping guard over the monopolized treasures, she made a sign to him to advance, and then with her own hands placed two of the stools he brought beneath the feet of the two young girls. This was done with a smile of such gay good humour that it was impossible not to receive it graciously, and considering the texture of their dresses, the two young ladies acquitted themselves very well, the eldest assisting in the operation, with the exclamation, "Indeed, ma'am, you are too kind!" and the youngest repaying her with the same bright smile, the

familiarity of which had given such great offence when expressing her approbation of the awning. But the reward which Mrs. Roberts anticipated and received was from the gentlemen of the party, who both immediately rose, and offered their places to the civil lady and her daughters. Mrs. Roberts immediately sat down, nodding to her children, and waving them off to the opposite bench, saying with much earnestness to the elder of the two gentlemen, who was, as she divined, the father of the younger, as well as of the cotton-gowns, "Pray, do not let us disturb you, sir."

The two Miss Robertses were really pretty looking girls, and the young man, whose place their mother had taken, seemed perfectly willing to content himself with the accommodation offered by the seat against the side of the vessel, on which they and their brother had placed themselves—Mr. Roberts having wandered away in search of the gentlemen's cabin, and a newspaper.

It is always to be lamented when pretty-looking girls give themselves airs, and grow disagreeable, only because they know themselves to be charming. However trivial and evanescent may be the gift of beauty to a deeply philosophic eye, it would be folly to deny that it is one of the good gifts of heaven, and when the possessor does not call upon it to do the work of all other good qualities, moral and intellectual, it is calculated, in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred, to conciliate good will from those who look upon it, whatever their age, sex, or condition. But in order to have its full effect, or any thing like its full effect, it must be borne meekly, and the reason why the coquetry of women of high-breeding is more effective in all countries than that of beauties less accomplished, doubtless may be found in the fact that the last and highest polish conceals, if it does not absolutely destroy, pretension. A perfectly high-bred and well-educated woman charms by *being* elegant, not by exerting all her faculties to *appear* so; and in like manner a beautiful coquette of the same class is irresistible, because she endangers not the grace which is born of ease by struggling to appear something that she is not. If Agatha and Maria Roberts could have learned to "*let themselves alone*," they might have appeared in every drawing-room in Europe with almost a certainty of being more admired than one-half the women they met; but this they had not learned, and the consequence was now, as it had often been before, and as it was likely often to be again, that the young man who had speedily entered into conversation with them, as speedily got tired, and after listening with smiling attention first to one, and then to the other, as they laboured to set themselves off in a variety of ways, he at length got up, and proposed to his father that they should walk to the head of the ship to look out for—what they were to look out for his father did not wait to hear—for he, too, had been almost overwhelmed by the obliging efforts of Mrs. Roberts to enchant him; and telling his daughters that he would come back to them soon, he took his son's arm, and walked off.

It boots not to relate all the strenuous efforts made by Mrs. Roberts to obliterate from the memory of the two young ladies who were left seated beside her, all recollection of her former demeanour towards them. Suffice it to say, that, like some generals, more able than successful, she piqued herself as much upon the skill with which she

could perform a backward movement whenever she happened to get into a scrape, as upon the spirited boldness with which her manœuvres in advance were ever made. In the present case, however, she produced considerably less impression in both movements, than she would have been easily persuaded to believe possible; but, in fact, the two young people who had unintentionally attracted so much of her attention, were too giddily delighted, and too youthfully light-hearted, to know, or to care very much what these bustling strangers thought about them. Had they been obliged to pronounce an opinion concerning them, it would probably have been worded in the phrase, "odd sort of people." But in truth they were forgotten even before they were lost sight of; for the terrible moment being arrived at which the peaceable river changed into the cruel sea, all hopes, fears, joys, sorrows, plots, and counterplots were alike forgotten by every female on board, and by the time the vessel reached Boulogne, the first and only thought of each was, how to get out of her as quickly as possible.

To persons who, like the Roberts family, have just felt the mysterious malady of the sea for the first time, there is something equally astonishing and delightful in the sudden relief from their misery, which follows the very first contact of their feet with *terra firma*, and they all felt it in a degree that made their first continental sensations very delightful indeed. Their walk along the pier seemed to them all the most agreeable promenade they had ever enjoyed, and even the clamorous applications for their company with which they were greeted on the quay by the envoys of all the hotels in the town, produced more pleasure than annoyance.

"I have always heard that the French people were the most intelligent in the world," observed Mrs. Roberts; "and how remarkable a proof of it is their having picked us out in this manner among such a motley crowd. Look here! I have had six cards from as many different hotels put into my hand already!"

"And how in the world are we to choose among them, my dear?" inquired Mr. Roberts. "I really should like to find myself in a comfortable hotel with as little delay as possible. Have you made up your mind as to which card you like best?"

"Trust to me, Mr. Roberts," replied his wife, with her usual air of knowing perfectly well what she was about. "I certainly shall not be decided in my choice by the appearance of the cards. But we will follow that well-looking young man, if you please, in the green coat and silver buttons. I perceive he speaks English perfectly. Oui, monsieur, vous, oui, vous," she continued, speaking very loud to assist the intelligence of the green-coated commissionaire. "I don't mind about the English myself, but it will be pleasant for you and Edward," she added, and then again addressing the man whom she had selected, she said, "It is votre hôtel you know that we are going to—and votre maître, I suppose, can tell us tout about our luggage and the *do—do*—What in the world is the name of a French custom-house, Agatha?"

"*Douane*, mamma," answered the young lady, whose recent French studies had gone considerably farther than her own; although Mrs. Roberts herself had not set out upon this important expedition without having very sedulously applied herself to the same study. German

and Italian," she had said, "I intend to learn when I get into the respective countries, but it is absolutely necessary to have a stock of French to set off with."

Her stock of French however did not perhaps comprise all the words in the language, and it was also possible that both genders and tenses might produce some slight embarrassment in her colloquial intercourse with the natives, but these were trifles by no means of sufficient importance to daunt such a spirit as that of Mrs. Roberts. During the domestic practising which had gone on for several weeks previous to their setting off, both her daughters, fresh from the grammatical discipline of a French teacher, had endeavoured to impress upon her the necessity of paying a little more attention both to verbs and genders, but her answer was characteristic and decisive. "My dear children, it is perfectly right and proper that you should study the grammar; it is a study properly befitting your years. All young people learn grammar; but scholars of my age must take a more enlarged and general view of the language You know how steadily I have applied to reading dialogues and vocabularies, not to mention that I have transcribed whole columns from the dictionary, and I declare to you, girls, that I am often astonished at my own quickness in learning. I assure you that of late I hardly ever go into a shop without making use of French words without intending it. When I bought my last new bonnet I asked the woman, quite without thinking of it, to show me some '*bonnets de paille.*'"

"But *bonnet* means *cap*, mamma, in French," had been Miss Agatha's reply; and, "nonsense, child," her resolute mother's rejoinder. "When the niceties of grammar are required," she added, "all the rules I mean, and the exceptions, and the rest of it, as in writing notes, for instance, of course I shall employ you and your sister, but in the matter of talking I don't expect to want your assistance at all. When there is any thing to be *said*, I always feel as if I were inspired; words, thank God! never fail me, and I do believe I could soon talk in almost any language in the world except Greek and Latin." Such were the opinions and feelings of Mrs. Roberts on the subject of colloquial intercourse, and though uttered before this sketch of her adventures commences, it is as well to refer to it, in order to develop the system upon which she intended to proceed. But to return to the crowded spot on which we left her haranguing at Boulogne. Long before she could repeat the word *douane* after her daughter, the accomplished commissionaire from the Hôtel d'Angleterre had assured her, in very excellent English, that if she would be pleased to proceed to the hôtel they should have their night bags in ten minutes, and the rest of their baggage before they were up in the morning; provided madame would be pleased to give him all the keys. On hearing this demand the countenance of Mrs. Roberts displayed a world of acute intelligence, and with a nod and a smile she replied, "Thank you, *mon ami*. Mercy, mercy, my good friend. There is no occasion to put all that trouble upon you, *pas du tout*. *Voila* that gentleman, my husband, he will go to the *douane* with the keys, and look after the baggage himself." Then turning to her son, she said "That's a good lesson for you, Edward. Just observe, my dear, how necessary it is to be upon

one's guard in such a country as this. I dare say now that if I had not been here your father would have given up the keys at once, and I should just like to know what would have become of all our trinkets if he had?" The commissionaire did not remonstrate, but with a civil smile desired that they would please to follow him. They did so, and having undergone the usual personal examination, a few minutes walking brought them to the hôtel. "I am as hungry as a hound," said Mr. Roberts, as he entered it; "and I hope, my dear, that you mean to order something more substantial than tea and bread and butter.

"Oh! goodness, I hope so!"

"I am sure I shall die, if you don't."

"I could devour half-a-dozen pounds of beefsteaks," chimed in the two young ladies and their brother.

"I am quite in the same condition myself," replied the ruling spirit of the party. "*Il faut ordre du souper.*"

"*Commander*, mamma," whispered Agatha.

"Of course, child, I shall command whatever I want," replied Mrs. Roberts, rather impatiently, and then, having at last condescended to profit by the English of a waiter who came to receive her instructions, she ordered the most subtantial repast that could be prepared in half an hour, the whole party declaring that they could not possibly exist without food for a longer time.

And then came a *fille de chambre* to inquire if the ladies would like to see their rooms. They followed her up stairs, complaining a good deal as they went of the inferiority of the house in appearance to an English hôtel, and particularly in the want of stair-carpets. The coloured petticoat, short jacket, and round-eared cap of their conductress, also, elicited a good many observations and some laughter from the young ladies; upon which Mrs. Roberts said, "I don't wonder, girls, at your being amused by the queer look of every thing, and as long as you do nothing but laugh it is very well; but remember I shall be monstrous angry if I hear any of you grumble, because the real truth is, that one of the great advantages which English people are sure to find in coming abroad arises from their being themselves so every way superior. Depend upon it the natives are not altogether such fools as not to perceive this, and that, as I take it, is the principal reason why all the English that come abroad get up so much higher in society than those who stay at home. The only way, however, to make the most and the best of this advantage is to remember constantly that whatever you may have been at home, you are people of consequence *here*. You must never forget that, girls, I promise you."

The first examination of the sleeping accommodation was by no means satisfactory to the ladies of the Roberts family, for their inexperienced eyes did not discern in the pile of what they indignantly termed "nothing but mattrasses," the most perfect sleeping apparatus in the world.

"Do ask her, Agatha, if they have no better rooms, with feather beds in them," said Mrs. Roberts, with such a frown upon her brow as might have frightened a chambermaid less used to the *exigeance* of new English travellers than was their present black-eyed conductress.

"Ces sont de fort bons lits," she quietly replied to the remonstrance of Miss Agatha.

"Et vous n'avons pas des plus beaux chambres?" demanded Mrs. Roberts, still frowning.

"Non, madame," replied the girl, with that stoical indifference to her queer French, which seems so universally to preclude the possibility of a laugh among our polite neighbours.

"Il faut que vous sait," resumed Mrs. Roberts, "que nous suis accoutumés à avoir la meilleur de tout les choses quand nous suis au logis."

"Oui, madame," replied the girl, without moving a muscle.

"It is no good, mamma, to talk any more to her—she's a fool," said Miss Maria. "But I wish you would tell me how long we are to be without our carpet-bags. Just look at my hair! I am in perfect misery for want of a comb! And, do see, there is not a morsel of soap to wash our hands. When are we to have our carpet-bags, mamma?"

"How in the world can I tell, Maria?" replied her mother. "The man that brought us here said ten minutes; but I fancy we must never believe a word they say to us. They are a horrible set of liars you may depend upon it."

"But we *must* get the carpet-bags somehow or other, mamma," said Agatha. "Do let us go down stairs, will you, to inquire about them?"

And down stairs again they went, Mrs. Roberts talking exceedingly loud the whole time concerning the dreadful inferiority of the French to the English nation in all respects; which, considering that the language in which she spoke, was considerably more likely to be understood than her French had been, was both imprudent and uncivil, to say the least of it.

On entering the large *salle à manger*, where a servant was preparing a part of the table for their supper, Mrs. Roberts attacked him in her piebald jargon, with inquiries concerning the greatly-wanted carpet-bags. The man, with the uniform civility of his class, strained every faculty to understand her, and when at length she fortunately substituted the words "carpet-bags" for "*bags de tapis*," he caught her meaning, and replied that if she had left her bags with their commissionaire, *à coup sur* she would have them in a few minutes.

"What does he say about *coosin?*" demanded Mrs. Roberts, addressing her eldest daughter. "Who is coosin? What stupid plagues they are!"

Miss Agatha explained very distinctly what the man had said, and then replied to it by telling him that they had *not* left their keys; upon which, with all possible civility, the man told her that there was not the slightest chance that their bags would be sent to them at all.

"Do you hear him, mamma?" exclaimed both the girls at once. "Good Heaven! what are we to do?"

"Do?" returned Mrs. Roberts, looking exceedingly angry. "Why, of course your father must go this moment to the custom-house with the keys. What a shame it is to keep one's things from one in such an abominable manner! Pretty sort of freedom isn't it? But you must go, my dear, this very moment, you must, indeed, for I shall want to go to bed the very instant I have supped, and I leave you to guess if I can go to bed without my night-bag, Mr. Roberts."

"No, my dear," replied her husband, "I dare say you can't—only

I should be very glad if I could get a morsel to eat first, for I really do feel quite exhausted."

"Very well, Mr. Roberts, then you must eat of course, and I must go. I wonder if I shall find Stephen too exhausted to go with me?"

"That's talking quite wild, my dear," returned her husband, taking up his hat and stick and preparing to depart; "I didn't mean, I am sure, to put any thing off upon you; but I must have somebody to show me the way, and, after all, I am afraid I shall make but a bad hand of it, seeing that I don't understand one word of French."

"Good gracious, Mr. Roberts! How you do love to make difficulties! Of course the people will speak English at the custom-house. All you have to do is just to take Stephen with you to bring the bags, and to get a lad to show you the way. Give your keys, girls—and yours, Edward—here's mine—I dare say you will be back before the supper is ready. Taking Stephen will make a difference, you may depend upon it; there was nobody on board that had such a stylish servant, and you may be sure that when they see he belongs to you, our business will be attended to first. It is the way of the world, my dear, take my word for it."

As she spoke, Mrs. Roberts rang the bell; Stephen was summoned, and a man found to show the way.

"Now then," said she, "make haste, there's a good man, and I'll take care you shall have a good supper when you come back again."

Either poor Mr. Roberts was unskilful in the performance of his task, or the appearance of Stephen produced a less imposing effect than his mistress expected, for the very last bags examined were those of the Roberts family. It is possible, indeed, that the circumstance of of their being the only ones left to the care of the owners, without any patronizing assistance from an hôtel commissionaire, might be the cause of this; but certain it is, that instead of coming back directly, the unfortunate Mr. Roberts did not make his appearance for nearly two hours. The worthy man sighed when he found that his family had finished their repast, and the remnants of the supper which were brought back to him might have been eaten, perhaps, with more relish had not the weary ladies each seized upon a bag, the instant they greeted their longing eyes, declaring that they could not remain up an instant longer to obtain the universe.

* * * * *

Here is one fytte of *Robert's* pilgrimage;
Ye who of him may further seek to know,
Shall find some tidings in a future page,
If he that writeth now may scribble moe.

THE PARTIE FINE.

BY LANCELOT WAGSTAFF, ESQ.

Colonel Gollop's dinner in Harley-street (the colonel is an East-India director, and his Mulligatawney the best out of Bengal) was just put off, much to my disappointment, for I had no other engagement; Mrs. Wagstaff was out of town with her mother at Bognor; and my clothes had been brought down to the club to dress—all to no purpose.

I was disconsolately looking over the bill of fare, and debating between Irish stew, and the thirteenth cut at a leg of lamb (of which seven barristers had partaken, each with his half pint of Marsala), when Jiggins, the waiter, brought me in a card, saying that the gentleman was in the hall, and wished to see me.

The card was Fitzsimons's;—a worthy fellow, as I dare say my reader knows. I went out to speak to him. "Perhaps," thought I, "he is going to ask me to dine."

There was something particularly splendid in Fitz's appearance, as I saw at a glance. He had on a new blue-and-white silk neckcloth, so new that it had never been hemmed; his great gold jack-chain, as I call it, was displayed across his breast, showing off itself and a lace-ruffle a great deal too ostentatiously, as I thought. He had lemon-coloured gloves; French polished boots, with deuced high heels; his hair curled (it is red, but oils to a mahogany colour); his hat extremely on one side; and his moustache lacquered up with, I do believe, the very same varnish which he puts to his boots. I hate those varnished boots, except for moderns, and Fitz is three-and-forty if he is a day.

However, there he stood, whipping his lacquered boots with a gold-headed stick, whistling, twirling his moustache, pulling up his shirt-collar, and giving himself confoundedly dandified airs in a word, before the hall-porter and the club message-boy in brass buttons.

"Wagstaff, my boy," says he, holding out a kid glove, in a most condescending manner, "I have something to propose to you."

"What is it, and what's your hour?" said I, quite playfully.

"You've guessed it at once," answered he. "A dinner is what I mean—Mrs. Wagstaff is out of town, and—"

Here he whispered me.

* * * * * *

Well? why not?—After all there may be some very good fun. If my mother-in-law heard of it she would be sure to make a row. But she is safe at Bognor (may she stay there for ever!). It is much better that I should have some agreeable society than dine alone at the club, after the seven barristers on the leg of lamb. Of course it was not to be an expensive dinner—of course not, Fitzsimons said—no more it was to *him*—hang him—as you shall hear.

It was agreed that the dinner-hour should be seven: the place, Durognon's in the Haymarket; and as I rather pique myself on ordering a French dinner, that matter was to be consigned to me. I walked down to Durognon's, looked at the room, and ordered the dinner for four persons—the man asked how much champagne should be put in ice? which I considered rather a leading question, and giving a vague sort of reply to this (for I determined that Fitzsimons should treat us to as

much as he liked), I walked away to while away the hour before dinner.

After all, I thought, I may as well dress: the things are ready at the club, and a man is right to give himself every personal advantage, especially when he is going to dine with—with LADIES. There—the secret is out. Fitz has invited me to make a fourth in a *petit diner* given to Madame Nelval of the French theatre, and her friend Mademoiselle Delval. I had seen Madame Nelval from a side-box a few evenings before—and, *parbleu, homo sum;* I meant no harm; Gollop's dinner was off; Mrs. Wagstaff was out of town; and I confess I was very glad to have an opportunity of meeting this fascinating actress, and keeping up my French. So I dressed, and at seven o'clock walked back to Durognon's: whither it was agreed that Fitz was to bring the ladies in his Brougham;—the deuce knows how he gets the money to pay for it by the way, or to indulge in a hundred other expenses far beyond any moderate man's means.

As the St. James's clock struck seven, a gentleman—past the period of extreme youth it is true, but exhibiting a remarkably elegant person still in a very becoming costume, might have been seen walking by London House, and turning down Charles-street to the Haymarket. This individual, I need not say, was myself. I had done my white tie to a nicety, and could not help saying, as I gazed for a moment in the great glass in the club drawing-room—"*Corbleu*, Wagstaff, you are still as *distingué* a looking fellow as any in London." How women can admire that odious Fitzsimons on account of his dyed mustaches, I for one never could understand.

The dinner-table at Durognon's made a neat and hospitable appearance; the plated candlesticks were not more coppery than such goods usually are at taverns; the works of art on the wall were of tolerable merit; the window-curtains, partially drawn, yet allowed the occupant of the room to have a glimpse of the cab-stand opposite, and I seated myself close to the casement, as they say in the novels, awaiting Captain Fitzsimons's arrival with the two ladies.

I waited for some time—the cabs on the stand disappeared from the rank, plunged rattling into the mighty vortex of London, and were replaced by other cabs. The sun, which had set somewhere behind Piccadilly, was now replaced by the lustrous moon, the gas lamps, and the red and blue orbs that flared in the windows of the chemist opposite. Time passed on, but no Fitzsimons's Brougham made its appearance. I read the evening paper, half an hour was gone and no company come. At last, as the opera carriages actually began to thunder down the street, "a hand was on my shoulder," as the member for Pontefract sings. I turned round suddenly from my reverie—that hand, that yellow-kid-glove-covered hand was Fitzsimons's.

"Come along, my boy," says he, "we will go fetch the ladies—they live in Bury-street, only three minutes walk."

I go to Bury-street? I be seen walking through St. James's-square, giving an arm to any other lady in Europe but my Arabella, my wife, Mrs. Wagstaff? Suppose her uncle, the dean, is going to dine at the bishop's, and should see me?—me, walking with a French lady, in three quarters of a bonnet! I should like to know what an opinion he would have of me, and where his money in the funds would go to?

"No," says I, "my dear Fitzsimons, a joke is a joke, and I am not

more straight-laced than another; but the idea that Mr. Lancelot Wagstaff should be seen walking in St. James's-square with a young French actress, is *a little* too absurd. It would be all over the city to-morrow, and Arabella would tear my eyes out."

"You shan't walk with a French actress," said Fitz. "You shall give your arm to as respectable a woman as any in Baker-street—I pledge you my honour of this—Madame la Baronne de Saint Ménéhould, the widow of a General of the Empire—connected with the first people in France. Do you mean to say that she is not equal to any of your sugar-baking family?" I passed over Fitz's sneer regarding my family; and as it was a baroness, of course agreed to walk with Fitzsimons in search of the ladies.

"I thought you said Madame Delval this morning," said I.

"Oh, the baroness is coming too," answered Fitzsimons, and ordered a fifth cover to be laid. We walked to Bury-street, and presently after a great deal of chattering and clapping of doors and drawers, three ladies made their appearance in the drawing-room, and having gone through the ceremony of an introduction in an entire state of darkness, the order of march was given. I offered my arm to the Baroness de Saint Ménéhould, Fitz leading the way with the other two ladies.

We walked down Jermyn-street; my heart thumped with some uneasiness as we crossed by the gambling-house in Waterloo-place, lest any one should see me. There is a strong gas-lamp there, and I looked for the first time at my portly companion. She was fifty-five if a day—five years older than that Fitzsimons. This eased me, but somehow it didn't please me. I can walk with a woman of five-and-fifty any day—there's my mother-in-law, my aunts, and the deuce knows how many more I could mention. But I was consoled by the baroness presently saying, that she should, from my accent, have mistaken me for a Frenchman—a great compliment to a man who has been in Paris but once, and learned the language from a Scotch usher, never mind how many years ago, at Mr. Lord's academy, Tooting, Surrey.

But I adore Paul de Kock's novels, and have studied them so rapturously, that no wonder I should have made a proficiency in the language. Indeed, Arabella has often expressed herself quite jealous as I lay on the sofa of an evening, laughing my waistcoat-strings off, over his delightful pages. (The dear creature is not herself very familiar with the language, and sings *Fluve dew Tage, Partong pour Syrie*, &c., with the most confirmed Clapham accent.) I say she has often confessed herself to be jealous of the effect produced on my mind by this dear, delightful, wicked, odious, fascinating writer, whose pictures of French society are so admirably ludicrous. It was through Paul de Kock that I longed to know something about Parisian life, and those charming *sémillantes, frétillantes, pétillantes* grisettes, whose manners he describes. "Its Paul de Kock in London by Jove," said I to myself, when Fitz proposed the little dinner to me; "I shall see all their ways and their fun"—And *that* was the reason why, as Mrs. Wagstaff was out of town, I accepted the invitation so cordially.

Well; we arrived at Durognon's at a quarter-past eight, we five, and were ushered at length into the dining-room, where the ladies flung off their cloaks and bonnets, and I had an opportunity of seeing their faces completely.

Madame Nelval's was as charming a face as I ever looked upon;

her hair parted meekly over the forehead, which was rather low; the eyes and eyebrows beautiful; the nose such as Grecian sculptor scarce ever chipped out of Parian stone; the mouth small, and, when innocently smiling, displaying the loveliest pearly teeth, and calling out two charming attendant dimples on each fresh cheek; the ear a perfect little gem of an ear. (I adore ears—unadorned ears without any hideous ornaments dangling from them—pagodas, chandeliers, bunches of grapes, and similar monstrosities, such as ladies will hang from them—*entr'autres* my own wife, Mrs. W., who has got a pair of earrings her uncle, the dean, gave her, that really are as big as boot-jacks almost.) She was habited in a neat, closely-fitting silk dress of Parisian tartan silk, which showed off to advantage a figure that was perfect, and a waist that was ridiculously small. A more charming, candid, distinguished head it was impossible to see.

Mademoiselle Delval was a modest, clever, pleasing person, neatly attired in a striped something, I don't know the proper phrase; and Madame la Baronne was in a dress which I should decidedly call gingham.

When we sat down to the Potage Printanière, and I helped the baroness naturally first, addressing her respectfully by her title, the other two ladies began to laugh, and that brute, Fitzsimons, roared as if he was insane. "La Baronne de Saint Ménéhould!" cried out little Madame Nelval; "o par exemple! c'est maman, mon cher monsieur!" On which (though I was deucedly nettled, I must confess,) I said, that to be the mother of Madame Nelval, was the proudest title any lady could have, and so sneaked out of my mortification, with this, I flatter myself, not inelegant compliment. The ladies, one and all, declared that I spoke French like a Parisian, and so I ordered in the champagne; and very good Durognon's Sillery is too.

Both the young ladies declared they detested it, but Madame Nelval, the elder, honestly owned that she liked it; and indeed I could not but remark that, in our favour doubtless, the two younger dames forgot their prejudices, and that their glasses were no sooner filled than they were empty.

Ah, how charming it was to see the shuddering, timid, nervous way in which the lovely Nelval, junior (let me call her at once by her Christian name of Virginie), turned away her little shrinking head as the waiter opened the bottles, and they went off with their natural exhilarating pop and fiz. At the opening of the first bottle, she flew into a corner; at the opening of the second, she ran to her mother's arms (*hinnuleo similis quærenti pavidam montibus aviis matrem*, as we used to say at Tooting), sweet sensibility! charming, timorous grace! but she took the liquor very kindly when it *was* opened, saying, as she turned up her fine eyes to Heaven, "Il n'y a rien qui m'agaçe les nerfs comme cela!" Agaçer les nerfs! What a delicate expression! The good old lady told her to be calm, and made light of her terror.

But though I had piqued myself on ordering the dinner, the little coquette soon set me down. She asked for the most wonderful things—for instance, she would have a salad of dandelion—the waiter was packed off to Covent Garden to seek for it. When the fish came, she turned to the waiter and said, "Comment? vous n'avez point de moules?" with the most natural air in the world, and as if muscles were always served at Parisian dinners, which, I suppose is the case.

And then at dessert, what must she remark but the absence of asparagus, which, I must confess, I had not ordered.

"What," she said, turning round to my companion, "are there no asparagus, monsieur?—No asparagus! ah, monsieur! c'est ma vie, mon bonheur que les asperges! J'en suis folle—des asperges. Je les adore—les asperges! Je ne mange que cela,—il me les faut, Monsieur Fitzsimons. Vite, garçon! des asperges—des asperges à l'huile, entendez vous?"

We were both very much alarmed by this manifest excitement of Virginie's nerves; and the asparagus was sent for. O woman! you are some of you like the animals of the field in so far as this, that you do not know your power. Those who do can work wonders over us. No man can resist them. We two were as timid, wretched, and trembling, until the asparagus came, as any mortal could be. It seemed as if we had committed a crime in not ordering the asparagus that Virginie adored. If she had proposed a pint of melted pearls, I think Fitz was the man to send off to Storr and Mortimer's, and have the materials bought. They (I don't mean the pearls, but the vegetables) came in about half an hour, and she ate them cold, as she said, with oil and vinegar; but the half hour's pause was a very painful one, and we vainly endeavoured to fill the odious vacuum with champagne. All the while, Fitzsimons, though he drank and kept nervously helping his neighbours right and left, was quite silent and frightened. I know which will be the better horse (as the phrase is) if *he's* ever married. I was of course collected, and kept putting in my jokes as usual, but I cannot help saying that I wished myself out of the premises, dreading to think what else Madame Virginie might ask for, and saying inwardly, "What would my poor Arabella say if she knew her scoundrel of a Lancelot was in such company?"

Well—it may have been the champagne, or it may have been the asparagus,—though I never, I confess, remarked such a quality in the vegetable,—it may, I say, have been the asparagus which created—what do you think?—a reconciliation between Virginie and Héloise—the Madame Delval before mentioned. This is a delicate matter, but it appeared the ladies had had a difference in the morning about a ribbon, a fichu, or some such matter doubtless, and they had not spoken all dinner time.

But after a bottle of sherry, four of Sillery (which we all took fairly, no flinching, no heel-taps, glass and glass about), after coffee and curaçoa, and after the asparagus, a reconciliation took place, Héloise looked at Virginie, Virginie looked at Héloise, the latter rose from her chair, tottered towards her friend, and they were in each others arms in a minute. Old Madame Nelval looked quite pleased at the scene, and said, smiling, to us, "*Elle a si bon cœur, ma fille!*" Oh those mothers! they are all the same. Not that she was wrong in this instance. The two young ladies embraced with the warmest cordiality, the quarrel about the ribbon was forgotten, the two young hearts were united once more; and though that selfish brute, Fitzsimons, who has no more heart than a bed-post, twiddled his eternal moustache, and yawned over the scene, I confess I was touched by this little outbreak of feeling, and this glimpse into the history of the hearts of the young persons, and drank a glass of curaçoa to old Madame Nelval with a great deal of pleasure.

But oh! fancy our terror, when all of a sudden Héloise, weeping on her friend's neck, began to laugh and to cry, and burst out shrieking into a fit of hysterics! When women begin hysterics a tremor seizes me—I become mad myself—I have had my wife and mother-in-law both in hysterics on the same rug, and I know what it is—the very sound of the whoo-oo-oo drives me wild. I have heard it imitated in theatres, and have rushed out in a frenzy. "Water! water!" gasped Virginie (we had somehow not had any all dinner-time), I tumbled out of the room, upsetting three waiters who were huddled at the door (and be hanged to them); "water," roared I, rushing down stairs, upsetting boots, and alarmed chamber-maids came panting in with a jug. "What will they think of us?" thought I, trembling with emotion—"they will think we have murdered the poor young lady, and yet on my honour and conscience I—Oh why did I come—what *would* Arabella say if she knew?" I thought of the police coming in, of paragraphs in the paper beginning, "Two ruffians of gentlemanly exterior were brought before Mr. Jardine," &c., it was too horrible—if I had had my hat I would have taken a cab off the stand, and driven down to my wife at Bognor that minute; but I hadn't—so I went up to fetch it.

Héloise was lying on the sofa now, a little calmer; Madame Delval and the chamber-maid were being kind to her: as for that brute, Fitzsimon, he was standing in one of the windows, his legs asunder, his two fists thrust into the tail pockets of his brass buttoned coat, whistling, "Suoni la Tromba," the picture of heartless, shameless, indifference.

As soon as the maid was gone, and I was come in, Madame Virginie must of course begin hysterics too—they always do, these women. She turned towards me with an appealing look (she had been particularly attentive to me at dinner, much more than to Fitzsimons, whom she *boudéd* the whole time)—she gave me an appealing look—and struck up too.

I couldn't bear it. I flung myself down on a chair, and beginning to bang my forehead, gasped out "Oh Heavens! a cab, a cab!"

"We'll have a coach. Go back with them," said Fitz, coming swaggering up.

"*Go back* with them?" said I, "I'll never see them again as long as I live." No more I *would* go back with them. The carriage was called (the hysterics ceased the very moment Fitz flung open the window and the cab-stand opposite could hear)—the ladies went out. In vain good old Madame Nelval looked as if she expected my arm. In vain Virginie cast her appealing look. I returned it them with the most stony indifference, and falling back upon my chair, thought of my poor Arabella.

The coach drove off. I felt easier as the rattle of the departing wheels died away in the night, and I got up to go. "How glad I am it's over," thought I, on the stair; "if ever I go to a *partie fine* again may I * *

"I beg your parding, sir," said the water, touching my elbow just as I was at the hotel door.

"What is it," says I.

"The bill, sir," says he, with a grin.

"The bill, sir?" I exclaimed; "why it's Captain Fitzsimons's dinner!"

"I beg your parding, sir, you ordered it," answered the man.

"But, good Heavens! you know Captain Fitzsimons?"

"We do, sir, precious well too. The capting owes master two underd

pound," answered the wretched official, and thrust the document into my hand.

No 24. *To Anatole Durognon.*

	£	s.	d.
5 Dinners	1	15	0
Sherry	0	6	0
Sillery champagne (4 bottles)	2	0	0
Asparagus	0	5	0
Coffee and liqueurs	0	7	6
Wax-lights and apartment	0	5	0
	4	18	0

And I must say that the bill, considered as a bill, was moderate, but I had better have dined off that Irish stew at the club.

THE GLADNESS OF MAY.

'Tis May again, 'tis May again, the time of happy hours,
When Nature wears her fairest robe of young and dewy flow'rs,
When gentle morn wakes from the east as rosy as the sky,
And brooks are laughing in the meads, and birds are singing by.

Visions sweet as summer's eve, or autumn's glowing day,
Are rushing on the mind of youth as lovely as they're gay,
Hopes prized more than coral lip, or maiden's blushing vow,
Are coming back to cheer old age, and deck its snowy brow.

Kingcups bathed in golden light, their tender breasts unfold,
And verdant plains burst on the sight, like beds of waving gold,
Violets from the mossy banks in purple clusters rise,
And daisies one by one begin to show their starry eyes.

Leaves nursed in the noontide's warmth, and kissed by the dew,
Are woven into forest crowns that mock the emerald's hue,
And twining garlands round about the wasting walls of yore,
As doth the heart to memory, when life's bright days are o'er.

Blossoms fair as orient pearls adorn the orchard trees,
And odours from their honied lips add fragrance to the breeze,
Beauty's soft and radiant glow is mantling all the grain,
And from the earth a promise comes of fruit and corn again.

Birds rich in plumage, and in voice, from every wood and grove,
In joyous concert carol forth the melody of love,
Zephyrs wild as music's tone upon their pinions bring,
Sweet echos to the list'ning ear, and incense of the spring.

Insects bright as Tyrian dyes wake from their torpid sleep,
As countless as the ocean sands that wash the rocky steep,
Lambs in little playful groups are scattered o'er the lea,
And squirrels from the beechen boughs dance on from tree to tree.

Clouds calmly hung in silver light like folds of fleecy snow,
Are shadowed in the silent streams that by the valleys flow,
Now cradled by the swelling waves, now on the shore at play,
Now flitting round the lofty hills as blithsome as a fay.

'Tis May again, 'tis May again, the time of happy hours,
When nature wears her fairest robe of young and dewy flow'rs,
When gentle morn wakes from the east as rosy as the sky,
And brooks are laughing in the meads, and birds are singing by.

H. L.

REMINISCENCES OF A MEDICAL STUDENT.

No. XVII.

MARIANNE ESTERLING.

(*Concluded.*)

About forty miles from the city of our tale, a strait divides a low and very beautiful isle from the mainland. In this isle is a wide bay, which is completely landlocked, and peaceful as a pond. Opposite to it, a tongue of land shoots out flat and level for about half a mile from the abrupt hilly range of coast. The usual shore-road runs round close under the hills, so that this little peninsula is quite out of the way and untrodden. It is covered with furze, bramble, wild rose, and other bushes, with patches of open green sward here and there, and toward the outer point a small, steep, rocky hill rises, shaggy with dwarf oaks, and other low trees. On the southern side of this again, two large old oak-trees grow, and between them, but nearer to one than to the other, has been erected a small Gothic villa, with a garden of about a couple of acres in extent, attached. This was built by the owner of the land as a speculation, and offered to be let at the rent of forty pounds a year. Here Basil took up his residence with his bride, about the middle of spring. He had it furnished according to his own fancy, and had removed to it his books, instruments, and all his other moveable property. He earnestly entreated Mrs. Esterling that she would cease her occupation, and for the future make her home with them. He insisted much upon this, but she was inflexible—she would remain and live in her old way, in which she was sure to be the happiest, and never, so long as she could earn her living honourably, would become dependant on any one. With this he was forced to remain contented for the time.

Than this home of their adoption, no spot could be more beautiful or sequestered. With the exception of a couple of servants, no one but themselves came near the cottage, and days often would pass without any person being seen on the road that wound alongside under the high land to the rear. At the bottom of the bay in the island opposite was a sunny little town—a thriving place for the coasting and fishing trade, and numerous sloops, and small vessels of other descriptions were continually gliding about over the glassy waters of the strait.

And here they dwelt together in nearly perfect delight. They were continually with each other; one of them was never to be seen alone, and they were always cheerful and gladsome, happiness beaming in their countenances. Young as they were, they both possessed the peculiarity, of appearing to the eye much younger. Marianne seemed a mere girl, while he might have been deemed a sedately-disposed lad of sixteen, or thereabouts, and any one who met them as they rode out joyously together along the neighbouring roads, might have considered them brother and sister, the children of some gentleman in the vicinity.

But they did not confine themselves to this spot alone; all the neighbouring places worthy of remark they visited, and made frequent trips together to the city (to which, from the little town opposite, there was a rapid steam-conveyance) to purchase new books, view picture-

exhibitions, or see some distinguished London actor, who might haply be down there on a summer starring expedition.

And thus they passed the spring, summer, and autumn seasons, which that year were unusually warm and pleasant. But as the days began to grow shorter, Marianne expressed a wish to spend the winter on the continent, and Basil forthwith left for England, to make arrangements for the transmission of money. This was the first time since their marriage that they had been separated more than a day, and though he was not to be beyond a week absent, their parting had in its tenderness something ominous. She accompanied him as far as the city, where, at her mother's house, she proposed to stay till his return, for the cottage, she said, without him, would seem so desolate and homeless.

On his arrival at his native town, he hurried his business over, eager to return to her, with whom he had left all his joy. This done, he posted back with the most anxious speed, and arrived a couple of days sooner than he was expected. On dismounting from the coach, he immediately hastened to her mother's house, picturing the warm delight that waited his coming, and thinking in what manner he should pass with her the after part of the day.

As he entered the lonely street that held the scene of so much former happiness, he met Mrs. Esterling's servant-girl going upon some household errand. Stopping her with a number of eager questions to which she had not time to reply, he snatched from her hand the door-key, and speeded along. Entering the house, he went almost unconsciously, by the force of old habit, towards that apartment which had once been his study. Its door stood a little open, and his attention was immediately arrested by voices within, speaking in tones of deep and earnest feeling.

"And you are happy with him then—you have nothing farther to wish for?"

"Nothing—oh, nothing."

He knew the voice—it was hers. Gracious Providence, what is this?

"Well then, I shall leave you to him for good. I believe he is all that he should be—Nay, don't give way so, dearest girl."

Basil pushed open the door—there before him stood Warkworth—clinging to this man with her arms round his neck, and looking up into his face with eyes bathed in tears, was his Marianne, *his wife*—Warkworth held her face between his hands, and gazing into it with a look of much fondness, stooped over her and kissed her lips once and again.

As Basil saw this, his breath, which for a moment had been stifled by excess of emotion, found vent in a short, inarticulate, bursting scream.

Their attention was drawn on the instant. Warkworth started, and hastily planted his foot behind, as if he would have fallen back. She suddenly dashed her open palm upon her forehead.

"Basil—my own Basil—my husband!" she screamed. "Hear me—merciful God!"

He was gone—out of the house he sprang, and rushed along the street, hatless, dishevelled, white as a corpse. An hour after that he was miles from the city, unknowing and uncaring about the direction

or destination of the vehicle in which he was borne along; his whole thought being to flee from the place where "a dagger of the mind" had been struck into him.

Late in the evening he arrived at Edinburgh, and as he wandered alone through the moonlit streets and squares of that romantic city, the tumult of his thoughts subsided, and he was enabled to reflect calmly and methodically upon the whole series of events.

"What a fortune is mine!" said he. "I have given myself wholly to the pursuit of pleasure, and though it was of the intellectual kind, does that detract from the folly. I have shunned society, and am as a stranger in the world. I have allowed myself to become the slave of a passion, whose power and predominance in my mind at this moment, in spite of all that might naturally tend to quench it, strikes me with wonder. I have made myself familiar with those who were first introduced to me as, in a manner, my servants. I have married beneath my station, and allied myself to poverty (but that is nothing), to duplicity, treachery, dishonour, crime, infamy. My object was happiness, and I have found misery—misery—mental pain—agony of spirit. I formed ideas of such a thing once in my imagination, for the purposes of poetical amusement. But now the experiment is made, and I know, though I never can express, the dread reality.

"My father was wrong to leave me master of myself, as he did, without any one to advise me possessed of sufficient experience of this wicked world. And I was surely infatuated to act as I did. It is done, however, now, and my heart is withered; henceforth I shall be a man without feeling. I shall never love again, never feel joy or sorrow—the only thing that remains for me now is to die. It would be impious to seek death, but I shall await its finding me as I best can, and only hope it will not be long in coming."

His first thoughts had been all of vengeance. He would call this hated Warkworth to account, and make him with his blood expiate the misery he had inflicted. From such ideas he now revolted—many were the reasons. In the first place there was the fence of religion to be overleaped—that fence within which he had hitherto walked with scrupulous fidelity; moreover, there was to be procured some friend sufficiently devoted to his interests to embroil himself on his account in proceedings of a mortal nature;—and where was he to find such a one? Again there were the negotiations and investigations that must precede and follow such a measure, and most hateful of all, the publicity that would be ensured. His shame and dishonour were now known to not more than three individuals, the interest of all of whom it was to keep their secret.

His final determination was to leave England for ever—never to hold any communication with her, or allow the possibility of any from her reaching him—to be for all future time dead to her and to his home. But we should be wrong to say this was his unaltered resolution—we should, for still his undiminished love drew him towards her with a fascination that, but for its new antagonist emotion, pride, would have been irresistible, and there were times—as when he was alone in the silence of night—at which he could entertain the thought of returning to her the runaway slave of passion, and submitting to forgiving all his injuries, provided she would but make him happy with the heaven of her love. He could take her away, he thought, from all the scenes of her

sin, to some far country where no Warkworth could come near her to beguile her—where she could be kept from evil, if not by her own virtue, at least by want of temptation and opportunity—where she must be good by necessity, as she was loveable by nature. Nay, he would build up in his mind visions of future happiness, and form long schemes of moral guidance and instruction, whereby to win her to the paths of penitence and virtue, and make her look back with horror to her errors, and bear new and grateful love to him whose constant affection, long sufferance, and piety had reclaimed her.

But with reflection came again pride and scorn of himself for having entertained, for a moment, such ignominious ideas—but aye, love kept its ground, though assuming for that purpose the semblance of pity. Thus while he had strength of mind, he daily increased his distance from her. Indeed, it was his intention to wander out the rest of his life in foreign countries, in order that they might be completely lost sight of by each other, and that he might lose the habit of pining after her presence.

But here the thought arose, "Should he leave her unprovided for?" And Love arose under the form of pity again.

"What—shall I give that dearest, though false and lost one, cause to hate me—to wish she had never known me? I mean, shall I leave her penniless—a burden to him who has tempted her, perhaps a despised slave to him when she may have ceased her guilty love? Poor thing! what can she do to struggle with necessity? I bound myself to her for better or *worse*, and though it has wofully turned out the latter, shall I break that faith to her now which it would have been no merit in me to have kept in the former alternative?" (Then love took the form of honour.) "But again, in such a case might she not be persuaded to prosecute, and my whole agony be thus raked up before the public eye"—(love again simulating caution!) "Nay, I will make arrangements to settle on her for life half my income, such as it is. I can live with every comfort on the rest. I shall never more have need of it, and it is but charity to give so freely to one who has so deeply injured me"—(not charity, but *love!*)

And this course he did follow. Through his agent, a man he could put every confidence in, he managed to arrange the regular future transmission of sums, the receipt of which should be notified through advertisement in a newspaper. And this was totally to shut out from her any possibility of writing or finding her way to him.

Before he left England, he wrote her a farewell letter. It was very long—for it formed the last opportunity he could have of holding communication with her. Yet it contained nothing of upbraiding, but much of sorrow, and much of earnest advice, while through it all fervid and passionate, though sorely crushed affection shed its vivid tinting.

This done, he bade farewell to his country, and wandered abroad companionless and spiritless for years. His precise place of sojourn was known to no one save his agents.

At length when he had been more than ten years an exile, and grey hairs began to mingle with the brown, he received from these men information that his property in England had become so deteriorated, that they could not undertake to transmit him his usual supplies. Moreover, that his fund of uninvested money was now nearly exhausted.

Upon receiving this information, he immediately hurried home. On his arrival in England, he found that a company of trading chemists had purchased ground close to his own, and established upon it a very extensive manufactory of acids, bleaching powder, &c., the vapours of which were not only injurious to vegetation, but so unpleasant, and even prejudicial to health, that the houses, from the annual rent of which his income was drawn, could, with difficulty, be let at half their former rental. He learned, too, that the receipt of that money he had set apart for her, continued from time to time to be acknowledged, and that no attempt to communicate with him, at least through his agents, had been made by her. She was evidently still living, and unless he chose to reassume the whole or part of this her allowance, he found he must fall upon some means of supporting himself in the world by his own exertions—further residence abroad being now out of the question.

This course he resolved to adopt, but found no little difficulty in discovering how to render his talents and multifarious, but vague and ill-assorted knowledge, available to the end. It appeared to him at length, that teaching—the imparting to others the information he himself had accumulated, was the readiest—indeed, the only immediate means.

It happened most opportunely, that a situation of this description offered itself. A clergyman, of his own tenets of religious dissent, had been for many years in the habit of entertaining youthful boarders, the sons of people of his sect, and educating them according to the principles of its peculiar doctrines. This gentleman was now getting much advanced in age, and on being applied to by May's agent, who informed him of his family, education, and character, readily agreed to accept him as assistant in his educational pursuits. He had been well acquainted with his father, having studied with him in their youth, and was consequently disposed to receive and entertain Basil, more on the footing of a friend than of a mere hired usher.

In this situation it was then the latter's intention to remain, until he could obtain from the chemists, either by law proceedings or by amicable arrangement, compensation for the damage occasioned by them, or until he could fall upon some employment less harassing or more congenial to his taste. What he chiefly desired was, a situation of a literary nature, in connexion with a newspaper or a periodical publication of some sort.

On waiting on the Rev. Mr. Elderley, who was for the future to be his employer, he was received with much affability. The house in which he was to take up his abode, stood in the country about two miles from a very large commercial town in the West of England, and was placed in an exceedingly fertile and beautiful rural district.

As they sat together after dinner on the day of his arrival, Mr. Elderley began to call up a number of recollections of his youth, when the elder Mr. May and he had been fellow-students together, and used to strive for honours. They had both been candidates, too, for the hand of that lady who afterwards became the mother of his present guest.

"After their marriage," continued he, "we became estranged, and I never afterwards heard from him—nor did I ever meet one of that

name even, till a few weeks ago when a young pupil called May joined me. This set me thinking back, and I recollected your father had a brother."

"Yes," said Basil, "he had one who went out a missionary to South America. In the course, however, of the revolutionary struggles there, he ceased his calling, entered into trade, and when we last heard of him, had become wealthy and influential."

"Well," said the other, "would it not be strange now if this boy should turn out a son of this uncle of yours, who may have returned to England possessed of wealth sufficient to put you in the way of once more becoming independent."

"I am afraid the idea is a very visionary one, sir. Besides, if it were the case, it would give me no pleasure to renew the relationship. I am a sort of solitary being, and an extensive connexion would be more painful to me than you could imagine; moreover, to come before a relation whom I never saw, and who probably is ignorant of my existence—who, in addition, may have connexions wide enough and troublesome enough of his own—to come to such a one in the character of a suppliant—a dependant, is a thing I could not do on any motive or consideration."

"Well, I think you are right, Mr. May, for this boy has nothing of your family features; indeed, he is quite different, being an exceedingly good-looking little fellow—a perfect juvenile Antinous."

Here Basil blushed scarlet as he heard his personal appearance alluded to, though evidently without intention, and when he saw his host's daughter, a very beautiful young lady, regard him attentively, he wished in his heart he had never sought his present situation. The worthy clergyman, however, seeing the effect of his observation, proceeded to pour balm into the wound he had made, and continued,

"He is also quite different from both your father and yourself, in the fact that though certainly a stirring boy at all sorts of games, he is, intellectually speaking, but a dunce, though it appears to depend more on obstinacy than lack of capacity—at all events, the cane can do little for him."

"I am not a great believer," said Basil, "in the efficacy of that instrument of instruction under any circumstances. I am inclined to put more faith in kindness, attention, and example. Conciliation, in my opinion, is, in most cases, preferable to coercion."

"Well, I shall be overjoyed to see the good effect of your system. I believe there are great changes now in the views the public entertain on the matter and manner of education, and little Gerald is as good a subject as any for experiment."

"Gerald! Is that his name?"

"Yes, Gerald Maye—they spell it with an 'E' final."

"Oh, I see; he is one of the south country Mayes. He comes from the South of England, does he not?"

"Yes, from some place in Hampshire, I believe the letters with regard to him were dated."

"Yes, there are, I have been told, a good many of the name in that quarter, and they all spell it in that way. They are quite a different race from us of the north, and are of French descent, I should surmise. We never put the 'E' to our May, which is of good Westmoreand Saxon."

They then went on to talk of the other pupils, the master giving an account of their characters in order that he might the better undertake their management.

It was by the above conversation that Basil's attention was drawn particularly to the boy in question, and more by the agreement of Mr. Elderley that he was to be put entirely under his charge, and not punished with the rod, unless some flagrant offence should call for his own interference.

He found him to be of a character and disposition closely allied to his own—so nearly identical, that if placed in circumstances the same as his own in early life, he felt convinced he would have followed a career exactly parallel. His whole mind seemed made up of emotions as nearly approaching the intensity of passions as they could in the heart of a child. He displayed the same strong feelings, the same ardent attachment, the same deep dislike, even hatred, the same excitability of temper, the same liability to great elevation or depression of spirits, to extremes of gladness and sorrow—the same high sense of honour, of moral right, of religion—the same enthusiasm in dreaming of the future. Moreover, there was about his dress, his gait, his way of speaking, a neatness, taste, and gracefulness; and upon all his manner and habits was stamped the gentleman, as far as that character comes by nature, without the aid of art. He never appeared wilfully by deed or by word to give annoyance to any creature—to the servants and others, his inferiors in rank, he was always kind and affable without familiarity. Mimicry was a thing he never practised in any circumstances. He took no pleasure in taunting or irritating his companions, or in vexing any defenceless being, or tormenting any animal. Of the house-dogs he was an especial patron, and the horses were all his friends. The emotions of pity and of gratitude were both eminently active in his mind, and continually moved him to tears, while any thing insulting, roused him to the most violent rage, which again, by one expression of kindness or apology from its object, would be converted into a fit of crying, followed by an immediate readiness to make up friendship.

Add to these traits, a figure of much boyish elegance, and features of perfect regularity, beaming with an expression at some times almost angelic in its sweetness, and also the innocence and simplicity of a home-reared child of eleven or twelve years of age, and you have before your mind the pet—the adopted boy of him you already know so well.

But it would be wrong to imagine we wish to paint him as a paragon—one without fault, such as could only exist in the pages of romance. Rousseau, in his "Confessions," detailing the character of his boyhood, says,

"I had indeed the defects incident to this early period of life. I was a prattler, a glutton, and sometimes a liar. I made no scruple of pilfering fruit, sweetmeats, and eatables, but I never took pleasure in doing mischief in accusing my playfellows, or in tormenting flies, or any other animals."

And this character we must confess, in its bad points, was sometimes applicable, but in its good, a hundredfold more often to our hero's little favourite, who the reader will perhaps surmise is also our own,

and besides, is more than the mere fancied *beau-ideal* of a bachelor's dream. He had many faults, but when told of them, and reproved with judgment, the extent and sincerity of his penitence and sorrow, made reproof almost painful, while he seemed a child that no kindness or indulgence could render either "soft" or "spoiled."

The teaching such a pupil as this, must have been, in very truth, to one with a mind constituted like May's, a delightful task, as Thomson sings in that passage which the universal sympathy and consent of readers has made the most hackneyed in our literature. It was indeed to him a pleasure, such as he had never known since that day he fled heartstricken from his home.

From the first hour they met, Basil observed in this boy a strange attraction toward him, which, moreover, he was somewhat surprised to feel reciprocated in his own mind. He could not account for the regard he thus so suddenly entertained for him. He was certainly the finest boy he had ever seen, and this, along with the fact of his being his namesake, and having been spoken of by the master, was all he could think of as causing the feeling. The emotion, too, of loving any object, was to him quite novel; for through a period of years he had not had any friend, and but very few acquaintances, whose society besides, had been rather a burden to him than desirable.

In the course of a few weeks they had become inseparable companions, and seemed to feel much and mutual delight in each other's society. They walked and rode about the neighbourhood together, and at home were always side by side. The effect was soon evident on little Gerald —he took to his books with more zeal and assiduity than any other boy in the school, and soon fully redeemed his character for talent. At the same time he lost much of his devotion to the playground, and would have neglected it altogether were it not that Basil used sometimes to applaud his dexterity at the various games. And the stimulus to all this was the approval of his friend. One word of praise could do more than twenty applications of the rod, while if any thing wrong was going on, a single serious look would make him cease on the instant, and go away to another corner of the room, where he would sit as quiet as a mouse till some word of kindness would draw him from his hiding.

Basil was his constant reference in all cases of doubt or difficulty— the mender of inkstands, books, and playthings; the surgeon of all cuts and bruises. He was made the confident of all his thoughts and feelings—his injuries received from his playmates—his determinations not to submit to them—his dislike of some and good opinion of others, and deepest and most delicate of all, his warm admiration of a pretty little girl of eight or ten years old, the daughter of a surgeon in the neighbourhood, whose principle charms were a blue frock, red cheeks, and "such hair!"

As they rambled about together, the subjects of their conversation was sometimes curious—such as moral right and wrong, justice, honour, courage, beauty of scenery, or any object, taste, and the like. On such topics Basil used to listen with great pleasure to his little friend's ideas, treating him always as an equal, and allowing him his full half of the conversation; when his opinions were incorrect, mildly and playfully stating his own, and showing where the error lay. Fre-

quently, too, he talked to him, but always with an air of a companion —one receiving as well as giving information on matters of natural history, foreign countries, strange experiences of his own—or would tell him anecdotes of great men, or give him abstracts of the stories of plays and poems. And so happy did little Gerald feel in such circumstances, that he would often come to Basil, take him by the hand, and say, "Come and have a walk with me, and give me a lecture."

One evening in summer, when they had had a long ramble together, gathering nuts and blackberries, Basil tired out, sat down to rest by the sunny side of a rock, crowned with an ancient tower. Little Gerald came and sat down by his side, and after a long silence, bursting into tears, let his head fall upon his shoulder, and sobbed out,

"My dear Mr. May, I don't know how it is, but I am never happy but when I am with you. Are you a philosopher?"

Such were the traits that made Basil's heart warm to this boy, towards whom he soon felt an affection, that in its strength and peculiar character, brought up to his mind that which he had borne long ago to his father. It seemed the identical sort of feeling, equally intense and equally pleasurable. When Gerald was not near him, he felt "a want," as the expression is, while his mind was full of anxiety, lest some accident might happen to him; he could never apply his thoughts seriously to any subject, unless he was under his eye, nor did he ever feel cheerful save when the clear voice and merry laugh of his little favourite were ringing in his ear.

The greatest punishment Basil could inflict upon Gerald was, to withhold his countenance from him—not to speak to him for some days, and this the culprit felt most acutely. He was very miserable indeed, and the ways he took to get once more into his good graces, were as amusing as they were endearing. Aware that Basil was always pleased with him for studiousness, he would get hold of some great volume, and seating himself a little from him, would pore closely over it for hours, ever and anon lifting his eyes to see if he were noticing how diligent he was, or if the stern expression of his face was relaxing. To such a proceeding his obduracy was sure to yield, and they would speedily be friends again.

When Gerald was ill, as he was once dangerously, Basil's anxiety was increased to torture; he was hardly able to go through his avocations as a teacher, and at night could not sleep. He felt a constant impulse to go to him to see whether he was not better, and at last seated himself beside his bed, and took upon himself the office of nurse, although the disease was an infectious one, and he was certain he had never had it himself. Nor was it till he was pronounced convalescent, that he recovered his peace of mind, or was fit for any exertion.

On another occasion, Gerald, with some others, had been found guilty of some very heinous schoolboy offence, for which condign punishment was demanded. Basil pleaded much to get him off, but stern justice, in the shape of Mr. Elderley, was inexorable, and he had to look on while every blow inflicted on his little favourite, made his own nerves thrill with double the pain.

But this was prior to the illness. In the course of his recovery from

the latter, he was one evening expressing with tears his gratitude and affection to such a disinterested friend.

"I like you very well, indeed," said he; "better than any one else."

"What, Gerald, better than your father and mother, and all at home?"

"You know it would not be right to love any body better than them."

"But after them, I am the best liked, I hope."

"Yes, but I like my grandfather very well, too."

"Is he very kind to you?"

"Oh, very kind; but not so kind nor so good as you are. I wish you were some relation to me."

"You know you are my little adopted son—my son Gerald."

"Yes, that's all very fine, but when I leave you and go home, you will soon forget all about me."

About a month after this, when he was again well and active, and running about as before, he was suddenly called home to his friends. This was a blow sufficiently severe to Basil, who had for several months felt all but happy in his society.

If you have a dog, an attached and beautiful animal, which is the companion of all your walks, eats from your hand, and sleeps by your feet, which has fondness for none but yourself, and bounds with joy at a word or a look from you—if this creature is suddenly lost, do you not mourn with a grief greater than you would like to confess, but which is shown by the magnitude of the reward you offer for its restoration, by your anxiety, and by your joy, when it is brought back to you with all its gladness and affection? With how much more sorrow would not one, and especially one of that character we have endeavoured to shadow forth under the name of Basil May, lament the loss of a fair child, a pure and noble being, whose love is the effect of bright reason, not of instinct, who possesses high mental beauty in addition to corporeal grace, whose thoughts and deeds are the result, not of the mere principle of animal life, but of an ever living soul? It was indeed with much emotion they parted, and Basil, as he kissed his forehead and bade him farewell, felt there was taken from him the only one to whom his heart had ever warmed in friendship.

But the pang of parting lies not in saying adieu. It comes in its full strength some time afterwards, for the image of the object is so recent in your mind, that you cannot at first completely feel its absence. But when a space has elapsed, and your thoughts have had time to settle, when the idea comes plainly before you, that he or she, your friend or your love, is gone and will return no more—not till then do you feel yourself desolate, nor till then does the full tide of your sorrow gush upon your heart.

For some days Basil was so shaken in his mind as to be utterly unable to go through his work in the school, a fact which he stated to Mr. Elderley, who thinking him unwell, for he was always nervous and delicate in health, recommended him to take exercise, and willingly relieved him from his duties, himself undertaking them.

He now gave his time to wandering about the neighbourhood, lingering alone on the sunny days in those scenes where he had rambled, making himself a very boy, playing with his childish favourite and friend, and of evenings poring sadly over those books out of which he had instructed him.

This lasted for many days; at last it was broken up, and by an affair of business, a proposition from the company of chemists before alluded to. They stated that as their works, which were daily increasing in extent, were beginning to be confined for want of space, they were desirous of adding to them his ground and the buildings upon it, and were willing to buy them at the rate of ten years' purchase according to the annual rental before the erection of their manufactory, or, if he preferred it, to admit him as a partner, with that amount of share in the concern.

He immediately called upon his agent, directing him to close with the former proposal, and take the money—intending to purchase with it a life annuity one half of which he should continue to pay to his wife.

He was now independent again, and his intention was to return to his former way of living, and become an idle wanderer in the world—for now that Gerald was not by, his thoughts continually reverted to her in Scotland, and while he was actuated by a strong curiosity with regard to what had become of her during his long absence, yet he felt as strong an impulse as ever to flee from her presence, and actually trembled lest the transaction of disposing of his property might give her a clue whereby to find out where he was, and by letters, or personal interviews, once more rake up all the agonies that were now subsided and calm, though unfathomable in his mind.

On his return to the school, to notify to Mr. Elderley his future intentions, he found a letter from Gerald awaiting him. It stated that the occasion of his being so suddenly called away was the severe illness of his grandfather, which had terminated in death two days after his arrival at home. It was not the intention of his friends to send him again to school, it continued, but to engage for him a private tutor, who should reside in the house.

The moment May read this an idea struck him. He was now altogether his own master once more—again without an aim in life. It mattered little where he went, or what he did, provided time glided away—might he not go and apply for this situation, Mr. Elderley would give him every recommendation, and it was surely as well to employ a year or two of his time in the instruction of this boy, an employment which had formerly yielded him so much pleasure, as in idly wandering from place to place. If he did obtain the situation he would enjoy the society of the only one for whose society he had ever cared—he would have in his own hands the guidance, the rearing of that child whose ultimate welfare was the object of his deepest interest, and could keep him out of the way of evil till he was old enough to hold that guard himself. If he did not obtain it he could at least once more see one to whom he bore so strong an attachment, and gratify the curiosity he could not help feeling as to the characters and appearance of his friends and his home.

Gerald's letter contained his address, a villa on the south coast of England, opposite the Isle of Wight, and it was described in such plain terms that there was no chance of his being unable to find it out. With a letter of recommendation then from Mr. Elderley he took his way southwards, and on the morning of a day in summer found himself close to the villa.

His impression from its exterior aspect was that the inhabitants must be very wealthy, there was an air of comfort and substance about the house, garden, and offices, that betokened moneyed retirement. With a heart palpitating from embarrassment he walked up the avenue and knocked at the door, which the next instant was pulled open by his own little favourite, who all but jumped into his arms. He had seen his approach from an upper window, and flown to meet him. In eager haste he drew him past a sluggish looking servant, in a room where, with the tears of joy starting in his eyes, he redoubled question on question—Why he had left the school?—had he come to see him only?—how long could he stay?

Basil told him he had received his letter, and had come to apply for the situation of tutor—that he never intended to go back to the school again.

At this information Gerald did all but scream for gladness, and bounded away upstairs to inform his mother that the usher who had been so good to him at Mr. Elderley's, was come to be his tutor, with that gentleman's recommendation. In a minute he returned to lead him to her presence.

As they entered the room Basil perceived it was a very magnificently furnished apartment. One object that caught his eye was a large portrait in oil colours, in a very rich frame, which appeared to have been removed from the wall, and now stood on the floor, placed back against a kind of temporary easel. At a table near one of the windows sat a lady in a mourning dress, employed in drawing, copying apparently the picture.

He blushed from his natural bashfulness, and advanced, looking to the floor. When he raised his eyes he saw the lady standing up holding fast by the table seemingly to preserve her balance, as one would do in a ship at sea, while several of the drawing materials lay upset on the carpet beside her. He was surprised at this, looked at her intently, and the next instant dropped into a chair, from sudden powerlessness, whilst the flush of confusion upon his face changed to a fearful pallor.

They remained so for a space—at length, "Is it you?" she said, slowly, and in a voice low, thrilling, and strange, as if not she, but some third invisible being spoke.

"Have you found me?" was all he could articulate in reply.

Yes, it was she—his wife—it was Marianne! But what is that brings that unnatural livid tinge to his lips and the space round his eyes—that makes him shake as if a cold wind pierced him, and breathe gaspingly as if there was some constriction in his throat? It is the features of the abhorred Warkworth staring upon him out of that portrait in all their manly beauty, and with the expression of haughty indifference that was habitual to them.

Little Gerald, who had stood by in wonder and perplexity at such a scene, at length came close to him, and said something which he could not comprehend.

"Who is that boy?" he asked, pointing to him with his finger.

"He is your son, Basil; your child and my only offspring."

And she moved towards him as if she felt an impulse to cast herself upon his neck.

"Off, woman, off!" he screamed, motioning her violently away with one hand, while with the other, which shook spasmodically, he pointed to the portrait, "who is that—who is that?"

"It is *my father*, Henry Warkworth!"

"Your father?"

"Yes, Basil, my father, and the betrayer of my unhappy mother. Yes, it can harm no one now, they are all in the grave. There was a stain, Basil—a stain on my birth."

He sat for more than a minute, giving by movement or expression no sign of life, but like one in a catalepsy, for the spirit was so busied in itself, so wholly occupied in *thinking*, as to have no energy to spare for muscular motion of tongue, eye, or feature. At last somewhat recovering himself.

"Is this the truth?" said he, in a voice clearly articulated, but as low in sound as a whisper.

"If it is not may God judge me. You will not despise me for my birth—oh, I am sure you will not!" and falling on her knees beside him as he sat, she flung her arms around his neck, and wept and sobbed with her face in his bosom. He did not push her away, but pressed her to his heart and looked upward.

"I see it all now,—inscrutable Providence!—it must be so. My love for this boy has been the yearning of natural affection. Marianne, dearest, let me go," and he made an effort to rise.

"I will not let you go," she cried, amid the vehemence of her weeping, "you will leave me again, you will forsake me for ever—you will—Gerald, my child, keep him. It is your father!"

"No, love, I will come again. This is too much for me. If I stay here I shall die. Let me breathe the open air and look upon the bright sky and the trees and fields, and I will be all well again."

"Will you come back to me?"

"I will," and he tottered from the room, while she fell back upon a sofa near the door.

"Gerald," cried she, "go after him—go with him, for something will befall him—go, Gerald, I cannot."

The boy flew to obey her, but was recalled by the sound of something falling. She had fainted away, and was now prone on the carpet.

With assistance from the servants she soon recovered, for though gentle, delicate, and soft, she had always been healthy in body and mind. She would not be put to bed, but drinking some wine to strengthen her, and bidding them open the window, she sat down to await the return of her husband.

For him, he wandered away for miles through the thick-hedged lanes and by-roads, and by the lonely shore till coming to a green bank, between a patch of copsewood and the sea, he sat down on the

grass by himself, with no being nearer to him than some fishermen whose boat was slowly gliding along, in the heat of the day about half a mile distant. There he remained for some hours longer, gazing abroad on the fair face of nature, but not regarding it, there being a world of thoughts within himself.

At length his heart gave way, and he wept like a child for a space. It was the first time he had done so since the death of his father in his early youth, and he felt now, for the time, as if his strength of mind and frame were gone, and he were once more a weakly boy. But this fit passed over, and in another he rose and walked slowly back to the villa, his mind overflowed with joy, and his fancy busy at the novel work of building up dreams of future happiness.

That evening at sundown beheld them again seated side by side at one of the windows of the same room. They are both now calm and composed and have been mutually explaining the past. He has told her of his fervent love, his jealousy, and his long period of misery, and asks her to unfold to him the history of her birth, and the cause of so much mystery having been preserved. Her tale runs thus:

"My father began life without birth, rank, or capital, in the humble situation of a merchant's clerk. My mother was the sister of a fellow-clerk, and besides this brother had no living relation. My father's look and manner captivated her and she became altogether devoted to him. He loved her, too, very fondly, though his passion was as nothing to hers. At length, on a considerable increase of his salary, which was owing to the partiality of his employer's lady, he proposed to my mother a private marriage—one of law without any ceremony of religion. My mother was infatuated enough to consent, and they were married in this way. It was a compact in the presence of witnesses, between two single persons of mature years to become man and wife, and was authenticated by a document signed by both, and by the witnesses as evidence of the transaction. This you are aware, in Scotland, constitutes a marriage in the eye of the law, though not in that of the church.

"The reason my father gave her for such a step, was that if he were known to be a married man, he was certain he would lose the favour of his mistress, and so have destroyed bright prospects he was led to believe probable.

"Shortly after this marriage, my mother's brother went abroad as a commercial agent to the East Indies, and immediately after, my father's employer died. A year did not elapse before my father coolly and publicly married his widow, a person of whom he used to speak to my mother as a doting old fool. This action was done in England, where he immediately took up his residence, having by it become possessed of a fortune of many thousand pounds, along with half a share in one of the most extensive and improvable businesses in the country—of the English portion of which he forthwith assumed the management.

"When my mother knew this, she was distracted. He came to her and explained. He had married the woman, he said, solely as a business speculation—for fortune—and offered to share with her the proceeds of his crime. She was very old, he said, and must soon die, when he should be free again, and possessed of vast wealth, all of which should be hers.

"My mother spurned the proposal with abhorrence, and commanded him from her presence for ever; she would not prosecute him or appeal to the law for her right. She could not expose his criminality, for her own shame must also be laid open. She resolved to hide herself from the world, and brood over her misery alone for the rest of her life, which she was convinced could not be long—to resume her own family name and go to some crowded place where no one could know her—there to give her hopes to another world than this. Whether she was right or wrong in these steps I cannot judge, I leave it to your own heart to form an opinion.

"From the day her evil fortune was first made known to her, she never touched a farthing of his money, but gathering as much as she could of her own, began that occupation in which you saw her in the town where you came to study. A month or two after her settlement there I was born. She became a heart-broken woman, seemed prematurely aged, and never went out but to church. Yet she often appeared to me to enjoy a sort of unworldly happiness in the practice of religion, to which she devoted herself with a constancy and fervour, that I often thought interfered with her fondness for me. I know she never so poured out all her heart on me in tenderness, or felt the same delight or consolation in me as I did in my child, when I too was left by him I loved."

There was here an interruption in her narrative.

"When I got to be a year or two old, my father became dotingly fond of me—nothing could keep him from me. He would brave my mother's displeasure, her avoidance, even the bitter pain he saw his visits occasioned her, to have the delight of fondling his little daughter—for I was his only child. The most costly jewelled ornaments he used to bring me—of which I had a great treasure though you never knew of it—and would submit to every hardship, to every loss from neglect of business, in travelling from England, but to see I was well.

"When I grew up to be a girl and have a little discretion, he himself told me the whole tale, for I did not learn it from my mother's lips, and with contrition, even with tears, would express to me his deep remorse and self-condemnation, his still-enduring admiration and love for my mother, and the misery he had entailed upon himself by his ambition for wealth and commercial distinction. He did every thing for me that money could effect, procured me the most expensive teachers in various accomplishments, gave me all things in the way of dress or ornament I desired, made me completely, and I believe solely, his confidant, and to my ear alone made known the place of torment which he had made his home. He might have seemed to others haughty and contemptuous, even oppressive, a public sinner, and appearing to glory in it, but to me he was always indulgent, affectionate, devoted, earnestly anxious for my welfare, strictly moral in every thought and expression—every thing a father should be.

"I could not help loving him and pitying him, oh, how much! for he had been all that was kind and loving to me from my earliest recollection. Yet my mother never stinted her disdain, her animosity towards him, and our interviews in her presence were so unpleasant, that he could only open his heart to me out of the house, and thus I was led to walk out with him frequently about the streets and the park.

"It was he who encouraged my connexion with you, Basil, approved of, and urged me to our marriage, and expressed his design of bestowing upon me and my offspring the vast wealth he had accumulated as an attempt at atonement for the evil he had done my mother and myself. But when he saw the unhappy issue of the step, it preyed upon him more than tongue can tell. His health showed it, and still that demon of a wife, as he styled her, kept a tenacious hold of life to make every hour of his existence wretched.

"I lived with my mother till her death, which took place about two years after you left me. He then removed me from Scotland to this place. Some time afterwards his wife died, leaving all the property she had possessed to her own relations; but the amount was not a fourth of what he had himself amassed in trade; retiring with which he came here to me, and gradually declining, died, as if from old age, though under forty years. His whole property he has bequeathed to me and your son.

"While he lived here he became a changed man, and, thoroughly repentant, sought by the devout belief and practice of religion, to establish a hope for that happiness in another state of existence of which he had so miserably deprived himself in this."

"Why did you not tell me of all this, Marianne? You should have had no secrets from your husband."

"Alas! Basil, I could not betray my father's secret, I knew not how you might receive it. Had it become known, he might have been publicly tried for his crime—how could I betray my father? Besides, I knew your high feelings of honour, and feared to tell you of the stain on the legitimacy of your wife; it might at the least have made you love me less. My father, moreover, had bound me by the strongest injunctions never to disclose it during his life. I did, indeed, resolve once to tell you so much at least as would have set at rest your jealousy, but I knew not how to break it."

"Oh, Marianne, you must have had but a meager idea of my character to dread that any fault of your parents, any conventional disgrace of birth, could ever have lowered my opinion, or lessened my love of you, so long as your own virtue was stainless."

Here they were interrupted—a knock was heard at the door.

"Come in, Gerald," said she.

"Gerald," said his father, "when did you change your name; how came you to spell it with an 'E' additional?"

"I don't spell it with an 'E.'"

"Then what is this?" said Basil, drawing his letter from his pocket, and showing him the signature.

"Oh, that—that's only a flourish after the final 'Y.'"

"Marianne, what has become of our cottage in the North?"

"I believe it is as we left it, with all your books and furniture. My father paid the rent, and had it kept in order."

"Then we shall go down there again, love—we shall break up this establishment, and hire other servants, who shall not know aught of our previous fortunes—Gerald shall not leave us till he is a man—we shall all be happy again—we have had our own share of misery, may we hope that our trials are over—at all events, jealousy shall never cause us more disquietude."

THE LATE PRINCE TALLEYRAND.

(Continued.)

"During this period of uncertainty, while his European allies were still dubious as to the manner in which his brother Joseph would be received as King of Spain, Napoleon was in a state of constant terror and alarm with regard to the prisoners of Valençay: he could not hear of the place, nor of the persons who inhabited it, without giving way to transports of rage, and to the utterance of injurious epithets concerning those whom he had already wronged and oppressed. One day the young prince received a billet, couched in the following terms: 'Prince Ferdinand, in writing to me, addresses me as his cousin. Let him understand that such address is ridiculous, and let him henceforth simply call me 'Sire.''

"From this time forward, the existence of the princes seemed to have been forgotten; and all that can be said of them during the five years that they spent at Valençay is, that they existed. The treaty which fixed their departure to Spain, was negotiated at Valençay, and they left the place full of unspeakable gratitude at the kindness and princely generosity of its owner."

Just as I had finished the reading of this tale of wonder, C. entered the room. "What think you of this strange *recital?*" said he. "The history of your own country, all wild and furious as it is, cannot offer an example of such audacity as this." I was fain humbly to confess our inferiority in these matters. "But know you," said I, "the opinion of Prince Talleyrand with regard to this affair?"

"He has been calumniated even in this," was C.'s reply, "and accused of having advised the measure; whereas his indignation on learning from Napoleon himself the step which had been taken, dictated the boldest and most eloquent speech which perhaps ever fell from his lips: 'Sire,' said he, warmly, 'a young man of family (*un enfant de famille*), may gamble away his last farthing—the heritage of his ancestors—the dower of his mother—the portion of his sisters—and yet be courted and admired for his wit—be sought for his talents or distinction—but let him once be detected in *cheating* at the game, and he is lost—society is for ever shut against him.' With these words he turned upon his heel, leaving the emperor pale and quivering with rage, and vowing vengeance against the bold speaker of the unwholesome truth. Such was the real opinion of the Prince de Talleyrand concerning this unprincipled transaction—the expression of the man who has been accused, not only of having been the instigator of the whole proceeding, but of having aided in its execution. 'Et voilà comme on ecrit l'histoire!'"

It was the hour of noon, and C. had kindly come to fetch me to the luncheon-room, where I found the guests all assembled, listening greedily to the conversation of the prince, who was that morning *en*

verve, and relating with great good-nature the anecdotes which he had promised us on the evening before, and which the lateness of the hour had prevented him from recounting. The first claimant to be satisfied was, of course, by right, the youthful duchess, to whom he had held out hopes of the history of his famous visit to the great Cagliostro, and which I will give to the reader.

"It was just at the dawning of the new lights which had arisen on the political horizon," began the prince, "or rather I should say perhaps with more justice, at the first extinguishing of the old beacons which had served to guide our ancestors for ages, that so many new doctrinaires and charlatans of every description came swarming in crowds to Paris. Those were indeed most troublous times. Every brain seemed reeling with political vertigo—every heart seemed to beat thick and fast, with an ardour hitherto unknown in the annals of any country on the face of the globe. With the warm and passionate temperaments enthusiasm had reached to frenzy, while with the cold and passionless it smouldered a hidden fire, ready to burst out with lurid flame upon the first occasion of excitement.

"Among the many quacks and impostors who abounded at the time, none were more conspicuous than the famous Cagliostro. He had arrived from Italy under extraordinary and mysterious circumstances; his coming had been preceded by rumours more strange—more surprising still, and his door was besieged at once by all the rich and idle, the marvel-loving portion of the population of Paris. Among the rest, I am ashamed to confess that I was one of the most ardent. I was very young at the time, and had not acquired that distrust of all pretension which years alone can give. Many months however had elapsed before I could obtain the audience I so much coveted. Thousands of persons had to pass by right before me, and it was said that immediately on his arrival his books were so filled with the names of the highest and mightiest that, had he been *just*, and received them each *in turn*, the candidates at the *bottom* of the list would have known their future by experience long before he could by any possible means have foretold it.

"I myself knew an officer in the Regiment de Flandre, who, being quartered at Metz, and not being able to obtain from his colonel leave of absence, threw up his commission in order to keep his appointment with Cagliostro on a certain day in Paris, so fearful was he of losing the valuable information concerning the future which the magician had to give him.

"I cannot even now forbear a smile when I remember the awe and terror with which I entered the presence of the conjuror. I had not dared to go alone; M. de Boufflers had kindly consented to accompany me; and yet my embarrassment was not wholly dissipated even with the prospect of his company; so fearful was I of missing the object of my visit, that I had wasted so much time in thinking of all the questions which I meant to propound to him, I had even written many of them upon my *calpin*, with the intention of consulting it in case of need.

"It was already dusk when we were admitted into the awful presence of the conjuror; not quite dark without doors, yet sufficiently so within to necessitate the aid of tapers. The antechamber was filled with

impatient applicants, who railed at us as we passed through the door of the chamber where the wizard was holding his incantations. The whole scene was very like those introduced in the early Spanish dramas, and inspired one with the most awful forebodings as to what was about to follow.

"We found the magician in his study. He was just at the moment engaged in dismissing two poor patients, to whom he had given advice gratuitously. The one was a poor crippled object, whose distorted form and haggard countenance formed a most fitting *accessoire* to the scene of devilry; the other was an old begging friar, afflicted with the shaking palsy, whose restless troubled limbs and hesitating speech made him appear as if under the influence of some wizard spell.

"As soon as we entered, Cagliostro led his guests to a door at the farther end of the chamber which was veiled by a thick tapestry, and opening it without the slightest noise, ushered them through it into the passage beyond, and then closing it again with the same attention to silence, returned to where we were standing, and, placing his finger on his lips, pointed towards a still and motionless figure seated in one corner of the room, and which, from the obscurity that reigned around we had not observed on our entrance. The figure was that of a female, covered from head to foot with a veil of black crape, so long and ample that it disguised even the form of the fauteuil in which she was seated.

"Cagliostro bade us take seats at a table covered with green velvet, upon which were placed divers mysterious looking instruments of torture, sundry queer shaped bottles and diabolical volumes, and then standing up before us, in solemn and biblical language demanded wherefore we had sought him, and what it was that we desired to know. Such was the effect of the sudden questioning—the mystery of the interview, the silence and the darkness—that Boufflers, who was to have spoken first, and who had the reputation of being a *raffiné du premier ordre*, a *roué de la Régence*, was quite overawed by the whole scene, and could find no words to answer the summons, but sat stammering and hesitating, while I took the opportunity of examining slowly and at leisure the wondrous adept.

"Cagliostro was then a man in the very flower of his age, of exceedingly prepossessing appearance. His person, although small, was so well and firmly knit that its proportions seemed those of a much larger man. His countenance was remarkably keen and penetrating, being formed of a succession of sharp angular lines which gave him a look of cunning that he would willingly have disguised, and with which the solemn tone and mysterious aspect were altogether at variance. His sharp piercing eyes I shall never forget; they absolutely seemed to light up the obscurity of the chamber, and, as they flashed from the one to the other of his visitors, they seemed to belong to some wild bird of prey hesitating between two victims which to devour first. His beard and eyebrows were black and bushy, with here and there a streak of grey amid their jetty blackness, telling more of the hand of woe than of the passage of time. He wore a velvet cap upon his head when we entered, which with gentlemanlike courtesy he doffed when he addressed us, and then I perceived that the summit of his crown was already bald, although his hair curled downward upon his

neck and shoulders in a thick and silky mass. The hand which rested upon the table, and upon which he seemed to be leaning his whole weight as he stood in graceful and theatrical attitude awaiting our communication, was small and delicate as that of a lady of the court, and shone out upon the dark green velvet as white as snow; and yet it needed not any very profound knowledge of anatomy to enable the beholder to discern at once that it was the hand of a man possessed of most herculean strength and power, so vigorous were the firm knit muscles, so well strung the tightened cord-like nerves. I think he observed with some displeasure the curiosity with which I gazed towards it, for he withdrew it suddenly, and let it fall by his side.

"Boufflers still remaining mute, the conjuror turned to me, and asked me in a voice which had already lost much of its solemnity, and partook of something like harshness, if I also had come unprepared with a subject of consultation, as, if so, we had best depart at once, and leave the field to others whose business might be of more importance, and who were waiting with such impatience without. The question roused all the courage which was left within me, for I began to fear that the magician might grow wearied, and dismiss us as he threatened, and I answered in a low voice that I wished to consult him concerning the health of a person who was dear to me (I had already forgotten all the questions I had intended to propound, as well as the *calpin* which I had so laden with propositions).

"Cagliostro turned, and by a movement so brusque and sudden that it made us both start to our feet, drew the fauteuil wherein was seated the veiled mysterious form of the female who had remained all this time silent and motionless, across the floor, and still the figure moved not. The feet resting on a board attached to the bottom of the fauteuil, moved with the rest, producing an effect indescribable. At the present day, when the mysteries of mesmerism have become common household talk, and somnambulism has been made a general *voie de guerison* for every complaint under heaven, all this will appear vain and puerile ceremony; but at the period of which I am now speaking, they were familiar but to the initiated few, and Boufflers and I, poor ignorant novices, were struck with awe and wonder.

"'What is it you seek to know?' said Cagliostro, resuming once more his solemn and theatrical air, and drawing a little aside the veil of black crape, he bent towards the ear of the female, and whispered a few words which we could not understand.

"I was so afraid at the moment of losing, as my friend Boufflers had already done, the memory of what I had to say, that I replied hurriedly, never thinking of myself, nor of the thousand and one questions which I had predetermined to ask—'I wish to learn the cause of the migraine of my friend the Marquise de ——'

"'Chut,' interrupted Cagliostro. 'The name is of little import. What see you?' added he, in a loud deep tone, turning to the veiled figure.

"'I see a fair and beauteous lady,' replied a sweet soft voice from beneath the veil. 'She is attired in a dress of sea-green Padua silk, her powdered hair is wreathed with rosebuds, and she wears long and splendid eardrops of emerald and topaz.'

"Boufflers caught my arm, with a smile which the excitement of the

moment had converted into a grimace, for he knew well enough the person for whom I was so anxious, and knew, moreover, that there were certain nights on which she wore the emerald and topaz suit, and that this very night was one of them. The veiled form continued in the same low voice—

"'The lady presses her hand to her brow at this very instant. Is it with pain, or is it with care? She is waiting for some one, for now she rises and looks at the clock upon the console, and now she goes to the small side-door to listen.'

"'Enough, enough,' said I, in my turn, growing impatient; 'tell me at once what it is that ails the lady, and what may be the remedy.'

"The figure spoke aloud no more, but whispered long in Cagliostro's ear, and the latter, turning to me, said, with ease and *à plomb*,

"'The lady's migraines are caused by overwatching and anxiety—the *cure* is easy, and must be applied at once—the *cause* will be removed in time.'

"He pushed back the fauteuil into the corner from whence he had drawn it; the veiled figure by which it was occupied remaining still and motionless as death. He then opened a small door in the wainscoat, belonging to a cupboard filled with shelves, containing bottles of all sorts and sizes, and drew from thence a phial, which he filled from a jug of water which stood upon the floor, and having performed various '*passes*' and evolutions over it, he handed it to me, bidding my companion and myself use all despatch in disappearing, for others were waiting without.

"His dismissal of us was as abrupt as possible, scarcely, indeed, consistent with politeness. 'You have told your ailments and your griefs—you bear with you the never-failing cure—now begone.'

"With these words he opened the same low door through which had passed the two visitors to whom we had succeeded, and Boufflers and I passed out, obeying, without a word, the gesture of the magician, which pointed towards the passage beyond.

"Such is the history of my first interview with the great Cagliostro. To you, who behold daily the strange and varied examples of magnetism, my story will perhaps appear pale and puerile; but you must remember that at the time the thing was new, and notwithstanding all that has been discovered since, none have surpassed him; even to this very hour the secret of Cagliostro has not been discovered. It is supposed that ventriloquism was much employed by him in his various *tours de force*. Perhaps it was made the agent of deception in my own case, and the figure veiled with black crape may have been a mere puppet set up to delude the credulous. The circumstance which would seem to favour greatly the suspicion of imposture is, that as Cagliostro never employed twice the same agency, the 'consultant' could never come *prepared* to watch and detect the machinery of his experiments; and in fact, being always taken by surprise, had no leisure to think of any thing else than the consultation he had come to hold. Again, how *could* the adept have known, by natural means, that the Marquise de Br * *, whom he had not suffered me to name, was young and beauteous—that she possessed eardrops of emerald and topaz,

which mixture of jewels was peculiar, and that she would wear them on that very night? All these reflections completely bewildered me, as I hastened on to the opera, certain that the marquise would be there, full of curiosity to see if her dress and appearance would correspond with Cagliostro's description. Boufflers could not help me, nor suggest a single idea to solve the mystery, so absorbed was he in the memory of the strange scene he had been witnessing—so completely wonderstruck by the silence and mystery of the whole proceeding.

"We arrived at the opera just as the curtain was about to rise. I shall never forget the performance, so linked is it in memory with that night's adventure. It was Gluck's opera of 'Alceste.' Boufflers and myself took our places in the parterre immediately below the loge of the marquise, which was empty, and remained so for some time; and I can assure you that, when in the midst of one of the most pathetic scenes of the opera, I heard the door of the box open, and a valet-de-chambre announce, as was the usage amongst the fashionables of the day, 'Madame la Marquise de Br * *,' we both turned sharply round. She entered muffled up to the chin, and evidently suffering greatly from her old enemy the migraine, for she held a screen before her eyes to shield them from the glare of light, and bent her head upon her hand as soon as she had taken her seat.

"'Look! she *has* roses in her hair,' exclaimed Boufflers, all aghast.

"It was true enough the roses were there; and *I* could see even more, for the eardrops of emerald and topaz caught the light of the girandole in front of her box, and played before my eyes in a most tantalizing manner.

Presently the marquise, overcome by the heat, withdrew her cloak and muffles, and stood revealed to us in the full light, exactly as she had been described to us so short a time before. The dress of sea-green Padua silk, looped with roses, seemed completely to choke poor Boufflers, as he stood gazing on her in mute amazement. So far the wizard had told us truth. Since his day, the same experiment has been repeated, and in thousands of instances has succeeded. You have all, I doubt not, some little story of the kind to tell, much more striking and interesting than mine, but the sequel of my anecdote, I think, may be unique, so completely did the adventure jump from the sublime to the ridiculous at a single bound.

"At the conclusion of the piece we both repaired to the box of the Marquise de Br * *. She was suffering greatly from her migraine, and greeted me ironically, observing that I was '*bien aimable et bien galant*—that she had waited for me to escort her to the opera, and had been compelled to depart from home alone.

"After the spectacle, we all adjourned to her hotel. I had completely reinstated myself into her good graces by the promise of a complete cure for her migraine. The gentlemen of the company, however, all voted that a glass or two of champagne should be tried first, before the dear marquise was put to pain and torture by any of the diabolical remedies of the sorcerer Cagliostro. The vote was carried, and the marquise compelled to submit to their prescription first, which she did with the greatest grace and good-humour, using every

effort to appear gay, although evidently suffering much pain at the very moment.

I will not attempt to record all the good things which were uttered at the *petit souper*, nor all the *idées folles* to which the champagne gave birth. Boufflers was quite himself again, and had recovered all his wonted vivacity, all his mad gaiety, and kept us in a roar of laughter by his wicked sallies and pointed jokes concerning our visit to Cagliostro. He counterfeited with such excessive humour the whole scene as it had passed before his eyes, that no one could have imagined that he was the same individual who had sat quaking in fear and awe before the very same man whose power he was now deriding in such exquisite glee.

"Of course the phial and the contents became soon the objects of attack, and I was besought on all sides for a view of them. By the permission of the marquise herself, I yielded to the clamour, and it was handed round amid the commentaries of the laughing guests, until Boufflers proposed that the remedy should at once be proved—we all being present—so that if it failed, we might at once go and give Cagliostro the *charivari* he would so richly deserve; and if it succeeded, we might publish its virtues and the compounder's skill throughout the world.

"It was not till I had uncorked the phial, and was about to pour it into a glass, that it all at once occurred to me, that in the hurry of our dismissal from the presence of Cagliostro, I had entirely omitted to ascertain whether the liquid was to be taken as a medicine, or to be applied externally. To the eye it was nothing but pure water from the fountain, it possessed neither smell nor colour, and the greatest curiosity was excited to behold its marvellous effects. At length by the suggestion of the marquise herself, who was growing weary of our *badinage*, it was decided that there would be less danger in misapplying it externally, than in swallowing it, should it prove pernicious; and as I was chosen to be the operator, I poured a small quantity of the water into the hollow of my hand, and which Boufflers guiding, so that not a drop was spilt, I placed it gently as possible over the forehead of the marquise, pressing it there, but certainly not with violence, and supporting the back of her head with the hand that was free, held her thus awaiting the result.

"The marquise closed her eyes, but uttered not a word, and there was a moment's silence among the clamorous group bending over her with such eager curiosity to witness the effect of the miraculous cure, when suddenly it was broken by a loud convulsive shriek from the marquise herself, which was almost echoed by many of those present, so sudden and startling did it burst from her lips.

"'Take away your hand! For God's sake take away your hand!' exclaimed she, in a voice of agony; and starting to her feet, she endeavoured, with all her strength, to pull my wrist downwards. But strange to tell, not all the efforts of the marquise, nor those I used myself, could tear away my hand from her forehead! No words can describe the sensation of terror with which I found myself not only deprived of the faculty of withdrawing my arm, but drawn by some powerful attraction closer and closer still, until it almost seemed as if the fingers were about to bury themselves in the flesh.

"At first, as you may suppose, it was imagined by those present that the whole event was a jest, and roars of laughter had greeted the piteous shrieks of the marquise, and my own supplications for assistance had at first been greeted with roars of laughter; but when it was found that the affair was serious, the company began to take alarm. It was not, however, till the unfortunate marquise sank back in her chair, fainting and exhausted, that the Duc d'Argenton, recovering from the consternation into which the discovery of the extraordinary event had thrown the whole assembly, seized my wrist in a nervous grasp, and tore it by main force away, drawing with it large patches of skin from the forehead of the marquise, upon which the imprint of my touch remained in bleeding characters! My hand was torn and lacerated likewise, and the pain was unbearable. I bound it in my handkerchief, and gave all the assistance in my power towards the recovery of Madame de Br * *, who was conveyed to bed, still in a deep swoon. We all remained in the hall which had so lately been the scene of our mad gaiety, with downcast looks and subdued voices, waiting the report of the surgeon who had been sent for to apply the proper remedies to the wounds of the marquise, and who was not pronounced out of danger till towards morning. We then dispersed, with the firm determination of having the mystery cleared by Cagliostro himself as soon as possible. Boufflers instantly repaired to M. de Sartines, the head of the police, and he furnished us with two exempts, and with all power to make search at the magician's house, or take any steps which we might deem necessary.

"Cagliostro received the visit with the greatest *sang froid*, and permitted, without the slightest resistance, that the exempt should pursue his search among the various tools and utensils which he used in his calling. The large jug from which he had taken the liquid contained in the phial which he had given to me, still stood in the same place as on the day preceding. There remained but a few drops, for his patients had been numerous, but these the exempt gathered into a bottle and conveyed to the nearest chemist, who laughed in the exempt's face, and pronounced them to be of clear water. To my bitter reproaches and angry exclamations Cagliostro replied with the most perfect calmness that the liquid was pure and innocent when he placed it in my hands, and that if it had grown pernicious it must have been owing to the guilty passions or to the evil sympathies of those who had employed it. No further explanation could be elicited, and the affair, which made a great noise at the time, remains a mystery to this hour. For me, I lost an amiable and valued friend, for the Marquise de Br * *, either through fear of the ridicule which attached to the adventure, or from memory of the pain which she had suffered, could never endure me to approach her after that. She would not even grant me an interview in order to express my regrets at the strange accident which had befallen. She avoided me when by chance we met in public, scarcely even returning my salutation but by a cold and formal acknowledgment. She refused all the efforts of our mutual friends at effecting a reconciliation, and wearied with my importunities (for I really felt anxious to do away the unjust impression), she ended by returning my letters of apologies and supplications unopened."

The prince paused thoughtfully. The story was at an end.

"Did there remain a scar or trace of the wound which the marquise had incurred?" said Madame de V——.

"She carried the mark of that night's adventure to her grave," replied the prince; "a long, narrow scar, which all the art of the coiffeur could not disguise. The corner of one of her exquisitely traced eyebrows, too, had been torn off, and never grew again; but she replaced it with great effect by an *assassin*, which she wore there ever after."

The prince paused again for a moment, and then added, while a smile full of malicious glee, of exquisite *finesse*, passed across his countenance, "The *girandole* eardrops of emerald and topaz she not only wore no more, but had the cruelty to bestow them upon her maid, who adorned herself with them at the next opera ball, whither she was sent by her mistress to *intriguer* me, while the lovely marquise replaced them at times with long pendants of snowy pearl, emblem of innocence and simplicity, and I soon grew to observe with bitterness that on these occasions, whether I proposed opera, ball, or play, Boufflers always had some "particular engagement" which prevented him from joining our party."

Many were the comments upon this adventure, and many the discussions upon the possible contents of the phial, which it would be absurd to suppose consisted of nought but pure water. Some defended Cagliostro, others were loud against him, when the dear Duchess de V——, fearing that the time might be lost in dissertations on mesmerism, suddenly exclaimed, "Dear prince, you who have seen so many great men in your time, did you ever see Voltaire?"

"Yes, indeed, fair lady, I *did* once behold M. de Voltaire," (the prince always called him so to the last day of his life,) "and my interview with him is connected in my mind with a curious fact. The narrative of my adventure may perhaps amuse you. It was in 1778, the year before his death, that I had the singular good fortune to obtain an audience of the great philosopher. He lived at the corner of the Rue de Beaune and the quai which has since been called after his name. He had intimated to my friend, Champfort, his great desire to become acquainted with me, and I, who all my life had been tormented with the wish to behold this greatest genius of the age, the master spirit of his own time, the guide of that which was to follow, did not need a second bidding.

"The philosopher received us with great urbanity. He had been prepared for our visit in the morning, for he still loved dearly all kinds of form and ceremony, and, to the very last day of his life set a higher price upon his title of M. *de* Voltaire (which, by the by, was usurped) than on the popular and honourable abbreviation of "Voltaire," *tout court*, by which he was designated long before his death. M. de Voltaire was seated on the edge of his bed, attired in one of those short loose dressing-gowns much worn at the time, and which displayed his spindle legs and shrunken feet in all their unveiled ugliness. Never have I beheld a form so withered, so diminished; every vein in his whole frame was visible and defined, like those in an anatomical study. The later portraits of M. de Voltaire give a very just idea of his appear-

ance, but they generally fail in expressing the singular look of the eyes—an expression which I never have seen in any one else since that time—an anxious, unquiet, restless look—a hungry, thirsty, keenly-searching glance (hunger and thirst of praise), and searching with avidity for admiration, which, such was the Voltairian fever of the time, he never failed to obtain, and yet, as '*l'appétit vient en mangeant*,' which never wholly satisfied his craving.

"The room wherein the great man received his visitors was entirely darkened (such was his whim) save where one single shutter, folded back, allowed the light to stream in through a long, narrow aperture, immediately opposite to which he himself was placed, so that he became thus the sole object clearly visible in the apartment. And here he sat to receive visitors, although the sun shining at the moment, the light was so strong that it must almost have blinded him. His niece, Madame Denis, '*belle et bonne*,' was seated at the foot of the bed near the chimney, attired in a dimity camisole, rather soiled, and her hair, escaping in disorder from the little cap placed on the top of her head, was tied in a fantastical *Fontange* with a faded blue ribbon. She was no longer young, poor *belle et bonne*, and her sedentary life had induced a degree of corpulency which made her look older still. She had certainly forfeited all pretensions to her first title, and there was much in her face that to a physiognomist would have given a flat contradiction to the second. She had evidently been engaged in writing from M. de Voltaire's dictation, for she had arisen from the bureau and turned to the fire, where there was placed some cooking utensil with which she soon became occupied.

"But I soon had forgotten the very existence of Madame Denis in the interest of the conversation with M. de Voltaire himself. He spoke quickly and nervously, with a play of feature I have never seen in any man but him. His eye kindled with a vivid fire almost dazzling, as it danced in a ray of sunlight from the window, and moved about from one to the other of his listeners, rapid and quivering like the summer lightning. He had just been receiving that very morning a deputation from the Theâtre Français, begging permission to commence the performance of 'Zaïre' that evening with a complimentary address to himself, which permission of course the poet had granted with an enviable self-satisfaction, merely requesting that the verses should be submitted to his own inspection, and subjected to his own corrections and improvements, if any such were needed. He was in high good-humour at this mark of honour and distinction, for, as I have said before, flattery had become of more importance to his existence than the very food and nourishment of each day.

"When the great man had conversed for some little time with my friend, with whom he had been intimate for many years, he turned to me, and, after courteously expressing the pleasure which my visit gave him, he added, 'I had desired to see you, M. de Perigord, to communicate to you a fact concerning your family which happened some years ago, and may be of importance to you hereafter. As you are the youngest of your family, you may one day like to be its chronicler.'

"He then commenced the relation of some interesting particulars regarding the Talleyrands and Perigords, intermixing, with a precision

of memory quite marvellous, the different branches and connexions either by birth or marriage. All these, of course, were familiar to me, but as it was not natural that a narrator like M. de Voltaire should ever tell a story without a point, all this preamble ended in a tale of interest and wonder which completely rivetted my whole attention, and kept me in a thrill of delight, not so much by the story itself, which, however, was full of most powerful interest, as by the irresistible charm of the diction. I can safely affirm that M. de Voltaire spoke with even more ease and grace than distinguish his writings. I think he would have made a splendid orator. His words seemed to *fly* from his lips, so rapid, yet so neat, so distinct and clear was every expression. His meaning was so clearly defined that you never had an instant's doubt or hesitation whether you were quite sure that you fully understood him. The language of Champfort, bold and vigorous as it was—full of fire and passion—seemed to lack energy and spirit as he answered M. de Voltaire. The fire of the one was like the red beacon light, steady and strong, lurid and fierce; the other was the treacherous spark which, flying upwards in seemingly harmless sport, yet driven this way or that by the most trifling breeze, may spread ruin and devastation wherever it may chance to fall.

"We remained for more than an hour with the great philosopher. *Belle et bonne* had completed the cooking of her chocolate, and M. de Voltaire had taken it without the slightest ceremony in our presence. Letters had arrived, to some few of which he had dictated short replies through the medium of his niece. I had listened in rapture to the story which I had come to hear; Champfort had already been twice confuted in argument, and M. de Voltaire obliged once to yield ere we arose to depart, and even then I think we were hurried away by Madame Denis, who reminded her uncle, with a look full of meaning at us, that it was just the hour for his siesta; which clear, unmistakable hint, of course, we immediately adopted, and left him to enjoy his repose unmolested. I looked at him long and earnestly as he shook me cordially by the hand, and bade me a most paternal farewell. Every line of that remarkable countenance is engraven on my memory. I see it now before me—the small, fiery eyes staring from the shrunken sockets, not unlike those of a cameleon; the dried and withered cheek traversed in every direction by deep cut lines; the compressed lips and puckered mouth, round which played a perpetual sarcastic smile, giving him altogether the air of a merry fiend. Every feature of that face is as present to my memory now as it was at that moment while I was gazing into it, impressed with a kind of sorrowful conviction that I should behold it no more.

"The event proved that I was right in my presentiment, M. de Voltaire, soon after that, denied himself entirely to strangers, and none but his intimate friends were admitted. These, however, were sufficiently numerous to form a little court around him, and do him all the honour which he so much loved, and amid which he died, surrounded by flatterers and sycophants until the latest hour of his life."

"Now, if it is not an indiscretion, do tell us the story that he told you, prince," exclaimed the Princess de C——, as Prince Talleyrand concluded his recital; "do tell us the tale that Voltaire could think worthy a place in his memory: it must be a curious one. Try and

recount it in the same manner that he used when telling it to you. I am sure you would imitate it admirably."

The prince smiled (he never laughed), as he replied, "Now have I to make a strange confession, for which I know you will never pardon me, and which I would willingly have been spared. Indeed, had it not happened to myself I could scarcely have credited it. On leaving Voltaire, Champfort and myself had separated, he had taken the direction of the Tuileries, and I had sauntered along to the Palais Royal, thinking all the while of the great man to whose presence I had just been admitted, and retracing in memory every word, every gesture, he had used during the interview. In the garden I was accosted by the young Duc d'Aiguillon, who had just arrived from Versailles, and who began in his usual rattling manner telling me a long story about the ball which had taken place the evening before in the orangerie, of which story, mark you, I remember every word. It was about the Duchesse de Levis, a sort of court butt just at that time, and the changing of her shoulder-knot by some wag, which *plaisanterie* had caused the most laughable mistakes during the whole ball.

"When I had got rid of this wild talker, I adjourned to the hotel of the Marquise de J——, where there was *grande reception*, followed by *grande jeu* and *souper*. There I remained until a late hour of the night, alternately winning and losing at the faro table considerable sums, until I rose winner of a hundred and twenty louis d'ors from Maurice Duvernay, of which he paid me seventy down, but having lost immensely, wrote an order for the rest on the back of one of the Queens of Diamonds.

"I tell you all this to show you that I can, to this very hour, account for every minute of that day, one of the most memorable of my whole life, from the moment of my leaving M. de Voltaire; and when I returned home, late as was the hour, before retiring to rest I sat down to begin a letter to my uncle, the Cardinal de Perigord, in order to recount to him the adventure of the morning, and above all, to tell him the anecdote concerning our family, which M. de Voltaire had recounted, and which I knew my uncle would take a most peculiar delight in, both from the source whence it came, and the personal interest inspired by the subject. Judge, then, of the mortification I experienced upon finding that, in spite of all my endeavours to collect my wandering ideas to the one point in question, I could not recollect the story which M. de Voltaire had been at so much pains to tell me—to which I had listened with so much attention and with such extraordinary relish; I could not even write in my letter the immediate object of the story—neither detail, nor hero, nor point (which last I remembered had diverted me beyond measure), would present itself to my remembrance; and after much vexation of spirit, I was fain to leave my letter unfinished, until I had met with Champfort, whose memory I doubted not would be fully able to supply the deficiency of mine.

"I was determined to lose no time in assuring myself of this, and called upon the poet the very next day. What think you was his answer to my urgent entreaties that he would assist me?

"'Parbleu, *mon cher*, I was too much occupied in thinking what I should say to M. de Voltaire to notice what *he* was saying to me. I

heard not a word of his story, but you must own that I completely succeeded in proving the false quantity in the second canto of the Henriade.'

"He had not even heard the story! so there was no hope in that quarter, and I was obliged to content myself with the trust that at some future day I might be fortunate enough again to meet M. de Voltaire, and induce him to tell the tale once more. As I have already said, however, I never had the good fortune to see him after this.

"Often and often in the long years that have passed since then, have I endeavoured to catch the purport of his tale, but in vain. The whole scene of that interview rises at command—the welcome, the farewell, and the various arguments of the two *beaux-esprits*—but that narrative which I would often give much to remember, is gone for ever! The pre-occupation of the scene, the wonder, the delight inspired by the philosopher's conversation, have left a blank, which neither time nor reflection have ever been able to fill up; and even now I cannot remember the incident without feeling the same kind of embarrassment I experienced on that occasion, and often surprise myself when, falling into reverie, chasing the phantoms of that hour through my puzzled brain, and endeavouring, in spite of experience, to arrest the fugitive impressions made by the story at the time, but without success."

The prince now paused, and leant back in his chair for a moment, with his eyes closed, evidently lost in thought. It was well that no one spoke, or we might have been deprived of the tale which followed, and in which, at the age I was then, I took more interest and remembered with more pleasure than any which had preceded it.

"How mysterious a thing is memory," said he, as he bent forward once more, and smiled upon his listeners. "The name of Champfort has brought to my mind the story, long forgotten, of his fellow-prisoner, a young officer formerly in the mousquetaires. His name we all know, for he is amongst us still, and, in short, he has promised that he will visit us before the autumn is over, here, at Valençay. He was, without exception, the handsomest youth I have ever seen; and his manners and address being remarkable for a grace peculiarly his own, and his reputation for high courage and chivalrous bearing having been fully established by one or two *affaires brillantes* in which he had been engaged, it may naturally be supposed that his *succès* of every kind left him nothing to desire. But he sought no conquest, even where the enemy held out offers of surrender; he seemed callous and indifferent to all the advances, the allurements, of which he was the object, until such was the state of morals at that time, the ladies of the great world in which he moved, began to act as spies upon each other, being fully convinced of the impossibility of his having remained so long insensible to the arts and blandishments by which he was surrounded.

"For a long time his secret remained impenetrable; his part was so well acted, his measures so well taken, that the scandal-mongers were in despair, and the charitable souls, of whom there are always a few, were beginning to hope, when the mystery was divulged in a most extraordinary manner, and formed the town talk for many a day; and as the story has been told with divers variations, and has got abroad

under different versions, I will tell you the right one, which I had from the Marquis de J.'s own lips:

"In those days were *fermiers généraux*, and the said *fermiers généraux* were almost always amongst the oldest, ugliest, richest, and most disagreeable men that the kingdom could produce. One of these, who united in himself all these superlatives, had just deceived all the cherished hopes of the ladies of the court, by marrying a young girl from his own province, of noble birth, although of slender fortune, who was described as being of little beauty, and glad to acquire by marriage wealth and station, even at the sacrifice of those other qualities in a husband, which are generally sought for by young ladies.

"A year had elapsed since the return of M. de B. from Besançon, where the marriage had taken place. No one had seen his bride; she remained entirely at his country house—a delicious little 'Folie,' so it was said, at Auteuil, close to the Bois de Boulogne. The lady had not been presented at court, and M. de B. had never requested any of his friends to visit her, so that she was at first supposed to be imbecile or ugly, and was then forgotten. But the devil's hoof, which certainly is busy with all men's concerns, trotted one day through the muddled brain of the old Dowager de Marville, and suggested to her that it would be a mighty pleasant thing to have a *feu d'artifice* in the Bois de Boulogne, on some dark night when there would be no moon, and that it would be quite a funny sight to behold all the skirts of the wood festooned with coloured lamps, and adorned with flambeaux; and then she began to torment M. de B. to throw open his 'Folie' to the *élite*, and give a fête there to his friends without delay. He was a good-natured man, but, nevertheless, he took a great deal of persuading before he would consent to have his privacy thus broken in upon. He offered the ladies of his acquaintance a ball at his own hôtel in Paris, with interludes of opera dancers. But no, the fête at the 'Folie'—nothing else would do, and the poor man was obliged at last to promise the much-desired entertainment. His excuses had all been derived from his wife—her ignorance of the world—her innocence and utter simplicity had all been put forward as motives for refusing, but no excuse could be taken. Give the fête he must, and the ladies on their part promised to treat the rustic bride with indulgence, and not to crush her by too great an assumption of superiority.

"The day of the fête arrived. The most brilliant anticipations had been formed of the entertainment to be given in such a sweet place by so rich a man, and they were most certainly not disappointed. Every arrangement was of the best, and the whole place illuminated like a dream of fairy land, which last circumstance did not vex the ladies so much as one would have imagined, for it helped to prove that the opinions which had been formed of the bride of M. de B., were correct in all points. She was very young, very timid, and very reserved and *gauche*, like a little *pensionnaire de couvent* as she was; and what was worse, like all *provinciales*, who think nothing more beautiful than what is to be found in their own province, she never once expressed the slightest admiration or astonishment at any thing she saw—nay, she preserved the same cold, unmoved air even when her husband presented to her, in due form, the vanquisher of all hearts—the renowned Marquis de J. Some of the ladies said she was pretty; some said not; some that she

might become dangerous in time, from her paleness and the languishing expression of her eyes. Others again laughed at this opinion, and felt sure there would never be any thing to dread from her. These last expressed surprise that she had even made the conquest of her stupid old husband.

"Well, the company left the 'Folie,' enchanted with their entertainment, and dispersed at daybreak to their respective hotels, without so much as bestowing a thought either on Madame de B. or her husband. The next day, however, loud was the wailing among the ladies, for the Marquis de J—— was missing from all his accustomed haunts, where he had been used daily to charm the eyes and captivate the hearts of his fair admirers. Kind and anxious messages were despatched to his quarters, and the answer given was, that the marquis was slightly indisposed, but would appear again in a day or two. The next rumour afloat was, that old B., the fermier-général, had sent back his wife to the convent from which he had taken her the year before to marry her; but no one felt astonishment at this—so cold, so awkward, so shy—not even polite to the Marquis de J——! Of course, poor old B. must feel assured he never could get on in the world with such a wife as that.

The marquis appeared again in a few days after the fête, but much altered in appearance, with haggard melancholy look, and sad, dejected spirits. His arm was in a sling, too, which gave rise to more tender questioning, which he sought to parry as well as he was able, by saying that he had met with an accident at M. de B——'s Folie.

"The history of the case was this. (Oh, *jeune* France, know you what even the meaning of the word 'love' is?) After the company had departed M. and Madame de B—— had retired to their respective apartments, but M. de B—— being unable to sleep, had descended into the garden, to take a refreshing walk amid the groves, where still hung suspended the variegated lampions extinguished, and drowning with their vile odour the scent of the flowers. There was no moon, but the night was wearing away, and the dawn was just beginning to change the pitchy darkness to a pale tint of grey, when M. de B—— thought of retiring towards the house. Just as he was in the act of mounting the steps which led to the long glass windows of his own room, his attention was attracted by the sound of footsteps on the gravel-walk beneath. He was by no means a coward, M. de B——, and his first thought was of his wife, and of the alarm which a hue and cry raised at such an hour might occasion her; so after calling '*Qui vive*,' and receiving no answer, he slid gently down over the balustrade of the perron into the flower-garden below; feeling quite sure of the capture of the thief, as the little plot of ground belonging to his wife's apartment had no communication with the park, save by a door of which she herself always kept the key. He ran lightly over the grass and along the gravel-walk; he could hear retreating footsteps; as he advanced he was sure of this, but the bushes overhung with such luxuriance the narrow pathway, that he could not discern the form he was pursuing. At length he reached the bottom of the path—he distinctly heard the swinging of the gate as it was opened cautiously—he made one frantic bound across the flower-bed which skirted the path—the

door *must* have been opened by some one, for it banged-to just as he approached—he heard a faint cry on the outer side, and then all was silent as the grave. M. de B—— could proceed no farther for the key was not in the lock and the door was closed, but he immediately sought the apartment of his wife, full of alarm concerning her, and dreading lest some thief, lured by the display of jewels which she had worn on the evening previous, might have endeavoured to force an entry through the ill-secured glass-windows of the chamber which looked into the garden. To his utter astonishment, after having with difficulty regained his own room, and from thence by the inner passages of the house arrived at the chamber of his wife, he found her up and dressed, still decked with the same jewels which she had worn at the fête. She evinced great alarm and trepidation at first, on hearing his recital, but after a moment's reflection declared her belief that M. de B—— must have been under the influence of a dream, as she had herself been standing at the window taking the air, and had heard no sound, nor beheld any shadow pass. He begged the key of the gate: she had mislaid it she said, and the gate being so seldom used, she had not cared to search for it. So M. de B—— was fain to content himself with this assurance until daybreak, when he was determined to renew his search more minutely. The garden was torn and trampled towards the direction of the gate, but that might be by his own footsteps for he had hurried in his pursuit after the flying thief. The gate was closed and locked, and yet there was still some mystery in the adventure, for on the outer side which opened into the park the ground was stained by drops of blood, which could be traced to some little distance, and then ceased altogether. Here was more mystery still, for the gardener on searching amid the bushes found the key of the gate which had so long been missing. M. de B—— instantly applied it to the lock, and the door yielded slowly and with difficulty to his endeavours to push it forward, and when at length it opened, and the obstacle was examined, it was found to be caused by a *human finger* crushed and jammed against the doorpost, which upon a close inspection appeared to have been cut off close to the root by some rude and hurried operation.

"Alas! Madame de B——, who had remained calm and passive during the whole of this adventure, could not support this last disclosure, but was seized with violent hysterics upon being informed of the discovery which had taken place, and in the midst of her tears and convulsions, the name of the Marquis de J—— was for ever on her lips. Of course the adventure could no longer be kept secret; the coincidence of the wound, the utterance of the name of M. de J——, determined at once the nature of the occurrence. He himself described to me the terror of his flight through the flower-garden, the agony of fear with which he hurried forth lest *she* should be discovered. It was M. de B——, who in pushing against the door had jammed his finger in the lock, but he cared not for the pain so long as *she* was safe and secure from all suspicion, and disdaining to call for help, he had himself drawn forth the little pocket-knife which he always carried, and cut off the finger by which he was detained. He had never once thought of the danger or disfigurement; he did it, not com-

plaining but rejoicing, to think that *she* was unsuspected at least, and her reputation secure. His only regret was at having lost the key of the gate, which he had dropped among the bushes, when he had stopped to bandage with his pocket-handkerchief the bleeding wound. Had *she* not betrayed herself in her grief for him their secret might yet have been kept. M. de J—— left Paris soon after, and travelled for some years, and Madame de B—— was despatched back again to the convent at Besançon, from which she had not been absent more than a twelvemonth in all. It is said that M. de J—— remained for ever faithful to his first love. It is certain that when he returned amongst us, handsome, brilliant as before, although less gay, he never sought to inspire affection in any of the fair ladies who were at so much pains to please him. He steadily refused all offers of marriage which were made him, although some of the most splendid *partis*, both maids and widows were amongst the number. From the first moment of his beholding Madame de B——, which was on her arrival with her husband, while changing horses at the last relay towards Paris, at the post-house, where he happened to be halting with his troop—he had owned himself her slave; he vowed to me for years afterwards, that no other woman should ever boast of having won a thought from him, and that no other female hand should ever feel the pressure of his own. His heart was with her who was suffering loneliness and captivity for his sake, and he regarded as sacrilege the idea of a possibility that he could break his vow of fidelity to her. At the revolution he was imprisoned, but released *faute de preuves*, and meanwhile the convents having been broken up and dispersed, his first step was to secure a safe retreat for Madame de B——. Together they fled to Holland, where they remained for some years, and returned when the storm was over, as man and wife. They lived together in happiness, and we all can bear witness to the grace and distinction which she shed around the circle she frequented, and to the respect with which she inspired all who approached her, as well as to the regret which was universally felt when she was withdrawn from us for ever. Such is the true story of the Marquis de J——: now tell me, Jeune France, will ye dare to condemn the *ancien règime*, or say that you even understand the depth of devotion and of love from which could spring such faith as this?"

The prince arose as he concluded his story, and the grating of carriage-wheels on the gravel-walk without the windows, announced the hour for the promenade. I took my seat in one of the landaus by the side of C., who had promised to show me the lions of the place, but it was some time before I could command my attention to the beauties of the scene, for the story of the prince had brought back the memory of my last *soirée* in Paris, where I had beheld a withered old man playing with avidity at *bouillotte*, and I remembered to have been startled and disgusted when he took up his cards in a *three-fingered* grasp. And now I remembered, too, that his partner had addressed him by the name of De J——!

ON THE DUPLICITY OF MEN.

Nothing in this world is single.
SHELLEY.

NATURE does not abhor a vacuum more than she detests the singular number,—an expression, by the by, for which we suppose we are indebted to the Irish grammarians, as it is one of those contradictions in terms, which men make who are born under the constellation TAURUS. But let this pass; the point we insist on at present is the detestation in which nature holds number *one*, and the affection she appears to entertain for number *two*, or that which the Greeks call the *dual*. Duplicity would seem to be the universal law, and the machinery of the world to be regulated by the principle which watch-makers call the "*duplex movement.*"

That singleness of mind and purpose are the rarest of moral phenomena will be denied by nobody, but the truth is that nature has made man *physically* as well as *mentally* on *the double plan*. Observe his outward structure:—he is furnished with a pair of eyes, a pair of ears, a pair of legs, a pair of hands, and, what is most important of all, he is provided with *two sides*. Even those parts and organs which are single, evidently result from an incorporation or fusion of members originally distinct; for a prominent example, take the nose, which is still composed of two nostrils, although externally it presents but a single cape or promontory. That the tongue was primævally double may be inferred from numerous passages of Scripture, where "*a double tongue*" is expressly mentioned, and amongst the lower animals we have remarkable instances of the same formation in the forked tongues of snakes and adders.

The uses of these double sets of organs admit of a brief explanation. We have two organs of vision that we may have one eye to the interests of our friends or the public, and another to our own; or, that black may appear white, when it is not convenient to see things in their proper colours. Without a pair of eyes men could never take such *opposite* views of the *same* subject as they often do; pronounce angelic to-day what they declared fiendish only yesterday;—see mountains of difficulty on Tuesday where on Monday all seemed as smooth as a sheet of ice,—perceive the height of merit in an individual in the morning, and every vice that disgraces human nature in the same man before sunset. These are a few of the advantages of possessing a pair of eyes.

Our ears are also fortunately in duplicate; with one we hear every thing in our own favour; with the other we hear every thing that tells against an opponent. With the one we take in agreeable truths, with the other advantageous falsehoods. Sometimes one ear is employed as a deaf one, a device by which we get rid of importunate demands upon our charity or our justice. In short a pair of ears is of infinite use, were they even the ears of Balaam's charger.

Two hands are also inestimable conveniences; they are mainly intended for doing and undoing, a most important part of the business of mankind. But, in addition to this, one hand is to help a friend, both

hands to help ourselves, and, had we as many hands as Briareus, the most of us would endeavour to help ourselves with them all. Two hands are essential to the lawyer, for they enable him to take a fee or a bribe upon each side of the argument;—to the statesman, for they qualify him to steer the vessel of the state, and at the same time to pilot the more important *craft* which carries his private fortunes;—to the churchman, for with the one he points out the rough and thorny path to heaven, while he indicates with the other the smooth and roseate avenue which he takes himself.

Upon the advantages of a pair of legs it seems unnecessary to dilate, they are so extremely obvious. How could some men, in public as well as in private life, go *the lengths* they do with a single leg? Observe the *enormous steps* that are occasionally taken in the world, and you will see that less than two legs would never answer; not to mention that with but one leg we could never follow the prudential maxim which enjoins us to put our best leg foremost. The object of creating man with *two sides* we shall have occasion to state hereafter, when we shall also direct attention to the reason of providing him with a pair of lungs, amongst other instances of a double internal organization.

The first pair was unquestionably Adam, not Adam and Eve, who were, in strictness, a "*parti quarré*,' if our theory be correct, and might have played a rubber of whist, had cards been invented, without waiting for the arrival of Cain and Abel.

The opinion of the duplicity or double nature of the human soul is a very ancient one, and has been propounded in various shapes, all however resolving themselves into the same theory. Thus it has been supposed that each of us has his demon, his genius, his good or bad angel, or his guardian spirit, an invisible being intimately connected and indissolubly interwoven, for good or for evil, with that which we call ourselves. What is this but recognising another self, or a double intellectual and moral existence. The demon of Socrates was of this kind, an *alter ego*, and decidedly a better helpmate than Xantippe. The Socratic philosophy consisted in retiring within ourselves, and holding frequent and deep communion with the unseen associate whom nature has assigned to each of us. "According," says Lord Shaftesbury, "as this recess was deep and intimate, and *the dual number practically formed in us*, we were supposed to advance in morals and true wisdom." The little world within us is, in fact, divided into two parties, upon whose good understanding and harmony depends the serenity and happiness of our lives. There is a deeper truth than is generally understood in the saying that man is a *social* animal. He is social in so eminent a degree that he is properly a society in himself.

The real meaning of self-knowledge, is the acquaintance and intimacy which one of these members has with the other. Soliloquy is, in strictness, the conversation of our two selves, and self-examination nothing but a form of intercourse in question and answer, between a man and his double. Accordingly, to say that we are "never less alone than when alone" may sometimes be literally true; for the effect of a large party is to spoil the more agreeable society that we carry about with us, unless the party should amount to a crowd, which is

rather favourable than otherwise to a *tête-à-tête* with our aerial *attaché*, or imp in waiting.

This will help to explain why worthy men are so often reserved and silent in society, while coxcombs are such inveterate talkers and the bores of every social meeting. Sensible and estimable men exhaust their conversational powers in their hours of solitude and privacy; while men of the opposite stamp, being unable to prevail upon their attendant sprites to listen to their "bald, disjointed chat," are driven to discharge it upon society at large, which has no means of escaping the infliction. What demon, good or bad, not to say a *genius*, would sit for an hour hearkening to an elderly gentleman in his *anec-dotage*, when he could pop through the keyhole, or skip invisibly up the chimney?

This, to be sure, is on the supposition that imps of sense and spirit are occasionally united to the souls of blockheads and fine gentlemen. Possibly it may not be so. There may be a sort of spirit, the *reverse of a genius*, specially employed in the service of the citizens of Thebes, or the gentlemen of the Dunciad. Perhaps there are guardian *dullnesses*, as well as guardian *genii*; and if this be the case, we can imagine the most delightful social intercourse taking place between the bores of our acquaintance and their several attendant demons. A dull devil of the kind we allude to, would naturally take a Cibber for a wit, or a Bavius for a prodigy; roar at the jokes of a Dennis, and clap his wings with ecstasy at the verses of Blackmore or Montgomery.

In all likelihood the ancient mode of expression "*we*," as employed by a man speaking of himself, and still preserved in the style of kings and emperors, originated in the consciousness of a bipartite existence. Double men, to be grammatical, ought to use the "*we*;" but there is an advantage worth noticing in sticking to the singular pronoun. The "*we*" pledges *both sides* of a man to whatever proposition he lays down, or engagement he enters into; but by adopting the "*I*," he merely speaks in *one* of his persons, and may consequently, without the slightest inconsistency, say what he chooses the next day, or even the next moment; for one of our two selves is plainly entitled to differ in opinion from the other, else there would be an end to the right of private judgment.

"*We*," however, is the proper style for a double man, in cases where *the two* are certain to pull together. He should say, for instance, "*we* shall go to dinner,"—"*we* shall take care of ourselves,"—"*we* shall get a good appointment, if we can"—"*we* shall do such and such a base action, or play such and such a shabby trick, to carry *our point*." But in all matters of opinion, statements of principle, and declarations of intention, the safe plan is to speak in the singular number, for then *only one half of the speaker is pledged*, and the other is at liberty to take the opposite course on another occasion, should it be for *the common advantage*.

We should always understand a double public man as speaking in only one of his persons at a time. Such a man has his Whig self and his Tory self. What are vulgarly thought his inconsistencies and contradictions, are in reality nothing but the disagreements between the two parties within him. We have already noticed the important provi-

sion of nature by which men are furnished with *two sides*, a right and a left, precisely like the sides of the House of Lords or Commons. The corresponding mental arrangement is the very attribute of duplicity, or the possession of two minds and two sets of opinions and suits of principles; having, in fact, as Lord Shaftesbury so happily expresses it, "*the dual number practically formed in us.*"

It is a common remark that two heads are better than one, and it is no less manifest a truth that *two minds are better than one;* but there would be no use in having two minds, if they were always to think the same thing, or come to the same conclusion. Nature does nothing in vain; and besides, if truth be the result of the collision of intellect with intellect, it is evident that a man of two minds, instead of meriting censure and reproach, ought to command universal admiration as a very

Palace for the crown'd truth to dwell in.

A double tongue may be a figure of speech, but a double mind is not: there is no more familiar metaphysical phenomenon; and it is well worthy of observation, as a most beautiful analogy between our physical and moral structure, that the cavity of the human thorax contains two lungs, or organs of breathing, for which no other use can be assigned but the enabling a man to *blow hot and cold with the same breath.*

The principle of duplicity explains how a man can be said to be *beside himself*, as a double man (what the world calls an apostate, or a hypocrite), very often is. It also accounts for the process of leaping out of one's skin, as people are said to do, when news is brought them of some joyous but unexpected event, the birth of an heir, the success of a novel, or an appointment to an office with large salary and no duty.

Self-love, too, admits of an easy and *charitable* explanation upon the same hypothesis. Egotism is nothing but the passion of one moiety of a man for the other, the most legitimate love imaginable, and happily exempt from the interruption of the "green-eyed monster," for the "*amans sui*" is in general "*sine rivali.*" Some have held that the two parts of a man are always of different sexes; that one of his selves is male and the other female. In this view there is nothing more natural than the love of self; no *amour* can be more *propre.*

It is common to hear a person say that he *hates himself*, but this resolves itself into the still more common case of *matrimonial discord.* Happy would it be for many a lord and commoner if he could *divorce* as well as hate himself. There are men who would become sound statesmen and good patriots in a twinkling, could they but dissolve the union that binds them to *narrow souls and factious spirits.* Such persons are, in point of fact, models of every public virtue, but being, unhappily, *connected* with discreditable parties, or *wedded* to false principles, they must abide all the contempt and odium incurred by their *mistresses* or their *wives.* Men, in a predicament like this, are to be pitied, not condemned. A Socrates may divorce his Xan-

tippe, but how is he to divorce his demon, supposing her to be diabolically instead of angelically disposed? There is no mode of exorcising the she-fiend in our breasts, who is doubtless the prompter of all the malignant and unmanly actions we commit. She sticks to us for ever—like "the old man of the sea" on the sailor's back; she plunges one man into extravagance and debt; she fills another with revenge and fury; she never suffers *the worthy part of a man* to be seen, but presents *herself* for him in all companies; which is the true reason that we so often find a shallow coxcomb where we expected a man of talent—a creature as changeable as the moon, where we looked for the steadfastness of an old Roman; or a common scold of Billingsgate, due to the ducking-stool, where we had dreamed of a rival of Cicero, or at least a Brougham.

This notion of a female soul is to be found in Shakspeare, who introduces Richard II. thus soliloquizing in the dungeon of Pomfret Castle:

> I have been studying how I may compare
> This prison where I live unto the world;
> And, for because the world is populous,
> And here is not a creature but myself,
> I cannot do it;—yet I'll hammer it out.
> *My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,*
> *My soul the father,* and these two beget
> A generation of still breeding thoughts,
> And these same thoughts people this little world,
> In humours like the people of this world,
> For no thought is contented.

Now take an imaginary instance; conceive a Lord Punch and Judy; Lord Punch being the masculine soul, and of one party, Lord Judy, the female soul, and of the other. Judy being the weaker vessel, is fickle, spiteful, frivolous, vain, a coquette, a flirt, a termagant. Lord Punch is no match for her. She out-voices and overbears him. By virtue of her sex, she is for ever talking, and generally talking scandal, bringing her lord and master into infinite disgrace and trouble. People look for "the old man," and they find only *the old woman*. If Lord Punch could only discard his Judy, he would be quite another lord. The best thing he could do under the circumstances, would be to announce, by advertisement in the newspapers, that he will no longer hold himself responsible for her sayings, doings, or goings on,—as men are sometimes obliged to warn the public that they mean to repudiate their wives' pecuniary engagements.

THE BIT OF PREFERMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER PRIGGINS."

Mea paupera regna.
VIRGIL.
Anglicè—The little spot I call my own.

CHAP. I.

"WELL, it is really very kind of my friend," said the Rev. Beatus Devonport, as he laid down a letter which he had been perusing, "only I wish it had been a little more valuable."

"Friend, what friend? Valuable—what ain't enough valuable?" said his housekeeper, looking up from her work and at her master, and the epistle on which he was commenting.

"Pish! Mistress Phidele, you—you—are indeed—"

"Are what? Finish, if you please, sir."

"You are somewhat given to an excessive propensity to interrogation. I never make a remark to myself—"

"You spoke out loud, sir."

"I never make a remark to *myself*, I say, and I say so advisedly—but you on the instant fancy I am addressing you, and—and—"

"And what, sir?"

"There again! had you waited but an instant—foreborne for a mere second from that inquisitorial habit of putting in your queries—"

"My what? My queer eyes? Mr. Devonport, I have lived long in the world, and never before—but it is of no consequence—I know I am old, and, as the song says,

All that's bright must fade,

and of course my eyes ain't agoing to escape the universal sentence."

"Pish! Mistress Phidele—your eyes are bright enough now. You have just threaded that very large darning needle the very first shot," said her master, kindly.

"The first what?" inquired Mrs. Deedy, for such was her real name, although her master chose to call her by the name which Horace bestowed on *his* female domestic.

"Never mind what. I was about to observe—"

"Didn't you observe that your friend was very kind, but not valuable enough?"

"I said, then, if you will be so tiresome, that my friend, Mr. Blackmore—"

"What the little gentleman as comed down a shooting in a Tartar dress, and had gin and milk with a clove in it for breakfast?" inquired Mrs. Deedy.

"Pish! woman, Tar*tan* you mean. He is of Scottish descent."

"And do all the Scottish people wear red and blue criss-crosses, and drink gin and milk with cloves in it to their breakfastes?"

"I never did!" said Beatus Devonport, rising from his chair, closing a large volume of old divinity with a hearty bang, and taking three very rapid turns round his little apartment.

"What you're 'going the circuit,' as the lawyers say—putting yourself in a miff merely because I asked *one* question? But I'll say no more—so you can sit down and make yourself easy, instead of going round and round and round again like a turnspit on a feast-day."

Beatus Devonport sat down again. He opened the volume, found the page, and the very paragraph at which he had left off when the arrival of the letter which had given rise to the preceding colloquy interrupted him in its perusal. He merely made believe to read, however, for he was so indignant with his old servant, that he was ploughing up from the subsoil of his brain some pretext by which he might rid himself of her and her tiresome interrogations. Yet when he thought of the kindness she had shown to his motherless infants—when he saw, in his mind's eye, their healthy looks and hardened frames, and recollected that she who had borne them to him had fallen a victim to consumption, and believed that their escape from the same fearful disease was attributable to the judicious management of his "tormentor in trifles," he again closed the volume, smiled benevolently upon her, and re-opened the important epistle.

"Pardon me, Mistress Phidele, I was somewhat hasty. My friend Mr. Blackmore writes me thus—"

"Does he write clean and clear? for he was rather not given to soap and water, and bited his nails to their quicks," said Mrs. Deedy.

"Writes me thus," continued her master, resolved not to notice his familiar's failing:

"Dear Devonport,

"I have a small living at my disposal. You have been many years a curate and a zealous man in the discharge of the duties of your profession. *Pastorn Parva* is not a very valuable bit of preferment, as you will see by a reference to the *Liber Ecclesiasticus*, but it will be better than a curacy, and, from its situation, is not unlikely to suit you, who are fond of a little innocent recreation in fishing and shooting when you know it will not interfere with your duties. If you will accept of it I will send you the presentation by return of post.

"Your sincere friend,

"Isaac Blackmore."

"Well, and what does *Liber Clissasticus* say it's worth?" asked Mrs. Deedy, laying aside the stocking which she was darning, crossing her arms, and gazing steadily at her master.

"Under two hundred a year," replied Mr. Devonport.

"And he calls that a living! Why it's a mere starving—the cure's a'most as good," said Mrs. Deedy, showing by her looks and a peculiar twist of her nose that she looked upon Mr. Blackmore as a very contemptible person for having made an offer of such a mere trifle to her worthy and much respected master.

"Never mind, Mistress Phidele; recollect that when I am inducted to it it will be my own. I may be removed from my curacy at any moment, and as to where to lay my head if I am suddenly removed I cannot form a notion. I am resolved to accept of this 'bit of preferment,' as my friend calls it, and eke out a livelihood, as I have hitherto done, by taking pupils or writing for my daily bread."

"Pupils won't do any longer," said Mrs. Deedy, shaking her head. "Nancy and Mary have finished school, and are coming home grown up young women—"

"But my pen—"

"Cuss the pen, I was going to say. What, bring on nettle-rash, nervousness and indigestion again—what our learned doctor calls *gasterontereet*—not you indeed if I have a voice in the matter. No more Plummer's pills for supper, and hop tea for breakfast, with an Abernethy sopped in it if I can prevent it," said Mrs. Deedy.

"Pish, Mistress Phidele, I have a reliance—"

"I know you have; but rely on it you'll kill yourself before your time if you do. A reliance is all very well when your paid for it, and don't go snax with a printer."

Beatus Devonport groaned internally. His housekeeper did not notice his distress but proceeded.

"And whereabouts is this bit of preferment?"

"Close to the sea-side, Mistress Phidele; a delightful spot I have no doubt. Abundance of fish and plenty of snipes, fowls, and plovers."

"Why fish is not so bad if it was not for the sauce. Snipes and wild ducks are excellent, for they want no stuffing; and as to plovers, I only know them by their eggs, which are always eaten with moss—at least so I have heard."

Her master pished, but did not attempt to set Mrs. Deedy right.

"Is there any land to it?" inquired the old lady.

"A glebe of some twenty acres, Mistress Phidele; but I am afraid the house is hardly habitable without some little repairs."

"A little whitewashing or so?—never mind; I can do that. Milk and whiting is capital, and only wants being laid on with the paste-brush to tidy a place up nicely. With twenty acres of land you can keep cows, sheep, and pigs, and that ends all my objections to taking the bit of preferment."

Mr. Beatus Devonport having secured his faithful servant's assent—for he would have resigned a much more valuable living sooner than part with her to whom he believed was owing the rescue of his children from consumption—wrote to his friend, and accepted 'the bit of preferment."

Chap. II.

"The bit of preferment" which Mr. Beatus Devonport had accepted had been placed at the disposal of his friend, Mr. Isaac Blackmore, by a government official, whom he had obliged by securing the return to parliament of a warm supporter of the administration. A few days after the letter had been received, which in warm terms thanked his friend for his kind remembrance of him, and expressed his willingness to accept of the living, Beatus was told that if he would run up to town, and call at a certain office, he would receive his appointment, and the necessary documents and instructions for induction and reading in.

Beatus Devonport felt a glow about the region of his heart when he thought that a few days would entitle him to affix rector instead of cu-

rate to his name, and joyfully read the epistle which he had just received to Mrs. Deedy.

"I'll pack you off as soon as I have packed up your trunk," said the good lady, "for who knows what may happen with they government things. King's ministers is just like little dogs in a fair, in and out again before you can say boh! There was our William, as was purvided for in the excise, as we all thought: well he went up to London to get inducted and read in, as you call it, and if the people didn't tell him he lost it by a vote may I be shot; for our member, it seems, who got William's name put down for the first vacancy, went to sleep during a long talking, and when he was woke up to vote he went and did it the wrong way. So do you go and dress, master, while I pack up a few things, and be sure be ready for the coach when it drives by."

Long before the vehicle came up Devonport and his trunk were packed up. He had taken a biscuit and a little cherry brandy as a preventive of cold, and was already rolled up, like a mummy, in shawls and cloaks (as if Mrs. Deedy was a Murphy, and knew that it must rain or snow, although the morning was bright and sunny) when the distant rattle of wheels and the tramping of horses' feet were heard.

"Here it comes. Now, sir, make haste. Heigh! heigh! stop!!" screamed Mrs. Deedy.

"Good-by, Mistress Phidele, good-by; I shall soon be back again —Rector of Pastorn Parva," said her master, as he progressed with difficulty towards the turnpike-road.

"Stop a moment," said Mrs. Deedy, setting down the trunk just within the garden-gate, opposite to which the coachman had pulled up. "Stop a moment, sir;—I know he hasn't, I'm sure he hasn't—it's so like him."

"What is it, Mistress Phidele? Quick, the coach waits,"

Mrs. Deedy put her mouth close to her master's ear—indeed, so close, that the coachman winked at the passenger on the box very impertinently—and whispered "Have you put any money in your pocket?"

Mr. Beatus Devonport felt each of his pockets in succession and said, "Dear me, no, I never thought of it."

"Just like you, sir; but pray go and get some, while I see the trunk booted," said Mrs. Deedy.

Her master threw off a couple of cloaks and ran into his study. He took one of two five pound notes out of his pocket-book, rammed it into his waistcoat pocket, and reached the gate just as the coachman, having put up the trunk, and been put down for his impertinence by Mrs. Deedy, was shouting, "Now, sir, am I to stay here all day?"

Nothing of any importance occurred to the new rector on his journey, except that when he had taken a penny biscuit, and a three-half-penny glass of ale, he found it impossible for him to pay for them without changing his 5*l*. note. This difficulty was easily overcome by the driver, who advanced the sum for him out of a side pocket, not doubting but that such a benevolent deposit, made without any security—more than personal—would meet with its due reward when the time for tipping should come. When he arrived at his inn, the Old Bell in Holborn, at which the coach put up, Beatus found, upon in-

quiry, that office hours were over, so he resolved to order his dinner, see a play, and enjoy himself for that evening. The steak was excellently cooked, the modest modicum of port particularly good, and Beatus enjoyed them greatly. Seven o'clock found him at the box pay-office of Drury Lane Theatre, where he pulled out his purse, payed his seven shillings, and was greatly entertained by a tragedy, admirably acted by Young and his contemporaries, and a farce, in which Munden and Dowton played the principal parts. A quiet oyster and a pint of porter, a chat with a stranger in the coffee-room, and a small glass of negus with his pipe, sent Beatus to bed a very happy man.

The morning came, the breakfast was despatched, and Beatus, as soon as Furnival's Inn clock struck ten, hastened to the office to which he had been directed. He found it with some little difficulty, for no one knew its locality but the ticket porters, and those who gained their livelihood in it. Fortunately for Beatus one of those badge-bearing individuals happened to hear him imitating his Mistress Phidele in her excessive propensity to interrogation, and offered to show him the *locus in quo* for a consideration. Beatus was told to dive into a sort of area; but being suspicious that he was about to be hoaxed—for he could not believe that a government officer's officer carried on business in an area—refused to pay his guide until he was certain he had not misdirected him. The porter pointed to his ticket, as much as to say "I dare not, if I would, play you a trick," but it had no effect upon the *guidée*. A pull at a nob, over which was written, or rather engraved, "office bell," caused the door to open, as if by magic. Beatus threw it wide open and groped his way along a narrow, dark passage, until he came to another door, with a pane of ground glass on its upper half, on which he could just see painted, "office." At this he gave a violent kick, not purposely, but by accident, for he had stumbled over a step that seemed to be placed where it was for no earthly purpose but to act as a man-trap.

"Come in," shouted a voice.

Beatus tried to obey. He pushed and pulled; but all to no purpose. The door would not yield.

"Lift the latch," shouted the same voice.

Now it is very kind to tell a man how to gain entrance by merely lifting a latch, but still more kind to tell him where the latch is situated which he is to lift. Clerks of public offices, however, are rather given to enjoying those embarrassments under which they know that the visitors of their dens for the first time are wont to labour. It is a sort of relief to the monotonous tedium of their daily routine of labour.

"Lift the latch."

"I can't find it," shouted Mr. Devonport.

A sort of sniggling and giggling, a violent cough, and a still more violent sneeze, and a subsequent audible using of the handkerchief reached his ears. He began to feel indignant, and was about to resign Pastorn Parva and the dignity of rectorhood, when the door was opened by a putty-faced gentleman in black, who looked as if he never had laughed, and never could laugh, and expressed himself frightfully shocked that the dinginess of the situation should have been detrimental to so respectable a person as the *gent* whom he saw before him.

Beatus Devonport's ire was appeased in an instant. He was sure

that the quiet, respectable individual who addressed him was not a hoaxer, and, as he entered the office, he looked round to discover who it was that had sniggled, giggled, coughed, and used the handkerchief. No one was to be seen but the quiet, respectable individual who had expressed himself so politely. He was about to inquire who the ill-behaved person was who had jeered at his distresses, when he was interrupted by the question,

"What's your name, and the name of your benefice?"

"Beatus Devonport is my name—Pastorn Parva the name of my rectory," said Beatus.

"Quite right. Here are your papers. I'll trouble you for 41*l.* 15*s.*," said the clerk.

"Forty—one—pounds—fifteen?" drawled out the new rector, looking with amazement at the clerk, who rather enjoyed his astonishment.

"All right, sir; it's above value in the king's books."

"Above value—why it's under value—it's only 190*l.* per annum," said Beatus.

"That has nothing to do with it, sir, as you will find upon inquiry," said the clerk, growing respectful, as he saw the evident agitation under which the poor parson was labouring. "There is no occasion to pay it now, sir; you can leave the papers with me, and call again when it suits your convenience."

"I will leave a deposit," said Beatus, having an indistinct notion that by failing to pay something, he might forfeit his benefice. "I will leave a deposit."

"Not the least occasion for that, sir,—indeed, I cannot accept of it. Many clergymen who come here for their presentations, are not prepared to pay the amount of fees, of the existence of which they were not aware," said the clerk, quite kindly.

Beatus, however, felt that he ought to pay something, if it was but for civility. He dived into his pockets and searched them *seriatim*, but no purse was to be found. "*Abiit, erupit, evasit,*" he shouted, as he rushed out of the office.

"Lift the latch," said the same voice which he had heard on entering the office, followed by the same abominable niggling, giggling, coughing, and using the handkerchief.

Beatus felt inclined to return and demand an explanation, but sorrow for the loss of his purse, overcame his indignation, and the sight of the ticket-porter, waiting to be paid for his services, drove all other thoughts, but those of not having the wherewith to pay him, out of his mind.

"Found all right, I hope, sir?" said he of the badge.

"I am very much obliged to you indeed, my man, very much obliged indeed, and will reward you for your services another day—the fact is, I have lost my purse."

"Gammon," said the ticket-porter; "or if not gammon, what did you keep me standing here for?"

"It is a fact, I assure you, my friend."

"Gammon," said the porter; and as Beatus Devonport passed up an alley into Fleet-street, he saw his guide join a brace of ticket-porters more respectable looking than himself, from whose mouths he

heard, "regular screw," "a positive dead nail," "a complete do," "a shabby fellow," &c. &c.

Those who do not merit reproaches, feel them far more bitterly than they who richly deserve them. This was the case with Mr. Devonport. He would have paid if he could, but, as some one says, "if he could not, how could he?"

Chap. III.

"Waiter, oblige me by telling the landlord I wish to speak with him," said Mr. Devonport, as he flung himself, or rather fell, into a box in the coffee-room.

"Certainly, sir,—but you don't seem well. A little soda and brandy, sir? Capital thing about eleven o'clock after a play and an 'yster supper," said the waiter.

"I am not ill, I assure you. I have only lost—"

"Your appetite? No unusual thing, sir, after an 'yster supper, followed by a pipe and a sherry-negus. Try a little ginger-beer and gin, sir, or a little bitters."

"Pish! man. I have lost my purse and all my money," said Beatus, tartly.

"Lost—purse—money? not in *this* house, I hope, sir?"

Beatus nodded.

"Forty-five years and five months have I been head waiter in this house, and never heard of such an event before. A slur upon the Old Bell! Here, ostler, tell boots to tell the barmaid to tell master that he is wanted in the coffee-room immediately."

"I am not certain, waiter, that I lost my purse in this house. I might have dropped it or lost it elsewhere," said Beatus.

"If you've any doubt about it, give the Bell the benefit of the doubt, sir. It is a well-established house, and has a character to lose."

Before Mr. Devonport could reply affirmatively, negatively, or ambiguously to this suggestion of the waiter, the landlord entered smirking and smiling. The waiter, immediately he saw the door closed behind his master, said, "No. 18 lost his purse, sir, and all his money—happy to say he says he did not lose it in this house, sir."

"I said no such thing, waiter. I merely said that I was uncertain where or when I lost it."

"Then of course, sir, he *could not* have lost it in the Bell, sir," said the waiter to his master.

"I have no reason to suspect the honesty of any of my servants, Abraham," said the landlord; "and I have no doubt that the gentleman has either left his purse up stairs in his portmanteau, or dropped it in the streets. May I venture to ask, sir, how much money you had in your purse?"

"Forty-one pounds fifteen," replied Beatus Devonport, thinking of the amount of fees demanded of him.

"A serious loss indeed," said the landlord. "It is a large sum to—"

"Yes, and it is under value, I assure you, whatever they may say at the office," continued Beatus, harping on the same string.

"Oh, then you have been to the office about it?"

"Yes, certainly; the first thing this morning."

"It will get into the papers," said the landlord, musingly. "Did you tell them you were stopping at the Old Bell?"

"I rather think I did—yes—I think I may say yes. The papers were all ready, but I did not bring them away with me," said Beatus.

"Sharp work," said Abraham. "He means the reporters had their notes although he had lost his."

"About the value of 41*l.* 15*s.*, I think you said, sir?" inquired the landlord.

"So the clerk told me," replied the bewildered rector.

"He must mean the magistrates' clerk," said the landlord, *sotto voce;* and added aloud, "the value then you would say in round numbers, is between 40*l.* and 50*l.*"

"One hundred and ninety pounds, as near as may be," said Beatus.

The master stared at his customer and then at his waiter. The waiter made a masonic sign, by putting his finger to his forehead and drawing a crack on his bald scull. His master nodded significantly, and politely telling Beatus that he would go and make every inquiry, left the coffee-room, followed by the waiter.

When he was left to himself, Mr. Devonport, forgetting all about his lost purse and its contents—some 3*l.* 14*s.*—fell into a deep reverie. He calculated as closely as he could the amounts of his assets at home, and pondered on the possibility of raising 35*l.* 15*s.* to add to the 5*l.*, which he knew he had in his study, to enable him to find the means of securing his appointment, and the other papers necessary for institution. He had a gold repeating watch in his pocket, the gift of a former pupil. He drew it from his fob, and as he surveyed its ponderous bulk, felt a conviction in his mind that any one would lend him 40*l.* or 50*l* on such an excellent security. He made a resolution to seek a silversmith immediately, and propose to deposit the watch with him until his first quarter's salary from the tithes of Pastorn Parva should enable him to repay the sum which he required as a loan. The happy idea made him quite comfortable. He rose from his box, brushed his hat carefully, and was buttoning his coat ready to sally forth on his search for a respectable silversmith, when the landlord entered the coffee-room, accompanied by a stout, tall man, dressed in a blue coat, red waistcoat, drab-belows, and top-boots, and followed by Abraham the waiter.

"I am sorry to say, sir, I have made every inquiry, and can learn nothing about it," said the landlord.

"Oh! pish!—never mind—I've got it here and here," replied Devonport, touching first his forehead and then his fob with his finger.

"That means," said Abraham, "that he has just recollected that he stowed it away in his watch-pocket for safety. The Old Bell's acquitted."

"All right then, sir?" inquired the man in the blue coat, &c.

"Quite, I trust," replied Beatus, smiling. "I *think* I can easily raise 50*l.* upon it, and redeem it out of the first quarter, if not out of the dilapidations."

The landlord, Abraham, and the man in the blue-coat, looked at one another, and then winked.

"Allow me to name Mr. Lavender to you, sir," said the landlord. "He will be of great service to you, as you must be aware, from his acknowledged reputation."

"Most happy to see you, Mr. Lavender. Are you a silversmith, a jeweller, or a watchmaker?"

"Allow me, before I reply to your question, to ask you if you have any friends in town to whom you can refer me?" inquired Lavender the celebrated police-officer.

"What need is there of a reference in this transaction?" said Beatus. "You take the watch, I take the money, and repay it, and demand the watch, as soon as I receive the tithes or the dilapidations."

"It's not a mere crevice, but a regular crack—a hole in the cranium," said Abraham.

"Very strange!" said the landlord.

"Stay a bit," said Lavender, "I think I see through his meaning. You are a clergyman, I believe, sir, and have lost a purse containing—"

"Oh! a mere trifle—something like 3*l.*, and some silver," said Beatus.

"Why, you said first of all 41*l.* 15*s.*, and then 190*l.*," said Abraham.

"That, I think, sir, was in allusion to some other matters—to monies which you had to pay," said Lavender.

"Of course it was—the fees for my appointment to the rectory of Pastorn Parva, for which the clerk at the office demands 41*l.* 15*s.* under the pretence, or mistake I may call it, that a living of 190*l.* per annum is above value in the king's books."

"And not being prepared to pay so heavy a demand, you meditated giving your watch as security for a loan to that amount," said Lavender.

"Of course—better do that than run a risk of losing the living and displeasing Mistress Phidele," said Beatus.

"You were at Drury Lane last night, sir, and lost your purse when you took it out to pay at the door. Can you describe it?"

"Dark green, with gold tassels, one of which is loose."

"Is this it, sir?" said Lavender, drawing out the identical purse into which Beatus had put the change for his 5*l.* note, after paying his fare and the coachman's tip.

"That *is* it. But how did you come by it?" said Beatus.

"I am a police-officer, sir; Slinking Billy was captured last night, and this was discovered, with a variety of stolen articles, upon his person."

"I am really very much obliged to you. How can I reward you?" said Beatus.

"If you will order me a little luncheon, and allow me five minutes conversation with you, I shall be obliged," replied Lavender.

"Get it directly," said Abraham. "The Old Bell's all right, master—we haven't lost our characters, and I know Mr. Lavender's taste—half beefsteak, one pot porter."

When Abraham and his master had left the room, Lavender talked quietly about the news of the day, and other matters not having the slightest reference to any thing connected with the purpose for which he had been summoned to the Old Bell. Beatus endeavoured to join in the conversation, but his mind was so full of Pastorn Parva, and the sum required to be raised for fees before he could call it is own, that he failed signally. The luncheon was brought in by Abraham, and as two plates and two half-steaks were prepared, flanked by two tankards of porter, the fee-frightened parson sat down and joined the gentleman—for he had quite forgotten that he was a police-officer—as a matter of course.

In this climate, or with our English constitutions, there is something miraculous in the effects produced by *mealing* with any one, even a perfect stranger. It opens our hearts, rids us of that reserve which is peculiar to us, and makes the man who eats with us appear to be an old acquaintance. Such was the effect upon Beatus Devonport. Every mouthful of steak, every draught of porter, tended to cause oblivion of all his difficulties about the fees of Pastorn Parva, and to set his tongue running, as Mistress Phidele would have said, nineteen to the dozen.

Much of his discourse was, literally, Latin and Greek to the clever officer; but by putting in a query here, giving a knowing nod or a shake of the head there, he contrived, during the meal, to learn from his entertainer his whole history, and the name of the friend through whose interest he had obtained "the bit of preferment," which had caused him so much uncomfortableness.

"I am obliged to you, Mr. Devonport, for your kind entertainment, and am happy to have been the means of restoring to you your purse," said Lavender, rising and bowing.

"I really had quite forgotten—but your conversation has been so agreeable—so far above—but excuse me, pray, Mr. Lavender, in what sum am I indebted to you for your services?" said Beatus, with great difficulty, and taking out his purse.

"I never receive money, sir, for such trifling matters; but if you will extend your kindness, and give me a bit of fish and a cutlet at five o'clock, I shall be sufficiently rewarded."

Beatus rang the bell, and ordered a slice of cod, oyster sauce, and cutlets for two at five o'clock.

"Abraham, bring me a London Directory," said Lavender. "Hum! ha! Isaac Blackmore, Esq., 149, Harley-street, that will do. Keep an eye upon the reverend, Abraham," he whispered, as he left the room with a low bow.

"Your boots are got very dirty, sir; allow me to bring a jack and pair of slippers and have 'em cleaned," said Abraham.

"Thank you, yes. I think they will do though, waiter," said Beatus. "You shake your head. Well, take them off and bring me pen, ink, and paper."

Abraham took away the boots, brought in the writing materials, but entirely forgot the slippers, so that Beatus sat down to write a long letter to his good housekeeper in his stocking-feet, without being at all conscious of the fact until he had sealed his letter, and was on the

point of setting forth to raise money upon the loan of his gold repeater.

It was already half past three o'clock, and Abraham put the evening paper, just brought in, before his prisoner, and went out in a feigned hurry to get his boots. He did not return until it wanted but one quarter of an hour to five, and then intimated that dinner was prepared in a private room, and that Mr. Lavender would be in immediately.

Beatus, who had been spelling the paper from the title to the publisher's name and address, followed him, like an innocent as he was, and quite forgot that he had not yet recovered his boots.

Chap. IV.

"My dear Devonport — how do you do?" said Isaac Blackmore.

"My kind friend and patron—I am glad to see you. I would ask you to dine with me—but—but—I have—very odd, you'll say—I have invited a police-officer to dine with me," said Beatus, blushing deep scarlet.

"Lavender cannot come—he is otherwise engaged, so I am here to supply his place. Now don't begin to hum, and hah, and ask all manner of questions, like 'Mistress Phidele,' but simply tell me why you did not apply to me, when you found the fees demanded of you were greater in amount than you conceived them to be?"

"I never thought of such a thing," said Beatus; "I was sufficiently thankful for—"

"Enough—I thought so—so now to ring for dinner. While it is being prepared, allow me to present you with a cheque for 100*l.*, which you will take care to repay me the very day you are enthroned Archbishop of Canterbury," said Mr. Blackmore. "I advance the loan, however, on one condition, that when you have your papers in your pocket, you do not go down to take possession of your living until Mrs. Deedy, or Mistress Phidele, as you call her, is here ready to accompany you. I have written for her to come up by to-morrow's coach."

Beatus Devonport looked at the cheque and its donor alternately, and tried to say something. He could only shake his friend by the hand and drop a few tears.

"Abraham, dinner instantly," said Isaac Blackmore.

Chap. V.

The reader must imagine the cheque changed, the fees paid, the ticket-porter rewarded, and Mistress Phidele arrived at the Old Bell and taking an early tea with her master. He, or she, must also imagine the lecture given by the prudent housekeeper to the careless bookworm about not having put seven shillings into his pocket to pay for the play, and left the remainder of the change for the five pound note

in the care of the landlord. He or she must also imagine, after the lecture or caution was over, the fond anticipations of enjoyment expressed by both parties on taking possession—or rather in viewing the premises previously to taking possession on the morrow.

Well, day dawned, if a dawning it might be called which November put forth. The sun was invisible, the streets were just visible through the darkness that might be felt, of a pure unadulterated London fog, when Beatus Devonport and Mrs. Deedy, took their seats in the inside of the pair-horse coach that was to deposit them and their portmanteaus at a town within two miles of Pastorn Parva. They had the interior to themselves; for no one, who was not compelled to do so, would travel on a day when it *snew*, blew, rained, froze, and thawed, alternately.

It was very disagreeable, but the happy pair talked and slept out the journey.

"Now, sir—now, marm—step out, here we are," said the coachman. "What luggage have you got?"

Beatus and his aged housekeeper were roused from their slumbers by the sudden opening of the coach-door and the questions of the coach-driver.

"Where is 'here we are?'" asked Mrs. Deedy, "and what does it matter to you what luggage we have got?"

"This is doubtless the post-town at which we are to stop, Mistress Phidele. We have one leather portmanteau, and a small box covered with mottled paper," said Beatus, addressing the lady first, and then the coachman.

"Stay in the house, sir?" inquired a boy-waiter.

"Stay!—no, indeed. House—what house?" asked Mrs. Deedy.

"I wish a conveyance immediately to Pastorn Parva," said the rector thereof.

"Walk into this room, sir, with your missus, and I'll call my master," said the waiter.

"Missus, indeed!" said Mrs. Deedy; "if I was *your* missus, I'd teach you better manners, young man."

"Mistress Phidele—ignorance is to be pitied not rebuked. The young man, doubtless, mistook you for Mistress Devonport—a compliment to your respectable appearance which you ought not to quarrel with," said her master.

"A compliment to what?" commenced the domestic; but any further asking of questions, and putting in answers, was prevented by the entrance of the landlord, who expressed his sorrow that, "The only conveyance which he kept, a species of shay-cart, was out, and that no other means of reaching Pastorn Parva remained, but by progressing thither on foot. If, indeed, his honour and madam would sleep at his house, the shay-cart would be ready to carry them over in the morning."

Both master and servant were too anxious to see the rectory and church, not to determine on walking the two miles if no conveyance was to be had.

The landlord seeing that it was of no use trying to secure two "stay-all-nights," who were determined not to be stayed, ventured to assure

them that he had no doubt but that he could *borrow* a conveyance, and have it ready by the time they had had their dinner.

This was settled. The shay-cart, a comfortable two-wheeled vehicle, was brought to the door, and away trotted Dobbin. Mr. Devonport sat beside the driver, and Mrs. Deedy occupied the seat behind.

"Was you ever at Pastorn Parva in your born days?" inquired Ebenezer—groom, boots, and post-boy of the Queen's Head.

"Never, young man. I have just been presented to the living of that parish," said Devonport.

"Hum! ah—hem!" coughed Ebenezer.

"What is hum! ah—hem?" asked Mrs. Deedy.

"It's a rummy place, that's all," said Ebenezer. "However, it's a growing duskish, and you won't see all its beauties to-night. You'll hear some of them, however."

"Hear what?" the inquiry came from the housekeeper.

"Frogs—frogs, marm—and such frogs as you don't hear every day. The Pastorn frogs is proverbial, and would make a French cook's fortune."

"Does the parish lie low, and is there much water about the rectory?" asked the rector in anxious tones.

"Werry low, indeed; and as to water, just wait till winter, that is all. Come up, Dobbin, you've got to git home again, and if you're caught in the marshes, you'll be mystified by the Vill o' the Visps."

Beatus groaned, and his faithful housekeeper popped in a beautiful second.

"Do you see them 'ere poplars?" said the driver, pointing to some half-grown, half denuded trees, in a flat piece of ground.

"Yes, certainly," said Devonport.

"Which poplars?" inquired Mrs. Deedy.

"Them as seems forty feet below the level of the hoshun, which you may see in the distance if your spectacles is good."

"Well, young man," said the rector, anxiously.

"Them 'ere poplars overhangs the rectory and church of Pastorn, and is used as a landmark for sailors when they are at top of the masthead."

"Much ague, about here, young man?" inquired Mrs. Deedy.

"More than we can find a market for, marm—you'll spend a fortune in Peruvian Bark. Do you smoke, sir?"

Beatus confessed he liked one pipe at night as a composer.

"Then take my advice, if you should come to reside, begin smoking and drinking grog the moment you come and never leave off—don't give the ague a chance—but now sit tight, we're coming to a bit of ugly."

The bit of ugly was a sort of lane out of the high road, and from the depth of its ruts and the depth of its ditches on either side, afforded the new rector a fair view of the nature of the subsoil of his new parish. It was a fine deep impenetrable black marl, on which underdraining would evidently be beneficial.

After sundry narrow escapes of broken wheels, cracked springs, overturns left and right, and bumpings up and down, which made all

the three occupants of the shay-cart tremble, and their nag, poor Dobbin to stumble, mixed with expostulations from the rector, and quickly-put questions of his housekeeper—to which Ebenezer turned a deaf ear—they were suddenly "pulled up" at a field-gate.

"All right," said Ebenezer. "I never thought to have been capable of doing it."

"Doing what?" asked Mrs. Deedy, sore, and sorry, and ready to cry.

"Setting you down safe at the rectory," said Ebenezer.

"The rectory! where is it? I cannot see it," said Mr. Devonport, as he assisted Mrs. Deedy from the conveyance.

"Just keep along this path through the bullrushes and reeds, and as soon as you have crossed a plank, and got through an osier-bed, you'll come to the moat, you can't mistake it if you don't fall into the ditches on either side of you," said Ebenezer. "I must back out the best way I can, for there is not room to turn. Good night, sir—good night, a werry good night to you, marm."

"Come along, Mistress Phidele," said Beatus.

"Yah—ah! oh dear!" screamed the lady.

"What is the matter?"

"Such a toad—a monster—there he sits—look—look—let us call that young man back, and come over in the morning."

"Nonsense, Mistress Phidele, nonsense—come on, madam—we shall soon find the rectory, and be welcomed by the tenant."

Mrs. Deedy followed her master, but very carefully. She held up her clothes rather too high, and if one of the bullrushes touched her ankle, she gave a vigorous jump and a piercing shriek, for which she got severely rebuked.

After pursuing the narrow causeway for about two hundred yards, they came to a sort of wide muddy ditch, overgrown with water-cresses, brook-lime, rushes, and other water-plants. On the edge of this ditch, which Ebenezer dignified with the name of a moat, grew some half dozen poplars, and behind the poplars stood a low building. Its walls were grass-green from mildew, and a swamp, which called itself a road, was redolent of that peculiar perfume, which arises from decayed vegetable matter. No gate obstructed their progress, and the only obstacle they met with was a sow, who, with a litter of young piggies, had taken up her bivouac for the night in the deepest part of the mud. She grunted as the rector passed her, and seemed inclined to defend the place, but a few kind words of, "Poor Bess—good old wench—there lie still," seemed to pacify her.

"Is not this dreadful? oh, dear!" said Mrs. Deedy.

"Here we are, quite safe, come on, Mistress Phidele," said her master.

"Oh, oh!—I declare—I'm in—I'm in—oh! oh! oh!"

"In where—how?"

"Knee deep—oh! oh!"

"Give me your hand, Mistress Phidele."

"Oh, sir—pull hard, for Heaven's sake—there—oh! oh! one leg is out—now then—there's the other—but where are my shoes? oh! oh! oh!"

"Bring the gun, Bill—here's some intruders," shouted a gruff voice.

"Oh, sir—come here—my shoes—my shoes," cried Mrs. Deedy.

"Her's a 'oman, father—no 'casion to shoot she," said another gruff voice.

"Hoigh! help!" cried Beatus.

"Who art thou?"

"The new rector come to look at the parsonage," said Beatus.

"Who's t'other?—Missus Rector?—eh?—go and drag her out, Bill."

"Show a light, mother," shouted the young man.

A light was speedily placed at the window, and Beatus and his housekeeper quickly struggled through the mud to the manse-door.

"You are the tenant of the glebe, I believe, sir," said Beatus.

"I am, sir; Giles Darling be my name, and I've lived here man and boy, nearly fifty year."

"I'm sorry to say, I must turn you out of your house and home; for I have just been appointed to the living, and mean to come into residence," said Beatus.

"Unpossible, sir. You never can live here. No one ever knowed the time when any minister ever lived here—did they, Bill?"

Mrs. Deedy who was sitting before the fire drying her stockings, ventured to ask, "Why not?"

"Becos, marm—but you'll sleep here to-night—that is, not here, but at ———, the market-town you came from, and come over in the morning in broad daylight, and you'll soon see, why not."

"I reckoned after getting a bed, or rather beds here," said Beatus, "for myself and my servant—a most valuable, faithful woman—and have dismissed my vehicle."

"We can cart you back, sir. Luckily, we have not turned the old horse into the marshes, for they are flooded—but you will just look round, and take a bit of supper before you go," said Giles.

Beatus whispered a few words to Mistress Phidele, who could not reply for sobbing and crying, but as soon as she recovered her speech, begged and entreated her master to make haste and look at the place, and get back to ———, before it was dark. He was about to obey when Bill came in with the shoes which he had luckily recovered from the hole, in which they had been buried, by means of a hooked stick. Such a burst of tears followed, when the owner surveyed their sad condition, that the rector followed his tenant with great speed to escape his servant's bitter lamentations.

After a short survey of the glebe, the church, and rectory, all of which were in a wretched condition, Beatus was about to ask his tenant to order out his cart immediately, when he was surprised to find Mrs. Deedy by his side. She had resolutely put on the wet, muddy shoes, and with the tenant's wife gone the same round as her master.

"Come, sir, let us get off back as soon as possible. Night is coming on—the place is haunted, and ague makes no distinction of persons."

"Bill, bring out the nag, and get the lady and gentleman out of the quag before worse happens," shouted Giles.

A few minutes sufficed to put-to, and Beatus with his housekeeper, were shortly on their road to the town of ———.

"Never will I live in such a place as that," said Mrs. Deedy; "you must either part with your 'bit of preferment,' or part with me."

"Ill resign—I'll resign—never was such a place seen," groaned the rector.

When they arrived at the inn, Mrs. Deedy had a cup of tea and retired immediately. Beatus thought of doing the same thing, but feeling chilly, he ordered a pipe and some warm negus. He sat smoking in the coffee-room. A gentleman came in and joined him.

In the course of the conversation that naturally ensued, the stranger learned from Beatus who he was, and why he was there. He told him that he had been played upon by both driver and tenant—that there was a good road to the rectory by another way, and that with little expense the house might be made comfortable, and the land around it drained. He added that the tenant was anxious to make it appear uninhabitable, for he had occupied it for a mere nothing, and was unwilling to resign it.

"In short, sir," said the stranger, "if you will give me authority to act for you—I am a lawyer—I will engage to get the tenant out, and with the aid of the Bounty office, make you a most comfortable little home."

Plans were submitted to him the following morning, and Beatus was satisfied the alterations were practicable. He was about to consent to them when the thought of losing Mistress Phidele had nearly subverted them.

"Adopt my plan, sir," said the lawyer, "return to your curacy, and pretend that you have resigned Pastorn Parva. At the end of twelve months bring your faithful servant down to see a new 'bit of preferment;' bring her by the mail, and, trust me, she will not know the place again."

Beatus followed the advice given to him. In one short twelvemonth, Mrs. Deedy, or Mistress Phidele, as her master still called her, was delighted with the new "bit of preferment," and said,

"Ah, this is something like—how different from that horrid place we went to see when I lost my shoes. What is the name of it?"

"Pastorn Parva," said her master, smiling; "is it not a pretty little '*Bit of Preferment?*'"

RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

No. XXII.

ELEPHANTS.

Part II.

Let them show their features in war.
MACPHERSON.

That the obedient sagacity of an animal endowed with such enormous strength, should have led the strategist to employ the elephant as an agent, and that such agency should, at first, have been overwhelming, was to be expected.

In the early periods, the art of war was, in a great degree, reduced to a trial of physical strength, and the victory, for the most part, was the reward of personal valour. The general, as well as the common soldier, fought hand to hand; and the effect of the first sight of a well-appointed troop of elephants when opposed to ancient cavalry and infantry, may well have turned the tide of battle.

Although the triumphant Liber Pater is stated to have been the first to yoke those of India to his car, the ambushed elephants of King Amoræus that put to flight the horsemen of Cyrus in his expedition against the Derbices, appear to have been the earliest on record actually engaged. The ancient Indian monarchs, if we are to believe Pliny and others, numbered thousands of these living mountains among their standing armies; and the story told by Diodorus of the stratagem of the Assyrian Queen, when, weary of the want of excitement attendant upon a long peace, she languished again for conquest, shows in what consideration these animals were held as an arm of war. India was her object; but then what was to be done for elephants? Stabrobates, the king against whom her expedition was to be directed, possessed, besides his other almost countless forces, numbers of these huge animals, well accoutred for the field.

Semiramis, therefore, caused three hundred thousand black oxen to be slaughtered, and of the skins sewn together and stuffed with straw, her mechanics formed artificial elephants: there was a man to direct, and a camel to carry each of them, so that at a distance they might well pass for living beasts. The workmen laboured in a secret place, walled round and guarded, so that no hint of what was passing within should transpire; and when all was finished, the horses of her army were familiarised with the machines, as the knight reconciled his horse and dogs to the presence of the real Rhodian dragon, by teaching them to fight the artificial model. Her troops, which were assembled in Bactria, amounted, according to Ctesias, to three millions of infantry, two hundred thousand cavalry, a hundred thousand war-chariots, and a hundred thousand soldiers, armed with very long swords, mounted on camels. With these, the mock-elephants, and two thousand boats so contrived, that they could be taken to pieces and reconstructed, and which were transported on the backs of camels, Semiramis took the field.

On his side Stabrobates, who had heard of these warlike preparations, was not idle; he increased his army in every branch, and summoned all his resources to outdo Semiramis. And though he does not seem to have been in the secret of the stuffed machines, he augmented the number of his own real elephants, and furnished them so completely with offensive and defensive armour, that it seemed impossible to resist them. He then sent ambassadors to the queen, upbraiding her with commencing an unprovoked war; wrote to her some rather strong epistles, in which he touched not very politely on her private habits, and finished by informing her that if he caught her, she should be crucified; whereat the queen smiled, proceeded to the Indus where the king's fleet lay, sank a thousand of his vessels, and took a great number of captives. Stabrobates feigned a panic and fled; the feint took: Semiramis crossed the river, and pursued the Indians with the whole of her forces, except eighty thousand men left to guard the bridge.

In her front Semiramis placed her stuffed elephants; and when the amazed scouts carried to the king the news of the multitude of those beasts that protected her line, every one looked on his neighbour, and inquired in surprise, from what source the Assyrians could have been supplied with such numbers? Stabrobates now, in his turn, began to repent his retreat, and great must have been his comfort when the deserters—for they as usual brought the information—from the queen's army enlightened him as to the true state of the case.

Both were now confident, the queen still believing that the cheat was undiscovered, and both marched to the attack. The cavalry and chariots formed the Indian van, and the horses taking the stuffed machines, which were placed before the Assyrian main body, at a distance, for real elephants, advanced boldly enough. As they came nearer, the scene was changed, the horses were no longer deluded, but found themselves opposed to monstrous shapes, the sight and smell of which were equally strange to them: they kicked, they plunged, they reared; some threw their riders, whilst others madly carried them among the enemy, who fell upon them, and drove them in confusion back upon their own main body.

Stabrobates was again surprised; but he brought up his infantry headed by his elephants, the king himself commanding in the right wing, mounted on a stately beast, and fiercely charged the queen who was opposite to him. The poor stuffed elephants behaved nobly, but soon gave way before the massive weight of the real war-brutes, who were not to be taken in by the shredded and patched appearance of their leathern opponents, and a miserable slaughter of the queen's troops ensued. The field was covered with the torn and trampled slain, the king's elephants hurling some high into the air with their trunks, goring, rending, and tossing others with their tusks, treading down whole masses of men, and destroying all before them. The Assyrians could no longer stand before such frightful devastation, and their whole army fled with their queen, whose arm had been pierced by the Indian king's own arrow, and her shoulder by one of his darts; but the fleetness of her horse saved her life.

Long afterwards we find elephants among the opponents of Alexander, who encountered them before he passed the Indus; for, at the

battle of Gaugamela, or Arbela, as the field is usually termed, where the power of Darius fell before the irresistible Macedonian phalanx, all the elephants of the Persian appear to have been taken. As he marched on Susa, twelve elephants, brought from India by Darius, were among the magnificent gifts presented to Alexander by the governor of the province. Again, his victorious army seized, on the bank of the Indus, some of these beasts from the affrighted natives, who fled at its approach.

The Indus passed, the conqueror marched unchecked till the broad and rapid Hydaspes crossed his path, and he beheld, on the opposite bank, Porus and all his host, presenting a wall of flesh and steel beyond its waves. Familiarised as the Greeks had been to the sight of the beasts, the prodigious size and enormous numbers of the Indian king's elephants, their horrible roarings, as, provoked by their keepers, they menaced the invaders, his multitudinous and well-appointed army, with the war-chariots and the horsemen thereof, made them pause. The sun rose and set again and again; and there stood the Macedonian and the Indian gazing at each other across that wild water. There, too, stood the elephants on the watch: every stratagem of the wily Greek to effect a passage had been hitherto baffled, and to attempt it openly in the face of those threatening living bulwarks, was to court destruction; for the danger apprehended was, that the horses, seized with terror as they neared the elephants, would wildly leap from the boats into the rolling river. Thus passed several days. At length the watch of the Indians was relaxed. The great Greek Captain made a diversion with a part of his army that drew off the enemy, and the main body of the Macedonians crossed and stood safely on the ground so lately occupied by the elephants.

But there was yet a terrible struggle to be sustained. Porus had drawn up his army upon a firm and sandy plain, offering the best ground for the operations of his chariots and cavalry. In front stood the war-elephants like towers, a hundred feet apart, to cover the infantry and paralyse the Grecian horse with fear. Other huge elephants bearing large wooden towers, full of armed men, flanked each wing. On the right and left the foot were protected by the horse, and the horse by the chariots in their front. The colossal Porus himself was borne upon an elephant towering far above the rest of his fellows.

Alexander gazed at this imposing and glorious array with stern delight. He burst out into a joyous exclamation, that he had at last before him a danger worthy of the greatness of his soul.

The signal was given. Onward rushed the long levelled pikes of the phalanx, whilst the rapid charges of the cavalry, and the incessant storm of arrows from the light-armed Thracian bowmen, added to the panic that began to spread among the Indians. Still the elephants stood firm, trampling down the infantry like grasshoppers, or seizing the armed Greeks in their trunks, and delivering them to the tender mercies of their governors. The day was waning, but not the battle, which was still doubtful, when the Macedonians saw that their only chance was to turn all their strength upon these huge and stubborn enemies. Then was the crashing axe driven deep into their enormous legs,—their trunks were lopped with scythe-like weapons,—and,

while the infantry were thus at work upon them, the Greek cavalry surrounded them. Then the enraged, mutilated, and hemmed in beasts dealt destruction to friend and foe, and, after a carnage to which modern battles offer scarcely any parallel, the wounded and wearied elephants which had not yet dropped, but had no longer strength to push against the masses that opposed them, first stood still, uttering hideous cries, and then staggered out of the fight.

Unmoved by this disastrous scene, the Indian king did not quail. His lofty stature and enormous elephant exposed him to the aim of all, but, covered as he was with wounds, he still darted his javelins at the enemy, till they dropped from his unnerved arm. Exhausted, he attempted to slide down from his elephant, and its governor perceiving the king's wish, commanded the beast to kneel. This was the finishing stroke; for, as all the elephants had been trained to imitate the movements of the king's, *they* knelt too, and became an easy prey.

In that collection of wonderful stories, got up in all probability for the entertainment of the Empress Julia, the life of Apollonius of Tyana, the Cappadocian seer of impossible sights, is related to have found in an Indian town an elephant honoured by the inhabitants with perfumes and garlands, bearing a Greek inscription on the gold rings that adorned his tusks, purporting that Alexander, the son of Jupiter, had dedicated Ajax to the sun. The name of the elephant belonging to Porus, was said to be Ajax, and, according to this account, he had survived the defeat some three hundred and fifty years.

It may be doubted whether Alexander himself had, as one writer at least declares,* elephants among the effective forces of his army on the occasion of that victory. The better evidence leads to the conclusion that, with the shrewd sagacity of a great general, he despised them as incumbrances, and as likely to inflict at least as much injury on their friends as on their foes. Not that he did not take care to secure all the elephants that his success or the influence of his name might procure. He had his elephantarch, and appears to have been anxious to leave none of those animals to his enemies, either for pomp or war. His stud, which must have been very numerous, seems to have been divided among his successors, of whom he prophetically said that they would celebrate his obsequies with bloody hands.

In the first chapter of "The first booke of the Maccabees," in Barker's Bible,† we find the following record.

"1 After that Alexander the Macedonian, the sonne of Philip, went foorth of the land of Chettiim, and slew Darius King of the Persians and Medes, and reigned for him as he had before in Grecia.

2 Hee tooke great warres in hand, and wanne strong holds, and slew the kings of the earth.

3 So went hee thorow to the endes of the world, and tooke spoyles of many nations, insomuch that the world stood in awe of him: therefore his heart was puffed up and was hautie,

4 Now when hee had gathered a mighty strong hoste,

5 And had reigned over regions, nations, and kingdomes, they became tributaries unto him.

6 After these things hee fell sicke, and knew that hee should die.

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* Polyænus, who places them in Alexander's left wing. † 1615.

7 Then hee called for the chiefe of his servants, which had been brought up with him of children, and parted his kingdom among them, while he was yet alive.

8 So Alexander had reigned twelve yeeres when he died.

9 And his servants reigned every one in his roume.

10 And they all caused themselves to bee crowned after his death, and so did their children after them many yeeres, and much wickednesse increased in the world."

Elephants were employed by these crowned servants and their descendants in the bloody wars that followed the partition of Alexander's kingdom. In the battle fought by Eumenes (who had possessed himself of the elephants of Porus) against Antigonus, those animals were arrayed in the armies of both. It would weary the reader to follow the history of these pachyderms as an arm of war during this sanguinary period; and through the details of their destruction by stratagem, the sword, and famine. Suffice it to allude to the attack of Polysperchon on Megalopolis, when his sixty-five elephants, and the flower of his army miserably perished in spiked ditches strewed over with earth; and to the siege of Pydna by Cassander, the son of Antipater, which terminated in the massacre of Alexander's mother, wife, and son, who were there taken with the town, not before the besieged had suffered the most pinching pangs of hunger, and the elephants had been starved on saw-dust.

We must not, however, pass unnoticed the gallantry of Ptolemy, when Perdiccas attacked him upon the Nile, and with mounted elephants overthrew his fortifications. Seizing a long pike, Ptolemy manned the wall, pierced the eyes of the foremost elephant, wounded his Indian governor, and restored confidence to his soldiers, by whom the storming party were hurled into the river. Again when Ptolemy attacked Demetrius at Gaza, Seleucus and himself erected an iron, sharp-pointed palisade, strengthened with chains, as a barrier against the elephants of Demetrius. The enemy made a terrible onset with their beasts, thinking to conclude, at once, a doubtful battle, but they came to a sudden check at the palisade; and though forced by their gallant governors, who were terribly galled by the darts and arrows of Ptolemy's soldiers, on the spikes, the lacerated elephants were, after the death of most of their riders, taken, and the horse of Demetrius fled in consternation.

Notwithstanding these examples of successful resistance on his part, it seems to have occurred to Ptolemy that the personal bravery of his troops might be materially aided by opposing the African elephant to his Indian relative. Forthwith he prohibited their slaughter by proclamation, and issued orders for their capture, not without effect, for we find his son Ptolemy Philadelphus in possession of three hundred of them. The son of Philadelphus considered himself indebted to them for his victories over the Syrian Antiochus Theus; but the fourth Ptolemy (Philopater) in his disastrous encounter with Antiochus the Great, had, if we are to believe Polybius, the mortification of witnessing the inferiority of the African to the Indian species in fight.

The description of the battle glows with the graphic power that distinguishes the Greek historian. When the advance was sounded the elephants commenced the fray. Some of those belonging to Ptolemy boldly attacked their adversaries, and then might be seen the spearmen

fighting hand to hand from the towers on their backs. Nor were the elephants themselves idle, affording a grand spectacle as front to front they furiously charged each other. With intertwisted trunks, each strove to maintain his position, and when, in the fierce struggle, the stronger turned the flank of his opponent, he gored him with his tusks, as fighting bulls pierce each other with their horns.

But the greater number of Ptolemy's elephants could not be brought up to the combat; and here, Polybius observes, that this is generally the case with African elephants, which, unable to bear either the odour or the cry of the Indian species, or, more probably, terrified by the great bulk and strength of the latter, frequently turn their backs and flee from the contest. And so it happened on this occasion. For the panic-struck African elephants fell back in disorder against the ranks of their own army, and broke the line of the royal guards. Then Antiochus, wheeling round the elephants, attacked the cavalry of Ptolemy's right wing, and, at the same time, the Greek mercenaries, who stood near the phalanx and within the elephants, charged and routed the Peltastæ, already disorganised by the African elephants, so that Ptolemy's whole left wing was driven from the field.

This was the Ptolemy, who, on his visit to Jerusalem, in revenge for the insult offered to him by the Jews, in forcibly preventing him from entering the temple, determined to extirpate them, and, as a commencement, ordered a vast number to be exposed to his elephants, and trodden under their feet. But the elephants, instead of trampling down the Jews, turned their rage against the Egyptians, who crowded to feast their eyes on this horrible scene—an unexpected event, which so struck Ptolemy, that he treated with more than ordinary consideration the nation that he had doomed.

In the apocryphal book already quoted, we find curious details of the methods employed to marshal and excite the war-elephants of Antiochus. The tenth verse of the first chapter has been quoted. The eleventh proceeds thus:

"For out of these came the wicked roote, even Antiochus Epiphanes, the sonne of King Antiochus, which had been an hostage at Rome, and hee reigned in the hundredth and seven and thirtieth yeere of the kingdome of the Greekes."

In the thirtieth and subsequent verses of the sixth chapter of the same book it is recorded that,

"The number of his armie was an hundred thousand footemen, and twenty thousand horsemen, and two and thirtie elephants exercised in battell."

"These came through Idumea, and drewe neere to Beth-sura, and besieged it a long season, and made engines of warre: but they came out and burnt them with fire, and fought valiantly."

"Then departed Judas from the castle, and removed the hoste toward Beth-zacarias, over against the king's campe."

"So the king arose very early, and brought the armie and his power toward the way of Beth-zacarias, where the armie set themselves in aray to the battell, and blew the trumpets."

"And to provoke the elephants for to fight, they shewed them the blood of grapes and mulberries."

"And they set the beastes according to the ranges: so that by every

elephant there stood a thousand men armed with coates of male and helmets of brasse upon their heads, and unto every beast were ordeined five hundreth horsemen of the beast,"

"Which were ready at all times wheresoever the beast was: and whithersoever the beast went, they went also, and departed not from him."

"And upon them were strong towres of wood that covered every beast, which were fastened thereon with instruments, and upon every one was two and thirty men that fought in them, and the Indian that ruled him."

"They set also the remnant of the horsemen upon both the sides in two wings of the hoste, to stirre them up and to keepe them in the valleyes."

"And when the Sunne shone upon the golden shields; the mountains glistered therwith, and gave light as lampes of fire."

"Thus part of the king's armie was spread upon the high mountaines and part beneath: so they marched forward warily, and in order."

"And all they that heard the noyse of their multitude, and the marching of the companie and the ratling of the harnesse, were astonied: for the army was very great and mighty."

All this pomp and circumstance, however, failed to daunt the valiant Jew and his brave companions:

"Then Judas and his host entred into the battell, and they slewe sixe hundreth men of the king's armie."

"Now when Eleazar the sonne of Abaron, saw one of the elephants armed with royall harnesse, and was more excellent than all the other beasts, he thought that the king should bee upon him."

"Wherefore he ieoparded himselfe to deliver his people and to get him a perpetual name,"

"And ranne boldly unto him through the middes of the hoste, slaying on the right hand and on the left, so that they departed away on both sides."

"So went hee to the elephant's feete, and gate him under him, and slew him, then fel the elephant downe upon him and there he died."

We must now change the scene to ancient Italy, where the Indian species was first opposed to the Roman soldier by Pyrrhus, who, as the ally of the Tarentines, came to assist them in their vain endeavour to stay the tide, that, rolling from the Tiber, was already overwhelming the neighbouring states. The first impression of the twenty elephants brought into the field by the king, did its work, and gave him a dearly bought victory; but use lessens marvel, and every succeeding encounter dissipated the terror which this prodigious novelty had inspired, till the elephant had much the same effect upon the Roman line of battle as its sudden appearance produced upon Fabricius, who seems to have been no more moved by this attempt on his nerves by the king at Epirus, than he had previously been by the Grecian gold. Dentatus taught his soldiers to provide themselves with a blazing torch in one hand and a sharp sword in the other, and to rush at the huge beasts through the iron shower of arrows discharged from the towers on their backs. This mode of attack soon made them more formidable to the enemy than to their opponents. The maternal instinct of a female

elephant on one of these occasions, contributed in no small degree to the success of the Romans, according to Eutropius; for a young one, smarting with its wounds, roared horribly in its anguish, and its mother, in her anixety to hasten to its succour, broke through every obstacle in her way, and was followed by others, overturning all before them, and throwing the troops of Pyrrhus into irretrievable confusion. The result was the capture of four of these "Lucanian oxen," which were led to Rome in triumph. Nor was this the only disaster sustained by Pyrrhus from the employment of this dangerous arm. At the siege of Argos, when every external barrier had been passed, and the besieging army were pressing into the town, the progress of the tower-bearing elephants was suddenly checked by the lowness of the gates, from which they crowded back upon the eager swarming assailants till all was disorder.

But the Punic wars were soon to introduce the African elephant to the Roman in much greater force than the Indian had presented. The ill-fated Roman consul took no less than eighteen whilst his star was in the ascendant; but the Spartan general opposed to him wielded this powerful agent with such skill, that Regulus, whose subsequent ungenerous and cruel murder will remain a blot upon the page that records it as long as history endures, was utterly defeated by the troops of Carthage. It was long before the legions recovered from the panic of that day; and the Carthaginians seeing the effect produced, transported numbers of these beasts across the sea to Sicily, where nearly a hundred and fifty towered before the beleaguered Palermo. The incessant discharge of javelins directed against them by Metellus, was, however, irresistible. The elephants fled, carrying destruction and disorganisation in their terrified path; and the Romans, sallying forth, obtained a complete victory. More than a hundred elephants were among the spoils of the day; and it is no small proof of the power and mechanical ingenuity of the republic, that they were conveyed to Reggio on a monster-raft, covered with earth and floated upon empty casks. From Reggio they were conducted to Rome, there to feast the eyes of the ill-fed and worse-clothed populace, and pamper their pride with an incontrovertible sign of the prowess of the national arms.

Hitherto, the African elephant had only been seen at Rome as a triumphant exhibition; but the time was now at hand when the Roman was to behold him as an invader. What stronger instance can be adduced in proof of the indomitable energy of Hannibal than the passage of these animals with his host over the Pyrenees, the Alps, and the Apennines?

> —— Great was the tumult there,
> Deafening the din, when in barbaric pomp
> The Carthaginian on his march to Rome
> Entered their fastnesses. Trampling the snows
> The war-horse reared; and the towered elephant
> Upturned his trunk into the murky sky,
> Then tumbled headlong, swallowed up and lost,
> He and his rider.

And although the mountaineers fled at the approach of these huge animals, many must have perished among the icy precipices so utterly unfit to afford them sure footing. But, after all such losses, sufficient

numbers arrived safely in the plains of Italy, to support Hannibal's line of battle with striking effect, and to afford seasonable aid to his troops in their progress. Thus when he passed the Po, the elephants were so disposed as to act as a breakwater above the crossing army, and lessen the force of the current. The African species was led into battle by him and his brother Asdrubal with various success; but the period was at last come when Scipio was to carry the war into the country of the invaders.

The reinforcements necessary to fill the places of the numbers that were constantly falling in Italy (seven, for instance, died of starvation during their passage over the Apennines after the battle of Trebia, and the remnant, with the exception of the beast that carried Hannibal, were swept away, together with masses of men and horses, by the swollen Arno), together with the supplies demanded for keeping up the requisite force at home, drained Barbary of a great portion of these animals, which at that time must have been plentiful there. In vain did Mago, when he invaded Italy in requital of Scipio's descent upon Africa, present his frowning front of elephants at Insubria. The Roman defeated the Carthaginian, and Hannibal found it necessary to follow Scipio, who was thundering at the gate of Zama. There, the eighty elephants that covered Hannibal's line spread devastation among the light-armed troops of the Roman; but Scipio dismounted his cavalry, and concentrating the whole power of his bowmen against the elephants, threw the galled and terrified beasts in confusion upon Hannibal's right wing, and terminated the second Punic war.

The Roman generals, relying upon the discipline and valour of their soldiery, had hitherto directed their energies to turning the elephants of their enemies against the troops on whose side the beasts were arrayed, and when they took those living pieces of artillery—for elephants seem to have been employed by the ancients for the same purposes, in some degree, as cannon in modern strategy—they merely kept them as trophies; but when the Punic wars were ended, and the Macedonian wars commenced, we find the elephants of Africa in the Roman ranks, and managed with such tact that they contributed largely to the reduction of Macedonia to the grade of a Roman province. The share attributed to these belligerents in the victories which led to that conclusion was in fact admitted and illustrated by the device of the last Macedonian king, who for lack of living beasts, imitated Semiramis in the construction of artificial elephants, only that those of Perseus were made of wood, and each contained a trumpeter ready to imitate the animal's battle-cry.

Moreover in the interval between the first and second Macedonian wars, African and Indian elephants were again opposed to each other, but the Roman's African beasts appear to have been very inferior to the Indian elephants of Antiochus. Scipio's quick eye saw this at a glance, and he ordered them into the rear. But if Antiochus had the superiority in this respect, he had not the sword before which, when wielded by Roman hands, both man and elephant went down. Only fifteen of the Syrian king's elephants survived the lost battle, and he was reduced to the same humiliating necessity which had been enforced in the case of the Carthaginians—the delivery to his European conquerors of those which he already possessed, and an undertaking never

again to train elephants for war. His successor, however, seems to have got up a herd of them, for, as we have seen, he led thirty-two against Jerusalem.

Topsell, in his quaint language, gives an interesting summary of the use of the elephant as a military engine, and, as the book is scarce, the length of the extract may be forgiven:

"The King of India was woont to go to warre with 30,000 elephants of war, and beside these he had also followed him 3000 of the chiefest and strongest in India, which at his command would overthrow trees, houses, walles, or any such thing standing against him: and, indeed, upon these were the Indians wont to fight, for the defence of their coast and country. The farthest region of that continent is called Partalis inhabited by the Gangarides and Calingæ, the king whereof was wont to have seven hundred elephants to watch his army, and there was no meane prince in all India which was not lord of many elephants. The King of Palibotræ kept in stipend eight thousand every day, and, beyond his territory, was the King of Modubæ and Molindæ, which had four hundred elephants. These fight with men, and overthrowe all that come within their reach, both with trunkes and teeth."

"There were certaine officers and guiders of these elephants, which were called *elephantarchæ*, whoe were the governors of sixteene elephants, and they which did institute and teach them martiall discipline were called *elephantagogi*. The military elephant did carry 4. persons on his bare backe, one fighting on the right hand, another fighting on the left hand, a third which stood fighting backward, from the elephant's head, and a fourth in the middle of these holding the raines and guiding the beast to the descretion of the souldiers, even as the pilot in a ship guideth the sterne, wherein was required an equall knowledge and dexterity, for they understand any language quickly, for when the Indian which ruled them said, strike heere on the right hand, or els on the left, or refraine and stand stil, no reasonable man could yeald readier obedience. They did fasten by iron chaines, first of all upon the elephant that was to beare ten, fifteene, twenty, or thirty men on either side, two panniers of iron bound underneath their belly, and upon them the like paniers of wood hollow, wherein they place their men at armes, and covered them over with small boards, for the trunk of the elephant was covered with a maile for defence, and upon that a broad sword, and two cubits long: this (as also the wodden castle or paniers aforsaid) were fastened first to the necke, and then to the rumpe of the elephant. Being thus armed, they entered the battell, and they shewed unto the beast to make them more fierce, wine, red liquor made of rice, and white cloth, for at the sight of any of these, his courage and rage increaseth above all measure; then at the sound of the Trumpet he beginneth with teeth to strike, teare, beate, spoyle, take up into the aire, cast down again, stamp upon men under feet, overthrow with his trunke, and make way for his riders to pierce with speare, shield and sword; so that his horrible voice, his wonderfull body, his terrible force, his admirable skill, his ready and inclinable obedience, and his straunge and sildome seene shape, produced in a maine battell no meane accidents and overturnes. For this cause we read how that Pyrrhus first of all produced elephants against the Romans in Lucania:

afterward Asdruball in Affrica, Antiochus in the East, and Iugurtha in Numidia."

Let us see now how his opponents contended with this formidable adversary, and the wild sway of his trunk wielding a long and trenchant sword.

"Against these new kindes of castle-fighting and souldier-bearing beastes, on the contrary, they invented new kindes of stratagems, as is before sette downe, and also new instrumentes of warre, for a centuryon in Lucania with a new devised sharp sword, cutte off the trunke of this Beast: againe other invented, that two armed horsses should draw a charriot, and in the same armed men with Iavelins and sharpe speares, the speedy Horsses should with all force run upon the elephants, and the speare-men directing their course and weapons some upon the beast, other upon the riders, did not onely wound the beast, but also by celerity of the horses, escape all danger."

In Potter's "Archæologia Græca"* there is an engraving of an armed elephant and a war-chariot. The front of the head of the elephant is protected by scale armour, and from the centre of the forehead projects a sharp spike. The forepart of his trunk is defended with jointed plate armour. On his neck sits a governor holding the reins for his guidance in the right hand and a long spear in the other. On his back is a wooden tower in the top of which are seen two men in the act of casting javelins, and two archers with their arrows drawn up to the heads. The chariot is drawn by two horses covered with scale armour, excepting their crests, which are surmounted with plates of steel. From the pole two long spears project, and from a cross-piece behind the horses and made fast to the front of the car proceed scythes (two on each side). Scythes also project from the naves of the four wheels. The horses are guided by a man armed with two javelins, and behind him sits a soldier with his bow bent, as in the act of discharging his arrow. But to return to Topsell:

"Other againe sent against him armed souldiers, having their armour made full of sharpe prickes or piercing piked Nayles" [as Moore, of Moore-hall, went forth to fight the dragon of Wantley] "so that when the beast did strike at them with his trunke, he received grievous woundes by his owne blowes. Againe there were certaine young men souldiers, armed with light armour, which being mounted uppon swift horsses, could cast darts with singular facility, and without the reach of the beast, many times wounding him with long speares, and so by example of the horse-men, the foote-men grew more bold, and with piles in the earth annoyed the belly of the Beast, and utterly vanquishing it and the rider. Againe, they devised slings to cast stones, whereby they beate off the riders, and many times overthrewe the castle-bearer, as it were by some violent stroke of a cannon shot; neither was there ever any more easie way to disaster these monster-seeming-soldiers, then by casting of stones, and lastly they would suffer their elephants and their riders by poore hopes and appearances of feare, to enter into the middest among them, and so begirte and inclose them, that they tooke the elephants alive; and also more shooters of Darts carried in chariots with the strong course of horsses, did so annoy them, that whereas their bodies were great and unweldy, not nimble to stir out of

* 8vo. London, 1706.

place, it became more easie to kill an elephant than a Horsse, because many shooters at one time could pierce so faire a marke with unresistable weapons. And these things are related by Vegetius."*

And here we may close our sketch of the use made of the elephant in ancient warfare; for although it is clear that Julius had elephants in his armies, he seems to have held them in the same estimation that Alexander did. The enormous armed beast came, it is true, effectively upon the battle-scene when the object was to terrify antagonists unaccustomed to such a sight. One of Cæsar's victories over the Gauls has been ascribed to a single war-elephant, and it is affirmed that he brought one to Britain, a fact, by the way, unnoticed in his own commentaries. Milton, however, adopts the statement of Dion, that Claudius employed armed elephants as antagonists to the valour of the naked Briton.

In our next we shall endeavour to present the elephant as he was exhibited in ancient processions and shows.

"WHY DO THE FLOWERS BLOOM?"

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

1.

"Why do the flow'rets bloom, mother,
Why do the sweet flowers bloom,
And brightest those we rear'd, mother,
Around my brother's tomb?"
"To fill the world with gladness,
My child, were flow'rets given,—
To crown the Earth with beauty,
And show the road to Heaven!"

2.

"Then why do the flow'rets fade, mother,
Why do the sweet flowers fade,
When winter's dreary clouds, mother,
Earth's brighter scenes pervade?"
"My child those flow'rs that wither,
Have seeds that still remain,
That the sunshine and the summer
Restore to life again!"

4.

"And shall not those who die, mother,
Come back to live once more,
E'en as the rain and sun, mother,
Those beauteous flow'rs restore?"
"Yes—yes, my child, such powers
To human flow'rs are given,
Here earth's frail flow'rs may blossom,
But *we* may rise—*in Heaven.*"

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* The Historie of Foure-footed Beastes.

The Pic-nic.

MILICENT; OR, SUMMER AND WINTER.

A LOVE-STORY.

By Mrs. Gore.

Towards the close of the year 1815, a dashing dragoon regiment which had served with distinction in the peninsular war, was quartered in a garrison town in the north of England, which, for safety sake, we will call Barnsbury. Dragoon regiments were of other estimation in those bellicose days, than in the present piping times of peace. Soldiers were soldiers indeed. The memory of bulletins and gazettes extraordinary was still rife in the land; and the earth had scarcely ceased to tremble after the great concussion of Waterloo.

When, therefore, it came to be known in Barnsbury that the gallant —th, whose squadrons had been so vehemently cheered by all the urchins and idlers of the town as they wound their way up the Castle-hill into the barrack-yard, were the same gallant —th who had distinguished themselves at Saragossa, Badajoz, St. Sebastian's—wherever, in short, distinction was to be won at the hardest cost, the misses of the garrison town did not affect to conceal their enthusiasm in favour of the smart young cornets and gallant captains soon afterwards seen parading the High-street, or lounging on horseback along the Horse-ferry-road. The colonel's lady ranked in the Cathedral-close with the lady of the dean; and no whist-party could take place in the town without the aid of the corpulent senior major.

When, on Tuesday and Friday afternoons (wind, weather, and the colonel permitting) the band performed, *pro bono publico*, in the castle-yard of Barnsbury, the exhibition of pink and blue bonnets almost equalled that of the race-stand; while the anecdotes of prowess exhibited during the recent war by the gallant —th, both collectively and individually, circulating round the tea-tables of the town, exceeded in number and intensity the legends of the Round Table. Dinner-parties, more than had ever before enlivened the humdrum circles of Barnsbury, were squandered in honour of the new comers. A military fever pervaded the place. The minor dignitaries of the See could talk of nothing but

Guns, drums, trumpets, blunderbuss, and thunder;

while their female moieties and quarters, *i. e.* their wives and daughters—were never weary of listening to the reminiscences of the corpulent senior major, moving as those of Othello, of sieges and sorties, convents sacked, churches burned, villages invested, redoubts carried, and all the other picturesque incidents of what Timon emphatically denominates

Contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war.

The few married officers in the regiment soon sank of course into secondary consideration, lived in their quiet lodgings, and frequented domestic tea-parties; while the colonel and his lady (a nobleman's daughter) held their heads sufficiently high to afford little matter to the

gossip of Barnsbury. The leading heroes of the High-street—the idols of the pastrycook's-shop, and patrons of the pretty haberdasher—were a certain Captain Fortescue and Captain Harman, who were reported to have had a whole troop of horses shot under them during the peninsular war; and an Honourable Henry Dormer, a cornet, who had recently joined, but whose moustaches equalled the united length of the other two.

These three were the lady-killers of the gallant —th; a fashionable group sure to be found united, *tria juncta in uno*—whether at the prebendal whist-parties, the dinners of the mayor, or exercising their horses on the Horseferry-road.

For the first few weeks after their arrival, much curiosity was excited among the tabby coteries of the place, as to where this fluttering trio would eventually settle; for the family in Barnsbury to which it gave the preference would unquestionably lead the fashion for the season. There was Archdeacon Brettingham, with several marriageable daughters; there was Mr. Rowbotham, the Duke of Durham's agent, with an heiress and a niece; there was the mayor with a young wife; and above all there was a certain Mrs. Eglintoun, a gay widow, with a blooming family of girls; all vying with each other in endeavours to fix the attention of Captains Fortescue and Harman, and young Dormer.

The widow carried the day!—A house full of pleasant women, uncontrolled by the presence of husband or brother, affords a more agreeable haunt to dragoon-officers than one where the gravity of the cloth, or the decencies of a public vocation, interfere with the free-and-easy tone of their pretensions. Captain Harman and Mr. Dormer were often seen escorting Julia and Harriet Eglintoun to church, or doing the honours of the Castle-yard to them during the playing of the band; and at the close of the second month, the gallant —th, to whom the dandy trio gave the law in matters of taste, had established that Mrs. Eglintoun's was by far the pleasantest house in the town—that Julia was a beautiful girl, and that Harriet sang like an angel. Thenceforward they were the toasts of the regiment. There was even a report among the dignitaresses of the church that riding habits were making for the Miss Eglintouns; and that Captain Fortescue had been heard inquiring in all directions for a lady's horse.

Mrs. Eglintoun, as became the mother of two young ladies patiently waiting to be proposed to, blessed the Horse-guards, and the day which had fated the gallant —th to take possession of Barnsbury barracks; and hastened to give supper-parties, and luncheon-parties, and music-parties for the improvemeut of so promising an acquaintance. The widow of a country banker, who had bequeathed her a handsome house and comfortable jointure, she was perhaps a leetle of opinion that when Julia became Mrs. Harman, and Harriet the Honourable Mrs. Dormer, her own full-blown charms might attract admirers, securing to her an advantageous change of condition. It was doubly natural, therefore, that she should exhibit the musical talents of her dear Harriet to the admiration of the gallant —th; and that Captain Harman should be invited to give his arm to her beloved Julia, who was "too delicate to attempt that terrible ascent up the Castle-hill without assistance!"

Under such circumstances, Barnsbury was as jealous as became its outraged feelings. The Cathedral-close whispered within itself that the Miss Eglintouns were the greatest flirts in the town; and the High-street, including the pastrycook's and the pretty haberdasher, "hoped they might not live to repent it!"

The only thing which neither the Cathedral-close nor the High-street could exactly understand, was what Captain Fortescue was doing all this time! *Three* chargers constantly found their way to Mrs. Eglintoun's courtyard; three officers of the gallant —th were often watched home to the barracks from her gates after the cathedral clock had struck twelve; and three masculine voices were heard by her neighbours intermingling in the catches and glees got up at their little music-parties. Nay, Captain Fortescue made no secret of the facts that all his mornings and the greater part of his evenings were spent, with Harman and Dormer, in the society of the pleasantest, most chatty, and most hospitable family in Barnsbury. And yet, there were only *two* Miss Eglintouns!

"It is quite incomprehensible!" whispered Miss Bridget Brettingham to the mayor's lady. "Those three young men scarcely leave that imprudent woman's house! The handsome cornet, one can account for;—for Harriet Eglintoun fastened upon him before he had been four-and-twenty hours in Barnsbury; while as to poor Captain Harman, the family are artful enough to have persuaded him that Julia, who has an hereditary liver complaint, is dying for love of him. But what takes Captain Fortescue there I should like to know? And Mrs. Colonel De Burgh assures me that Captain Fortescue is the best match in the regiment."

"He is certainly the best-looking *man!*" observed the mayor's lady.

"Yet I can assure you he has excused himself twice at the Deanery, and four times at our house, on the plea of being engaged to the Eglintouns!" resumed Miss Bridget, with indignation. "Can it be possible, my dear Mrs. Huggins, that he is paying attention to the *mother?*"

"To Mrs. Eglintoun?—Why she is four-and-forty, if she is a day! She looked very well, certainly, at the race-ball, in her silver turban and at church, with her back to the light, in a pink bonnet, she might be taken for one of her daughters!—But Captain Fortescue is there at all hours; and people cannot *always* wear a silver turban!"

"Well! if he don't go there for *her*, I'm sure I can't make it out!" resumed Miss Bridget; "for besides Mrs. Eglintoun and her daughters, there is only Milicent!"

"Milicent!" reiterated Mrs. Huggins, shrugging her shoulders; and was about more fully to express her pity and contempt, when Mrs. Colonel De Burgh was announced; and in honour of their fashionable visiter they began to talk of the great world of which they knew nothing, to one of whom they scarcely knew more.

And who was the Milicent thus disparagingly cited?—One whom the whole town of Barnsbury, had they heard her name coupled with that of the *fleur des pois*, Captain Fortescue of the —th, would have mentioned in the same terms. No—not the *whole* town; for it was only those admitted to a *very* intimate acquaintance with the Eglin-

touns who knew that they had staying with them a young person—apparently a poor relation—neither pretty, nor clever, nor accomplished; whom they did not require to have included in their invitations; and who, when they gave parties at home, always appeared to be present on sufferance. Her name was known to the friends of the house only, because Mrs. Eglintoun was constantly exclaiming "Milicent! shut the door!"—"Milicent! stir the fire!"—"Milicent! where is my parasol?" Even Julia and Harriet were heard to send her without ceremony in search of their lost keys or missing pocket-handkerchiefs; while at their music-parties "Milicent" was desired to turn over the music-books all the evening, or to look out their favourite songs.

But for such services as these, however, she might have been wholly overlooked, for though she accompanied the family to church at the cathedral, and occasionally in their walks, she was so quiet, so silent, so plainly-dressed, so unobtrusive, as to be almost imperceptible.

Yet this *was* the successful rival of the silver turban! Whatever Barnsbury might think of the matter, and though the Eglintouns, had they been asked whether Captain Fortescue admired Milicent, would probably have replied that they doubted whether he even knew her by sight, Milicent *was* the object of his visits.

When first the Eglintouns were elected by his two brother-officers to enliven their sojourn at Barnsbury, the affair had been very cavalierly discussed among them.

"What on earth shall we do to amuse ourselves in this devil of a place?" was Harman's first exclamation, after their initiatory party at the mansion of the worthy mayor.

"Those girls in blue were not amiss!" retorted Fortescue. "Their mother has one of the best houses in the place. I am going to call there to-morrow."

"*I* called there to-day! Capital luncheon!—excellent sherry—reminded me of Cadiz!" resumed Harman.

"Then, by Jove, they will be just the thing for us!" cried Dormer; "young, pretty, lively, musical; sufficiently ladylike for the decencies of life, and with good sherry in the cellar. Decidedly, I mean to spend more than half my time at Mrs. Eglintoun's for the next six months."

In this resolution, he was confirmed by a nearer acquaintance.

"And pray what is to become of me?" inquired Fortescue, when he saw his two companions pair off with Julia and Harriet.

"Oh! *you* may live upon your reminiscences," cried Dormer, with a laugh.

"Or do us the good turn of diverting the attention of the old lady," added Harman.

"I wish she could hear you. You would get little more of her capital sherry," cried Fortescue. "If she *were* old, I could put up with her. I like a pleasant old woman—but a middle-aged coquette is the very devil! So if you *want* her attention diverted, you had better engage the services of O'Brallaghan, or some other of our flirters of all work."

"By Jove, we will turn Fortescue over to Milicent!" exclaimed Dormer, suddenly appealing to Captain Harman. "It seems to be

Milicent's province to scrub for the Eglintoun family, eat the drumsticks of the chickens, and the shells of the oysters; so she shall even make it her business to entertain for the winter the fastidious Captain Fortescue, of his Majesty's —th dragoons."

"*Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a!*" said Fortescue, twisting his moustaches with an air of impertinence, which he mistook for an *air comme-il-faut*, having acquired it among the provincial beaux of Bourdeaux, where his regiment was quartered the preceding winter. "The girl seems harmless and good-natured—of the true poor-relation cut. At all events, she is an improvement on the bouncing widow Eglintoun. 'Pon my soul, Dormer, I think I will take your advice, and make up to Milicent."

Even had poor Milicent heard the insulting rate at which her claims were rated, she would not have been surprised or resentful. From her childhood upwards, she had eaten the bitter bread of dependence. The orphan of a minister of the kirk of Scotland, her only brother had been sent out to India by the interposition of the late Mr. Eglintoun, a distant relation of her family; and so grateful was Milicent for this act of benevolence, that when the Barnsbury widow wrote, in sufficiently ungracious terms, on the recent death of her mother, to offer her a temporary asylum in her house, the poor girl would have gratefully accepted it, even had the menial position she was to occupy been as plainly expressed as it was implied.

Not even in the most secret of her thoughts did Milicent ever presume to place herself on a level with the Miss Eglintouns, who possessed such lovely complexions, such graceful figures, such multifarious accomplishments, and ten thousand pounds a piece; and that the gay captain and cornet should declare so immediately in favour of Julia and Harriet, appeared only natural to their humble guest; nor, when by degrees, she found Captain Fortescue condescending to converse for hours together with herself, paying her nearly the same attentions that were paid by his companions to the Miss Eglintouns, did Milicent presume to be flattered by the distinction.

"He is forced to come here with his friends," argued she; "and I dare say is vexed enough that there is nobody but *me* for him to talk to."

Not because she was the Cinderella of the family—not because she fancied herself underrated by the Eglintouns, or sacrificed by the widow to her daughters—but because, accustomed to view her pale inanimate face in the glass, unenhanced by the foreign aid of ornament, and to find no applause bestowed upon her quiet, feminine, ladylike conversation, she considered herself a poor, plain, stupid girl, whom Mrs. Eglintoun was very kind to be bored with in her house, and whose province it was in this life to be submissive and useful.

When, therefore, she found the handsome Captain Fortescue persist in his kindness and forbearance towards her, conversing with her not only while his brother officers were whispering in corners with their lady-loves, but when their parties were numerous, and the rival beauties of Barnsbury contended for his smiles, her heart ached again with the pleasure. It was so good of him! A poor girl like her! A girl with nothing on earth to recommend her to his notice but the insignificance which bespoke his manly consideration!

How was the humble Milicent to conjecture that the gratified expression of her sweet eyes, as she sat listening to him, constituted a sufficient charm in his own? How to imagine that the slightness and flexibility of her graceful form eclipsed the richer outlines of her cousins? or that the delicate conformation of her hands and feet imparted to her an air of distinction, in which the over-dressed Miss Eglintouns were wholly deficient? Had any one apprized her of these personal attractions, she would have fancied them making game of her; and had her protectress at the same moment uttered one of her usual apostrophes, "Milicent, child! Bring me my pocket-handkerchief," Mrs. Eglintoun would have been amazed at the blush of modest deprecation overspreading the cheeks of her dependant.

For poor Milicent was only seventeen; and, till the period of her adoption by Mrs. Eglintoun the preceding year, had lived in seclusion with her mother, in an obscure village in Lanarkshire. Of her brother, who had quitted them for India ten years before, she retained little recollection, and on coming to reside at Barnsbury, her experiences were those of a mere rustic. The graceful bearing and polished manners accordingly, which even Julia and Harriet found so captivating, possessed in *her* eyes the charm of courtly affability; and she could imagine nothing more refined in nature than the Captain Fortescue who had Moore and Byron on his lips, and hollowness in his heart.

Not that Milicent suspected it of hollowness. To her, the man who spoke in whispers so gentle, and indulged at times in an air of such touching depression, was a being either superior to the touch of human passion, or who had loved elsewhere, and loved in vain. Had he been an ordinary man, he would have been caught, like the others, by the brilliant complexion of Julia Eglintoun, or the well-rounded form of Harriet. After all, it was very imprudent of her to form surmises about the matter. What was Captain Fortescue of the —th to an humble dependant on the beneficence of Mrs. Eglintoun? But as we have said before, Milicent was only seventeen, and little more than a rustic!

There *was* some excuse, therefore, for the infatuation with which, every night before retiring to her bed in the attic, let the weather be what it might, she persisted in putting out her head, so as to catch a glimpse across the gardens of the suburbs overlooked by Mrs. Eglintoun's house, of the angle of the barracks in which she supposed Captain Fortescue to reside. In the window she had decided to be his, a lamp always burnt late. And Milicent used to fancy him to herself, sitting beside that solitary light, with Moore or Byron open before him, or perhaps perusing letters from home—a home as distant and regretted as her own! As it happened, the barrack-room in question belonged to the drunken adjutant, and the light was only a rushlight left by his servant; but Milicent never knew the truth, and continued to cherish her dear delusion. That window remained the polar star of her winters' nights; and after being scolded by Mrs. Eglintoun, or sneered at by the girls, she used to creep up to her miserable room and be happy.

At seventeen she had every excuse for finding happiness in such visions. For there was no endearing expression that the companion of the Miss Eglintouns' admirers had not addressed to herself; and

once, as they were all going together to a dance at the Deanery, and Fortescue having torn his ill-made white-kid glove, sold him in spite by the pretty haberdasher, Mrs. Eglintoun desired Milicent, who was not going to the ball, to mend it for him,—when the poor girl restored it to him as he stood waiting alone in the drawing-room, while the others were cloaking below and getting into the carriage,—he actually pressed to his lips and heart the delicate white hands by which the glove was presented, and with a fervour Lovelace might have envied! Was it wonderful that Milicent should look from her "lattice high" that night, at the hour when, by the return of her cousins from the Deanery, she had reason to infer that Fortescue must also be returned?

The "captain" was not only a "bold," but a strikingly handsome man. His beauty was of the sort which might have better become the opposite sex, but for a somewhat stern expression of eye that rendered masculine those Grecian features, and the unnatural fairness of his skin. But the very discrepancy between these personal graces, and his military array and manliness of pursuits, combined with an occasional *brusque* moroseness of manner, constituted a peculiar charm. It was impossible, at times, to guess whether he were pleased or angry, sorry or glad. The mouth, that tell-tale organ of physiognomical expression, that surest interpreter of the temper, was so overshaded by his fair moustaches, that even those who knew him best, could not always determine whether he were in or out of 'sorts. How, then, was Milicent to decide?—who, as we have said before, was only seventeen, and little more than a rustic!

One thing she was certain—not because he said so, but because his actions proved it—that he liked her, not only far better than her cousins, but than any other girl in Barnsbury. He spoke to no other—he danced with no other—he walked with no other. The Eglintouns' house was the only one he ever entered; and saving when, two or three times a month, their little parties at home were enlivened by a dance (the only gaiety of that sort in which Milicent was allowed to participate), Captain Fortescue made it a point to engage her for the first country dance, quadrilles being still undreamed of in the philosophy of Barnsbury, not a symptom of gallantry escaped him. Such were the attentions which had called forth the animadversions of Miss Bridget Brettingham, and produced sad perturbation in a heart as pure and gentle as that of an angel.

The Eglintouns saw nothing of all this, for they were engrossed by their own flirtations; and all the widow thought of, morning, noon, or night, was how to create riding-parties, and concerts, and pic-nics enough as the spring advanced and Barnsbury waxed rural, to bring the two adorers of Harriet and Julia to the crisis of a proposal. Already, Dormer was talking of London and the opera; while Captain Harman hinted an intimation for leave of absence in May, for salmon fishing in the Highlands. But they had a whole month before them; and a ruined abbey, a show park, and several picturesque spots in the neighbourhood—the very things (with the aid of cold chickens and champagne) to bring a hesitating lover to the scratch.

Milicent was not always included in these parties. There was seldom room for her in the carriage. Unless the Brettinghams or the

mayor's lady were invited to join them, the places in Mrs. Eglintoun's barouche were bespoken. But when it was settled that, on occasion of a charming little party to Markland Abbey one day in May, the Miss Eglintouns were to make their appearance in their new riding-habits, on the horses carefully broken for them by the riding-master of the gallant —th, it was also decided that, as Milicent might be useful in assisting to lay out the pic-nic which was to take place among the ruins, she had better accompany Mrs. Eglintoun, more particularly as Captain Fortescue, whose horse was lame, had asked for a seat in the carriage: for the widow of forty-two fancied herself still young enough to be compromised by a *tête-à-tête*.

Who, now, so happy as Milicent! It never occurred to *her*, as it would to almost any other girl in Barnsbury, that her straw-bonnet was a very shabby one for a party of pleasure, or that it was two early in the season for her solitary white-muslin gown. She thought nothing about her dress—nothing about herself—but a great deal of him whose lips had been so passionately pressed to her trembling hands, and with whom she hoped on the morrow to stroll among the green thickets sloping towards the river-side around the old abbey, renowned in the country as containing the earliest violets of spring, and wild strawberries of summer—a delicious seclusion, such as might have inspired tenderness where tenderness did not exist, and was eminently calculated to warm into a flame the incipient fervour circulating through the well-padded bosoms of his Majesty's —th dragoons.

The eve of the happy day was devoted by Mrs. Eglintoun's establishment to hampers of pigeon pies and cold hams—sherry and champagne, —for the family retired early, in order to start for the abbey, a distance of twelve miles, before the heat of the day commenced. But it was impossible for Milicent to close her eyes on that genial night! May was in its prime,—the lilacs in full bloom,—the nightingales (those sociable birds so often sweetest of song in city gardens) singing from the shrubberies of the suburbs intervening between Mrs. Eglintoun's house and the Castle-hill; and the poor girl leaned from her lofty window, imbibing the fragrance of the atmosphere at every pore, and feeling how bright a world it was that contained upon its surface a being so "wrought in the very poetry of nature" as the man who deigned to distinguish her with his affections; and above it a summer sky, where the stars twinkled faintly, as if oppressed by the ineffable joys of their higher sphere! For alas! Milicent was only seventeen, and little more than a rustic!

Next morning there was a prodigious stir in Mrs. Eglintoun's courtyard. The officers and their horses and grooms, and the horses and groom of Harriet and Julia, first took up their position; and the fat coach-horses were already put to the barouche which remained in the open coach-house, while mamma superintended the departure of her daughters, for whom old Brettingham and Miss Bridget were cooling their chaperonage at the castle turnpike.

"But where is Captain Fortescue?" cried Mrs. Eglintoun, when, the carriage being brought round, she was about to get into it with Milicent, and a younger Miss Brettingham smuggled into the party. "Are we to call at the barracks for Captain Fortescue?"

"Papa has a note of excuse for you from him!" cried Clara Bret-

tingham, stepping into the carriage. "We met him on our way hither, hurrying to the coach-office to catch the Edinburgh mail. His brother is dying. Captain Fortescue received letters from home by this morning's post."

Poor Milicent! She bore it, however, pretty well,—that is, nobody noticed how she bore it. What business in fact had she to concern herself about the matter? She had enough to do, moreover, to answer Mrs. Eglintoun's inquiries for the first two miles, as to whether the parasols and shawls had been carefully put in,—and whether the patties and sponge biscuits had arrived from the pastrycook's in time. *These* were the things that ought to concern Milicent; not the absence of him whose voice was so sweet in her ears, and whose eyes seemed to possess a language more eloquent than divine inspirations of old.

It was a very successful pic-nic. Widows with marriageable daughters and a good jointure, residing in a picturesque neighbourhood, have usually much experience in such matters. The Eglintoun girls and their brace of heroes, sauntered in the green thickets. The rector of Markland, and a whelpish baronet to whom he officiated as private tutor, met them by appointment at the abbey, to afford the requisite amount of prose concerning its foundation and architecture; so that the four young ladies being provided with beaux, the worthy prebendary and Mrs. Eglintoun fell to each other's share, and after a due proportion of sandwiches and champagne, began to talk maudlin of the pleasure of seeing young people happy together, and the comfort of having your daughters established in life. It was plain they considered four marriages to be on the tapis!

Nobody so much as thought of Milicent—nobody even noticed whether she ate her drumsticks with as much appetite as usual. The party paired off, and there was no one left to walk with *her*. She could not remain there alone to watch the servants packing up the spoons and forks and finishing off the wines and provisions; and so she sauntered alone to the river side, and set herself down on the short turf of the green margin, perhaps to watch the May-fly on the stream, —perhaps to listen to the young linnets chirping from their nest in the alder bushes overshadowing the spot. Yet she did not *seem* to see or listen. Her face was pale as death, and the tears were quivering in her eyes as though she had not strength to shed them—as though her very heart were paralysed—as though all were over for her on earth!

For Milicent was only seventeen; and in the course of the pic-nic, after Dr. Brettingham had gone through his well-known series of the most approved puns, and the party through a third bottle of champagne, upon Clara Brettingham's observing to the pupil-baronet what a loss they had sustained in the company of Captain Fortescue,—Dormer interrupted her with a remark that though the cause of his friend's absence was what is called a melancholy one, it was "a deuced good thing for Fortescue!"

"Forty's brother has met with a fatal accident, and is dead by this time!" added Captain Harman, addressing Mrs. Eglintoun—"his *elder* brother,—a brother standing between him and eight or ten thousand a-year!—(for old Fortescue, the banker, can't be worth less!)—so that *we*, who never saw or knew Tom Fortescue, may be forgiven for saying, 'so much the better for our friend!'—Forty's a capital

fellow, and by this windfall will be enabled to marry Lady Olivia Moreton, to whom he's been engaged these two years. The old marquis, her father, will be sure to give his consent *now*,—so there's no further need to keep the secret."

"Lady Olivia Moreton!—the daughter of the Marquis of Sudborne?" exclaimed Mrs. Eglintoun, amazed to consider how familiarly she had been entertaining a man with such illustrious prospects.

"I should not be surprised," added Captain Harman, "if in consequence of this event he were to sell out, and never join the regiment again! He and his brother were the old banker's only children! So, ten to one, we have seen the last of Forty!"

Nobody much cared, but every body expressed appropriate regrets,—except indeed her to whom the foregoing sentences conveyed wretchedness for life! Such was the cause of poor Milicent's reverie on the green margin of that silent stream.

Meanwhile, though to the poor relation that eventful pic-nic was a failure, for the Eglintoun family it proved a triumph. The beauty and affectation of Julia made a desperate conquest of the raw young Markland baronet; who, being unluckily his own master, proposed, and was as promptly accepted as though no such person as a Captain Harman existed in the world; while, strange to tell, young Dormer, instead of being disgusted by this outrageous case of jilting, felt so apprehensive that some new pupil at Markland rectory might cut out his own pretensions, that he seized upon the occasion to secure Harriet as the Honourable Mrs. Dormer, and prove to the captain of his troop he was a more successful suitor than himself.

Barnsbury was in a state of hysterical indignation and delight. Two such weddings within its precincts! A baronet's and an honourable's lady emerging from its favoured obscurity! For three weeks nothing was talked of in the town but white satin and favours. Happy those invited to the wedding breakfast;—spiteful those who were *not!*

During that busy time Milicent was not observed to be less assiduous or serviceable than usual. She continued to write notes to the tradespeople, and convey messages between the mother and the lovers. She even assisted to dress the rival brides, who confirmed the triumph and joy of their anxious parent by agreeing to be married on the same day; and if Julia and Harriet scolded a little at her hands trembling so that she was scarcely able to tie their white satin strings, or fix their garlands of orange flowers, they admitted it was natural she should be awkward, as being the first wedding in which she had ever borne a part. They did not trouble their heads sufficiently about her to add that it would most likely be the last.

Next morning, while Mrs. Eglintoun was attiring herself to receive the congratulation of Barnsbury in a series of wedding visits, a low tap was heard at her dressing-room door, and Milicent made her appearance.

"Not dressed yet, child?" cried her protectress, "we shall be having the whole town here in a minute! Hark! there is a carriage driving into the courtyard! *Do* go and make yourself fit to be seen."

But Milicent, in a faint voice, not only pleaded inability to appear, but presumed to make a request (which she said she had deferred only till the bustle of the wedding was over) that she might be per-

mitted to visit her old nurse in her native village, for the recovery of her health.

Amazed at such a thing as a poor relation venturing to require change of air, Mrs. Eglintoun turned from the looking-glass reflecting her own rubicund face, to survey her trembling *protégée*, and even with the harshest intentions, could not deny that Milicent was alarmingly altered. The triumphant mother of Lady Grumpson and the Honourable Mrs. Dormer could scarcely understand what she *meant* by looking so pale and thin!

To refuse the petition thus modestly made was, however, impossible. So Milicent's place was taken for Glasgow in the night-coach. She was bidden to take care of herself, and lose no time in regaining strength, since, now the girls were gone, she would be doubly wanted. Mrs. Eglintoun informed her that, on her return, she would be required to take care of the keys of the store-room and linen-press, and in consideration of these services to come, and the assistance she had rendered in the preparation of her daughters' trousseau, generously bestowed upon her at parting a Barnsbury note for 20*l*.

And so poor Milicent went home to die!—for what else remained for her to do? She was only seventeen, and, after all, little more than a rustic.

Part II.

Twenty years had elapsed, with their sweeping train of events,—dynasties displaced,—families extinguished,—fortunes dissipated,—kingdoms destroyed,—when the same gallant —th, transformed from heavy dragoons into lancers, after fourteen years absence in India, welcomed each other to their native country in the old barracks at Hounslow. They had been at it again,—fighting with somewhat less *éclat*, though considerably more profit than in the peninsula. And a fine manly, martial set of looking fellows they were,—knocked about by the chances of war and climate, till the complexion of the whole regiment was nearly that of a well dressed curry.

But the cholera and Bhurtpoor had decimated their ranks, and little trace remained of the gallant —th, of Barnsbury. Colonel De Burgh was lying under a handsome monument at Calcutta; Sir Benjamin Harman, C.B., minus an arm, was on half-pay. Even those that remained of the old stagers had so little left in them of old times, that the pretty haberdasher of Barnsbury (now an innkeeper's strapping wife) could she have beheld the stern, square, iron-headed commander of the regiment, would have staked her life that Colonel Fortescue could not be the self-same graceful, gracious, smiling captain to whom Lady Olivia Moreton was known to have given her hand.

His appearance did not much matter. He was recognised at the Horse-guards as one of the most efficient officers in the army, and having long ceased to court the attention of pretty milliners, and being as much a widower as the elopement of his wife could make him, he gave his whole time and thoughts to the discipline of his regiment, so that though in somewhat pitiful case after a long and perilous passage

home, every one knew that the lapse of six months would suffice to place it among the smartest in the service.

Meanwhile Colonel Fortescue enjoyed the most distinguished unpopularity among his officers; and though such as had been many years in the —th, made excuses for his temper, on the score of family misfortunes, the youngsters had no patience with what they called the tyranny of the old martinet. It was nothing to *them* that his father was ruined by the smash of the commercial crisis; or that his handsome wife had preferred the society of a Neapolitan prince to his own. All they knew was that when the colonel dined at mess, you might as well have dined in the catacombs; and happy were those whose troops were quartered at Hampton Court, out of the reach of his harassing interference.

Hampton Court constitutes at all times favourite quarters. There is London near at hand;—there is the palace to be flirted with—the gardens to flirt in—the tennis-court to play in—the neighbourhood with all its infinite variety of royal parks for recreation. But above all, there are within reach hundreds of charming villas, with thousands of charming occupants, which the Thames seems to deposit on its banks as the Nile its fertilizing slime.

The gallant —th, were enchanted to find their fine band listened to with enthusiasm twice a week in the palace-gardens; not only by hordes of the lovely inmates of this Refuge for the noble Destitute; but by ladies fair and ladies dark from Richmond, Twickenham, Petersham, Moulsey, Kew, and Sheen; exceeding the display in the castle-yard of Barnsbury, as much in quality as quantity,—in numbers by hundreds—in rank by half-a-dozen pages of Debrett.

Very soon, these charmers became individually known to the veterans of Bhurtpoor. They could point out the dowager-duchess and marchioness-dowager, who with half-a-dozen thousands a-year jointure, were not ashamed to retain apartments at the palace; nor was it long before they found their way into most of the parks, places, and villas in the neighbourhood.

There was, however, a certain lodge-gate on the Moulsey-road, towards the river, with which they were acquainted only by sight. On arriving at Hampton Court several of them had been tempted by the beauty of the lawn and flower-gardens, and two or three towering old cedars visible over the palings, to inquire the name of the place and proprietor; and on learning that the villa was called Ivy Bank, and belonged to a Mrs. Grey, they had heard pretty nearly all that was to be told on the subject. The lady was a woman of independent fortune (an invalid, having an only daughter scarcely past the age of childhood), neither paying nor receiving visits. In such neighbourhoods as those of Richmond and Hampton Court, perpetually fluctuating, half the houses being in the occupation of yearly tenants, the gossip is chiefly conjectural. Little is known of the antecedents of half the showy families which band-playings and boat-races bring together, so as to make them known to each other by sight; and all that the most prying of apothecaries could ascertain and circulate concerning Mrs. Grey was, that she was a pleasing woman of about six-and-thirty, devoting her whole time to the care and education of her little girl; that she spent her mornings in her flower-garden, and drove out in the evening, in a neat

open carriage with a pair of fine bays, and servants in undress liveries; that she was punctual at church, beloved in her household, and respected by her tradespeople.

There was nothing in all this, in which the tabby coteries of Hampton Court could scratch a hole; unless that having been three years the occupant of Ivy Bank, more *ought* to have been known of her. It was clear she was not a member of either of the *noble* families of Grey, Groby, or Howick, or De Ruthyn, or Wilton, or Kinfanns, or she must have been known to one or other of the pauper dowagers. But if a nobody, there was reason to hope she was a respectable nobody. The local authorities of church and state, vicar, churchwardens, and taxgatherers, thought well of her. She might possibly have no disgraceful motive for the seclusion of her life; and the scandal-mongers had consequently not an evil suggestion to make when Captain Mordaunt and his brother officers sometimes observed (when the villas of the neighbourhood came under discussion) "Ivy Bank seems one of the prettiest places. 'Tis a pity one can never get a sight of it, and that it should belong to such a hermit as this mysterious Mrs. Grey."

One or two of them, who had met the fair invalid driving in her open carriage, went so far as to assert that she was a prettyish woman, slight and pale, affecting a quaker-like simplicity of dress—rendered more remarkable by the brilliant beauty of her little girl, and the rich elegance of her attire.

"Eight or ten years hence," said one of the subs, "that child may be worth inquiring after. At present, it is scarcely worth while to scale the palings of Ivy Bank for the sight of a pale widow, a romp in her spelling books, and a few flower-beds!"

And so the gallant —th returned to its flirtations with the palace misses, and troubled itself no further about Ivy Bank or Mrs. Grey.

One evening, however, towards the close of summer, it happened that as an orderly of the —th lancers was proceeding along a cross-road through Bushy Park, his horse, frightened by a sudden movement among the deer grazing near the road, became restive, and set off at full speed; and lo! as it was dashing frantically along, with the brilliant accoutrements of the lancer jingling and glancing in the sun, it came in contact with the carriage in which Mrs. Grey and her daughter were taking their customary drive, rendering *her* horses as unmanageable as the restive charger. Both the orderly and the coachman were thrown to the ground,—the latter being dangerously injured, —and when Mrs. Grey's horses were eventually stopped, by coming in contact with the trunk of a tree, the wheeler received such serious injuries from the concussion as to be killed on the spot. The accident, in short, was a very serious one, and the London papers made the most of it. The orderly was said to have been killed, as well as the coach-horse, the value of which was rated at two hundred guineas, while Mrs. Grey was stated to have been conveyed home insensible, and in a most precarious condition!

She *did* keep her bed for a day or two, and the value of the coach-horse literally amounted to *half* the sum specified; a tolerably near approach to the truth for a newspaper announcement! But the worst part of the case was the condition of the poor lancer; whose leg was so severely lacerated by his fall under the wheels of the carriage that,

on being carried to the hospital, he had to undergo amputation, and the palace gossips were loud in praises of the forbearance of the lady of Ivy Bank, who, instead of being irritated by the personal and pecuniary injury she had sustained, continued to evince the greatest sympathy in the condition of the orderly, and was said to have forwarded a handsome benefaction to his family.

Such might possibly be the case; for when Colonel Fortescue visited the poor fellow at a period when his life was in danger from the fever that ensued on the operation, he was charged with a message from the Bhurtpoor soldier to his benefactress, which he saw fit to deliver in person. The following day, after an inspection at Hampton, the colonel made his appearance at the lodge gate of Ivy Bank.

Now had any other man in the three kingdoms applied for access to Mrs. Grey, he would have been refused by her servants. But the grand event of the terrible accident was still so recent, that the visit of the colonel of the —th lancers was instantly connected with compensation and apology for the loss of the bay horse and contusions of the coachman; and, greatly to the surprise of Maria, an intelligent little girl of twelve years old, who was practising in the drawing-room, Colonel Fortescue was announced.

"Let mamma know,—you will find her in the conservatory," said she, and, with an instinctive good breeding, scarcely to have been expected from the secluded life she led, she began to discuss the condition of the poor fellow who had been the innocent cause of so much mischief. Struck by the extreme beauty of her features, Colonel Fortescue had scarcely found leisure to admire the easy and unaffected grace of her manners, when the servant returned, announcing that Mrs. Grey would be with them immediately.

The "immediately," however, was prolonged to as many minutes as to nearly constitute a quarter of an hour; so that the colonel would perhaps have grown a little impatient, had not his companion proposed showing him her aviary, her mother's conservatory, the lawn, the shrubberies. Aware of her mother's aversion to morning visits, she concluded that the invalid was preparing herself for the unusual exertion.

By the time they had made the tour of the premises, the old soldier's brow expanded into unusual cheerfulness; and something almost amounting to acquaintanceship was established between him and little Maria. On re-entering the drawing-room from the lawn, they found the *jalousies* of the drawing-room closed, and Mrs. Grey established on the sofa. It did not surprise Maria, aware of her mother's habits of life, to see her considerably flurried at receiving a stranger. But she *did* feel a little ashamed of her own previous familiarity with Colonel Fortescue, when the progress of the visit wrought so little increase of intimacy between him and his hostess.

The colonel, on the other hand, saw in Mrs. Grey only a shy, timid invalid, whose voice was so pleasing, that he could only regret she exercised it so sparingly. Nevertheless, she seemed to listen with interest, when, after delivering his message from the grateful soldier, he proceeded to relate several startling anecdotes of accidents which had occurred in India to his men from the restiveness of horses. He had many stories to tell, of native skill and prowess in such emergencies,

and found every encouragement to narrate them, in the breathless interest they served to call forth in his little companion.

Mrs. Grey, too, listened graciously, though silently, and when at the close of his visit, Maria earnestly entreated him to favour them with a sight of some Indian amulets, which he had mentioned as bestowed upon him by the widow of a native prince, as she was about to ascend the funeral pile, her mother, instead of checking her for the indiscretion, appeared to coincide in the wish. An acquiescent promise followed; and though the lady of the house contented herself with a formal bow at parting, the little girl not only took his hand, but accompanied him, laughing and talking, to the door, as though they had been friends a twelvemonth.

"You are not angry with me, I hope, mamma?" cried the child, flying back to the sofa after Colonel Fortescue's departure, and receiving no answer, she stooped to impress a kiss on her mother's cheek, and found that she had fainted!

Nothing very wonderful in the occurrence, considering Mrs. Grey's delicate state of health and recent accident; and accordingly when, a few days afterwards, their visiter made his re-appearance with his promised treasures, no mention was made of the indisposition.

From that period Colonel Fortescue's visits were often repeated. Maria welcomed him like a friend. So pleasant an interruption to their unincidental life was scarcely to have been hoped for; and as he made no attempt to introduce others of his regiment at Ivy Bank, and expressed no surprise at the absence of visiters, they soon grew accustomed to him, and began to regard him as a privileged and exceptional guest. His manners were so grave—his general aspect so dispirited—he was so old of his age, and so evident a victim to the afflictions of life, that it would have been monstrous in a gentle, patient, Christianly woman like Mrs. Grey, to deny him the consolation of her society.

The young subs of the gallant —th, now occasionally whispered to each other that "Old Forty was not quite so great a brute as formerly." Insensibly humanized by the influence of female society, the conversation of Mrs. Grey, and the music and prattle of Maria, were driving the Evil Spirit out of the Soul of Saul!

And then Ivy Bank was such a sunny spot! The view from the windows over the animated river towards Bushy Park, was so gay and cheering!—the flower-beds were so bright—the sheltering elms and cedars so pleasantly shady! What more natural than for the melancholy colonel to find his way thither from Hounslow, again and again, to inquire after the health of the valetudinarian, and amuse her with news of the busier world elsewhere.

Sometimes, indeed, if the blinds of the drawing-room happened to be drawn up, he would fix his eyes inquiringly on her mild countenance, perhaps to ascertain whether her condition were really so infirm as she seemed to fancy. But he was careful to express no undue curiosity on the subject. He seemed content to know of Mrs. Grey only as much as she pleased to tell him. Both experienced a certain reluctance to recur to their earlier days. Perhaps she had been united to a bad husband, just as, of a surety, *his* married life had been most unhappy! All that had ever transpired in reference to her youth was, that when the colonel having inquired of Maria *who* had taught her to

sing Scottish ballads with such pathos? She replied, "Mamma, who is a Scotch woman!" And once, when Mrs. Grey was expressing deep interest in the anecdotes of his Indian campaign, she added, "Every thing connected with India has an interest in my eyes. My only brother, who died a few years ago, resided fifteen years in India. To *him*, poor fellow, I was indebted not only for my fortune, but for every happier moment of my life!"

The avowal appeared somewhat strange for one who had been a wife and a mother. But Colonel Fortescue, deeply sighing, admitted that it was not for him to criticise undue prepossessions or any singularity in the affections of the human heart.

Soon afterwards, Maria was showing to their friend, during the temporary absence of her mother, a book of Indian sketches—slight things, but striking—evidently the production of an amateur.

"These are excellent, but not exactly the work of an artist," observed Colonel Fortescue.

"No, they were done by mamma's brother. They were sketched on the spot by Sir George Grey," said she. Then, as if recollecting herself, she added, "But do not tell mamma you have seen them; for now I think of it, she once desired me not to show you the book."

Colonel Fortescue was greatly surprised; first, at so much mystery about a trifle; secondly, that the brother of Mrs. Grey should bear the same name as herself.

"Your father and mother were related then?" said he, abruptly addressing Maria.

"I believe not. I never heard so. Mamma once entreated me to ask no questions about my father, and to remember him only in my prayers to our father who is in Heaven!"

"But he is—no more?" persisted the colonel, feeling a little anxious. No answer, however, was returned; for, by the direction of Maria's eyes towards the door, he saw that her mother was entering the room.

The poor colonel could not fail to chew the cud of certain bitter fancies arising from this accidental disclosure. Fortescue had the worst opinion of the sex. Injured in the tenderest point, under circumstances the most cruel, he had ever since looked upon woman with a jaundiced eye. This Mrs. Grey—this quiet, silent Mrs. Grey, who affected to shun society, was perhaps an object of exclusion from its pale! *She* had perhaps deceived in her time some trusting husband, even as *he* had been deceived! Or, worse still. Grey being manifestly her maiden name, this girl, this fatherless child, might be the offspring of her maiden frailty! Such a supposition accounted only too well for her self-denying humility—her Magdalen depression. Her very sobriety of dress, varying only between black, white, and grey, and simple in form as that of a sectarian, might constitute a self-imposed penance!

Such thoughts as these rendered the rides of Colonel Fortescue from Hounslow to Moulsey, and back again, far less agreeable than heretofore. His mind was becoming disturbed by suspicions such as he had determined should never again distract its composure. He was beginning to think once more of other things than pipe-clay and field-days. The senior officers scarcely knew what to make of him; and

a facetious whisper was current among the subs, that Old Forty had been heard to address the adjutant as "Maria!"

His misgivings, indeed, eventually so troubled his mind, that he not only relaxed in his visits to Ivy Bank, but at length determined never to return there more. When the little girl complained to her mother that they saw less and less of Colonel Fortescue, Mrs. Grey, though herself deeply mortified by his desertion, replied, that "winter was drawing on—that the days were shortening; that, as their friend could not with propriety visit them of an evening, it was difficult for him to find his way there from Hounslow." And though Maria persisted in inquiring *why* he "could not, with as much propriety, visit them by candlelight as daylight," there was nothing in the answer she received satisfactory to the perceptions of twelve years old.

On the other hand, though the colonel adhered to his resolution, the dreariness of spirit produced by the loss of summer and of the associates in whom he had taken so much delight, soon rendered him as morose as previous to his propitious intimacy at Ivy Bank. Twice having occasion to pass the lodge-gate, his horse pulled so obstinately towards it, as almost to overmaster his resolutions; and the perplexity he experienced on this occasion betrayed to him what he already sorely mistrusted—that the frequency of his visits to the gentle widow and her child, had engendered an affection towards them, rendering it difficult, indeed, to dispense with their society. For but that he loved this mild-eyed, low-voiced Mrs. Grey—this being so different from his brilliant, dashing wife—what would it have mattered to him that she was less than spotless?

"At *my* age? Absurd!" was his first answer to the suggestions of a busy conscience. "An old soldier, covered with scars—a man of fifty, subject to gout and rheumatism! A pretty object, truly, to fall in love with!—Ay, and a pretty object to fall in love!"

And yet in one of those fits of waywardness and desperation to which none but lovers and despots are subject, he turned his horse's head round again, after he had passed the gate of Ivy Bank by more than a mile, and made boldly for the house.

It was now drawing so near Christmas, that Mrs. Grey's notions of etiquette as regarded daylight, candlelight, and visiters, were irreconcilable. Even the apothecary, whose visits were always made before dinner, often made them after dark; and so it was that, when Colonel Fortescue entered the drawing-room, the cry of surprise and delight which greeted his re-appearance, reached him through the fitful atmosphere of firelight. The lamp had not yet been brought in, and Mrs. Grey was seated in her easy-chair near the fireplace, with Maria on a stool at her feet, sheltering her face on her mother's knee behind a large screen.

The colonel wisely took up his position among them, as though he had never deserted it, and began to talk as hurriedly of the wretched state to which the roads were reduced by the late tremendous rains, as people usually do who talk of one thing while thinking of another. But if *his* manner were agitated, the placid voice of Mrs. Grey was equally tremulous; and it required full a quarter of an hour before they could subside into their usual serene deportment.

When this *was* achieved, however, they all three felt happier together

than they had ever felt before. Maria could scarcely refrain from moving her stool to the colonel's feet, and resting her head upon *his* knee instead of her mother's. For there is something in winter firelight so favourable to confidence, so snug, so domestic, that the heart expands under its influence; and even the gloomiest spirits, like crickets, are apt to chirrup upon the hearth.

Their pleasant gossip was interrupted, just as the colonel was secretly cursing the necessity of departure, by a furious shower of rain pelting against the windows with such violence, that Mrs. Grey saw fit to express a hope that the colonel's groom had placed his horses under cover. On ringing to ascertain the fact, it appeared that he had been still more provident.

"When the rain came on so heavy, sir," said the butler, respectfully addressing the colonel, "John galloped off to Hampton Court to fetch Captain Mordaunt's cab to take you home. John said you had been ill lately."

"This comes of having servants who have lived with one long enough to take the liberty of thinking for themselves!" cried the colonel, a little in the tone of the unpopular commanding officer of the ——th lancers. "The fellow will be at least half an hour before he returns."

"Three-quarters of an hour, sir, he *said*," interposed the butler, who, seeing no cause for disarranging the methodical habits of his lady's establishment in compliment to a shower of rain, now inquired of Mrs. Grey, "whether he should serve dinner?"

Nothing could exceed the discomposure of the party—the embarrassment of the lady while entreating the gentleman to share their family meal, or the embarrassment of the gentleman in accepting it. But for Maria's joyous interference, the arrangement, perhaps, had never been brought about, which, an hour or so afterwards, found Colonel Fortescue peeling walnuts for them both at dessert. It was no small comfort to his feelings when, in recommending the Madeira by which the walnuts were accompanied, his hostess observed, "It is old East-India Madeira. It was brought over by my brother, Sir George Grey." She, at least, clearly made no mystery of the connexion.

When coffee was brought in Colonel Fortescue stammered an inquiry to the servants of whether John were returned?

"He came back, sir, while you were at table, with a message that Captain Mordaunt was gone to town," replied the family butler. "As you were settled to dine and spend the evening here, I advised him to hurry back to Hounslow and fetch your carriage. It is still raining cats and dogs, sir!" added the man, seeing that the colonel was preparing to express a wrath he did not feel.

And so, to coffee succeeded tea; and to tea a tap at the door from Miss Maria's attendant, announcing that it was an hour past her usual bed-time:—a trying moment! But Mrs. Grey probably thought she should expose herself to the charge of prudishness by detaining the little girl as chaperon to two people whose united ages exceeded four score years. After Maria had kissed her mother, accordingly, she was preparing to leave the room, when an impulse, almost as instinctive as that which had brought Colonel Fortescue that afternoon back to the

gates of Ivy Bank, prompted the child to return, and offer to *him* the same filial salutation as to Mrs. Grey.

While imprinting an affectionate kiss on her ivory forehead, emotions choaked in the throat of the startled veteran such as he had never again expected to experience.

But this little incident served only to increase the embarrassment of the parties who were now left *tête-à-tête*,—and, by way of improving the matter, Fortescue, who was seated near his hostess, on the sofa, began talking of her daughter.

"Maria is certainly the most attaching, the most ingratiating creature I ever saw of her age," said he, in a broken voice. "I do not wonder you are so fond of her,—I do not wonder you are so proud of her,—she is named, I suppose, after yourself?"

"No—*my name is Milicent!*" replied Mrs. Grey, in faint accents, her eyes involuntarily fixing themselves on the face of her companion.

"*Milicent?*" repeated he, passing his hand over his forehead, as if trying to recall some recollection which had half escaped him,—a moment afterwards adding with a sigh, "Yes, I once knew a person of the name of Milicent!—ages ago,—in my youth;—a sweet creature,—an angel! But *she* died young, poor thing! The happier for *her!* *I* MARRIED. *I* was mad enough to call down upon myself all the miseries and disgraces of an unhappy marriage! I gave my hand to a beauty,—a woman of rank,—a woman of fashion; who squandered my fortune, and disgraced my name! When I accompanied my regiment to India, she chose to remain behind; and how she consoled herself during my absence was soon no secret to the world! Already heartbroken, the publicity of my divorce converted the miserable man into a savage,—I dare say you have heard me *called* a savage—a brute—a—no matter! It was all Olivia's doing! She left me nothing—nothing in this world. Luckily we had no children. Those that were born to us, died, one after another. I wept for them, *then!*—now I rejoice over their early graves. But, pardon me,—pardon me for having agitated you thus!" cried he, perceiving that tears were streaming down the pale cheeks of Mrs. Grey. "I seldom revert to these things! But the kiss of that darling child, and the name you bear, have brought back painful reminiscences of former days. Poor Milicent!—poor gentle creature! I was with *her*, I remember, at Barnsbury, when my brother's untimely end hastened my ill-omened marriage. Milicent was only seventeen,—a girl—almost a rustic;—but how superior in her simplicity to those women of the world with whom I have been since familiar! I have often wondered since whether Milicent bore me ill will for the shameful part I acted towards her!"

"Never!" replied Mrs. Grey, in a scarcely audible voice. "All I ever felt towards you was deep sympathy in your family sorrows!"

Already Colonel Fortescue had started from his seat, and with his eyes fixed upon her face in mingled amazement, joy, and tenderness, was accusing himself of being the blindest and stupidest ass on the created earth, to have been so slow in discovering the truth. Already deeply moved by recurrence to his domestic sorrows, he no longer attempted to control his emotions, but sobbed aloud ("brute" and "savage" as he was) while referring to all they had been to each other!

"How you must have loathed me!" said he; "how you must have *despised* me!"

"No!" replied the happy Milicent, whose hand was now clasped in his, "I contented myself with rendering your ingratitude towards me still more ungrateful, by persevering fidelity of love. Soon after my return to Scotland, the untimely death of a kinsman caused my brother to succeed to his title and estate. He returned instantly from India, bringing with him, alas! the germs of a fatal disease. Instead of enjoying his new fortunes my poor brother was forced to reside in a milder climate. I accompanied him to Italy; and, after lingering for years, he died at Naples in my arms."

"And I, who fancied it was yourself who had fallen a victim!" said Colonel Fortescue, perplexed by his imperfect recollections, "I never was able to obtain news of you. I never saw the Eglintouns again. Lady Olivia would not hear of associating with any of my old friends!"

"Even I have been, by circumstances, estranged from *them*," added Milicent. "But of *you*, I had no difficulty in obtaining tidings. Your welfare was ever the thing dearest to me on earth; and I have followed the changes and chances of your military career with a degree of interest unapprehensible by man. *Your* sex is incapable of understanding the joy of loving for loving's sake!"

Intoxicated for a moment by this explicit avowal, Colonel Fortescue pressed the hand of Milicent to his lips with almost as much passion as he had done in requital of her stitchery, twenty years before. But at that moment a jealous pang shot through his heart.

"You loved me still you say,—and so tenderly! And yet, Milicent, *you married!*" burst involuntarily from his lips.

"No," replied his gentle companion, with an unaltered voice; "I am still single for your sake!"

"*Single?*" reiterated Fortescue, scarcely knowing how to press his inquiries; "*who*, then,—speak, dearest Milicent, I implore you,—*who* was the father of Maria?"

"Yourself!" replied his companion, with a degree of placid intrepidity difficult to account for.

"You are trifling with me!" cried the agitated man, on finding her support, without a blush, the severely scrutinizing glance he fixed upon her face.

"I *never* trifled with you, and was never more earnest than at this moment!" persisted Milicent, with somewhat impaired composure. "That child,—that beloved child,—the companion of my solitude,—the solace of my cares,—*is* your's,—*was Lady Olivia's*," continued she, shrinking from the burst of emotion she knew must arise from her confession. "From *her* hands,—her dying hands,—did I receive my sweet Maria!"

"You would not deceive me,—I *know* you would not deceive me!" faltered Colonel Fortescue, "and yet—"

"During the closing months of her miserable life," resumed Mrs. Grey, "grievously did she atone her injuries towards you. A victim to the brutality of him for whom she forsook husband, home, country, the cruelest retribution she had to undergo was the bitterness shown by the prince towards her little girl, born after your departure for India, but,

as *he* well knew, your child. In the agony of a mother's wounded affections she even determined to appeal to *you* in its behalf. But alas! you were far away! Months, long months, must elapse ere her letter could reach you; and even when received, how could she hope you would consent to receive the little outcast, or how was it ever to be transmitted to your care? At that period, by the mercy of Heaven, I visited Naples. At Lorento we inhabited the same house; and on discovering the dying English lady, described by the people of the house as in so deplorable a condition, to be her whose head had lain in your bosom, I visited her,—I comforted her last hours,—I accepted the sacred deposit of your child,—I cheered the expiring penitent,—I closed her dying eyes! My tears consecrated her wasted remains for the tomb!"

Those of Colonel Fortescue were now falling without restraint, and once more seizing the hand of his blessed Milicent, he strained it to his heart.

"The letter consigned to me for you by Lady Olivia, is still in my keeping," resumed Mrs. Grey; "when you are more composed I will place it in your hands. Finding that your professional career would detain you for years in a climate said to be fatal to children, I had not courage to lose sight of the darling girl whom soon, very soon, I began to love as a mother. *Your* affection for her was doubtful;—mine, certain. I determined, therefore, to complete her education before I resigned her to the hands of a father of whose tenderness of nature I, at least, had no very satisfactory experience. Forgive me! I now feel of what injustice I was guilty, and of what cruelty, in depriving you so long of the comfort and affections of your child!"

"Forgive *you?*" faltered Colonel Fortescue. "Alas! in what attitude of humiliation can I best implore at once your pardon, and an extension of your mercies towards me and mine! Let me see her again. Bring her once more to my arms—my child—my lovely girl—*your* gift, Milicent—the treasure you have preserved for me!"

Deep, indeed, was the emotion of the gratified Mrs. Grey, as she placed the wondering, weeping, yet delighted child, on the bosom of her father, hurriedly explaining the mystery of their unsuspected relationship.

"But surely you are also my mamma?" whispered poor Maria, clinging with one arm to her fond and faithful friend. "I shall still—still, and always be your child!"

Instead of answering, Mrs. Grey imprinted an affectionate kiss upon the cheek of the child, which, somehow or other, brought her almost into contact with that of the colonel.

"And we shall all live together—all be happy together?" persisted Maria, still detaining her.

"You cannot—you *must* not refuse my poor little girl!" faltered the old soldier, almost beside himself for joy.

"*Our* poor little girl!" was the scarcely audible reply of Milicent. And before Colonel Fortescue got into his carriage to return to Hounslow that night, the wedding-day was fixed. WINTER had proved more auspicious than SUMMER to the faithful love of MILICENT.

LACHRYMOSE WRITERS.

BY HORACE SMITH, ESQ.

Ye human screech-owls who delight
To herald woe—whose day is night,
Whose mental food is misery and moans,
If ye must needs uphold the pall,
And walk at pleasure's funeral,
Be mutes—and publish not your cries and groans.

Near a menagerie to dwell,
Annoy'd by ceaseless growl and yell,
Is sad, although we cannot blame the brutes;
A far worse neighbour is the man
Whose study is a caravan,
Whence the caged monster ever howls and hoots.

Ye say that earth's a charnel—life
Incessant wretchedness and strife;
That all is doom below, and wrath above,
The sun and moon sepulchral lamps,
The sky a vault, whose baleful damps
Soon blight and moulder all that live and love.

Man, as your diatribes aver,
Only makes reason minister
To deeds irrational and schemes perverse.—
Human in name, he proves in all
His acts a hateful animal,
And woman—(monstrous calumny!) is worse.

This earth whose walls are stony gloom,
Whose roof rains tears, whose floor's a tomb,
With its chain-rattling beach and lashing waves,
Is, ye maintain, a fitting jail,
Where felon man the woes may wail,
From which no prudence guards, no mercy saves.

E'en were it true this lachrymose
List of imaginary woes,
Why from our sympathy extort more tears?
Why blazon grief?—why make the press
Groan with repinings and distress?
Why knell despair for ever in our ears?

Ungrateful and calumnious crew!
Whose plaints, as impious as untrue,
From morbid intellects derive their birth,
Away! begone to mope and moan,
And weep in some asylum lone,
Where ye may rail unheard at heaven and earth.

Earth! on whose stage in pomp array'd,
Life's joyous interlude is play'd,

Earth! with thy pageants ever new and bright,
Thy woods and waters, hills and dales,
How dead must be the soul that fails
To see and bless thy beauties infinite!

Man! whose high intellect supplies
A never-failing Paradise
Of holy and enrapturing pursuits,
Whose heart's a fount of fresh delight,
Pity the cynics who would blight
Thy godlike gifts, and rank thee with the brutes.

Oh, Woman! who from realms above
Hast brought to earth the heaven of love,
Terrestrial angel, beautiful as pure!
No pains, no penalties dispense
On thy traducers—their offence
Is its own punishment most sharp and sure.

Father and God! whose love and might,
To every sense are blazon'd bright,
On the vast three-leaved Bible—earth—sea—sky.
Pardon th' impugners of thy laws,
Expand their hearts, and give them cause
To bless th' exhaustless grace they now deny.

DECEASED PEOPLE WHOM WE MEET DAILY.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

An Irish gentleman of our acquaintance, when his new suit of mourning came home, began to moralize on the uncertainty of life. "Mortality," said he, "is more fleeting than the fashion of a coat. Who can say that his spirit may not cast off its garment of flesh, even before the gloss has departed from his new waistcoat. Alas! I ordered this mourning for my friend, and may yet be destined to wear it for myself!"

We often laugh in the wrong place, and create the bulls we fancy we discover. It was easy to see, by the aid of a minute's reflection, that this was no blunder at all, except in sound. On the surface it is merely a ludicrous absurdity; beneath that, lies a world of grave meaning, and lessons of the profoundest and most melancholy truth. The provocation to laugh is checked by a philosophic sigh.

It is not, to be sure, the custom in civilized countries for men to go into mourning for their own loss; they only put on the suit of sorrow and solemnity when royalty, consanguinity, or friendship that leaves a legacy, expires; but if it were the fashion for honest people in this world, to do by themselves as they do by others, what thousands who are now flashing in coats of many-colours would suddenly appear before us clad in deep mourning! How would the delicacy of peach-

blossom and the flush of crimson subside into dreary sable, satins and velvets change to sad crape, and the harlequinade of life become as a funeral procession. A nigrification almost universal would ensue, like swarms of fire-flies darkening into black-beetles.

Admit but the principle of adopting the same ceremonies in our own case which we observe towards our next of kin, and where is the conscientious man who might not be called upon to put on black as a slight tribute of respect to his departed self! Yea, hundreds who now dazzle the eye of the wondering multitude by the gaudiness of their equipages, would be compelled to change their green and crimson liveries for a crow-colour; and we should see the footman, shorn of his finery, swinging behind the carriage in deep mourning for his deceased master grinning inside.

Not a day passes (who will deny this?) that any man of common experience may not converse with a dozen defunct people. In a great city like London it is impossible to stir out on a fine day when the town is full, without seeing numbers of departed persons of one's acquaintance sauntering up and down in the sunshine;—without stopping here and there at the corners of streets to chat with the lamented dead, or nodding carelessly to them on the other side of the way. The people who have gone to their long homes years ago are very much abroad in this gay metropolis. We dined the other day in a party of fourteen merry-makers, well acquainted with each other; but to our certain knowledge nine of them were no more, and had been so for various periods of time, dating from the different circumstances of their career.

It is very easy to object that all these deceased persons appear to be as much as ever in existence; and, indeed, furnish evidence of their being actually alive by dining, walking, laughing, cheating, and the like. In all these respects, and forty others, they are living to the full as much as though they had never departed this life at all. Nevertheless they are all dead, and will so continue, until vitality is discovered in door-nails.

The phrase which has long been current wherever the English language is spoken, "dead and buried," was not circulated without a necessity for it. "Poor Bob is dead and buried," is an assertion wonderfully differing from "Poor Bob is dead." There is a warranty conveyed in the additional words which is much wanting in numbers of instances, and without it the fact may be moonshine. The burial is a clencher. The popular existence of the phrase is a proof that the demise is not usually held to be a settled thing until it is associated with interment.

This very day were we discussing the three per cents with a city man, when on a sudden, memory turned back into old days, to trace the form and lineaments of an early chum. He was once the merriest little winged bird-like soul that ever sang songs half way between earth and heaven. Such assuredly was Little Piper. It was necessary to get up into the sky before you could catch him, but when caught he was your own. So was all he had. He never knew the meaning of the word grasping, except when he had hold of a friend's hand, or jumped into a river (as he once did) to drag out a drowning lad three times his own weight and size.

When he became a man, he was the boy as before. He called nothing his own but his faults, and never forgot anybody but himself, a person whom Little Piper rarely bestowed a thought upon. As he had emptied his pockets at school in making presents, and giving sixpences (in spite of lectures against such immoral practices) to begging mothers with hungry children crying and clinging about them; so now on a larger scale he pursued the same plan, and was seldom without a happy face, save when he witnessed misery he could not relieve. Lucky was it for him that he could not give away the eyes out of his head; for as loan or gift they would certainly have gone to some blind wanderer, and he would have contented himself with a pair of spectacles.

And was it Little Piper with whom we this morning discoursed concerning the three per cents? Let no discreet heart think it. This was Thomas Piper, Esq., of Upper-breeches-pocket-buildings, City. The Piper beloved of us, remembered, venerated, mourned—though not per coat and hat-band—died in 1830 on the Stock-exchange. He went there innocently enough one morning, and was never seen alive afterwards. And here is another Piper calling himself the same!

As well pretend that the rising rocket and the descending stick are the same; or that the Dick Withers of last year is the Dick Withers of this year.

Last year's Dick was the most social, generous, and enjoying of bachelors; surrounded by troops of gay friends, and as delighted to give them welcome as they were to seek it. He looked care in the face and laughed. When a pack of scowling, prowling, rascally thoughts wandered into his mind and would have settled there, he packed them all off, like an ill-conditioned troop of gipsy plunderers from his pleasant fields and hedges. Nothing that was not honest and good-tempered had its abode with him. He was the first to enter into a frolic, and the last to get tired of it. He found out the right end of life—he lived and was jolly. A joke in those days never came amiss to him; but a few months ago he tried his hand at a practical one, and married. Alas! he died on his wedding day.

There is, however, a Dick Withers lurking somewhere or other in the holes and corners of domesticity, with a soul too narrow to be tenanted by more than a single sentiment—with a sterile heart that has but food for one passion at a time. He could only persuade himself that he was in love, by utterly abjuring friendship. He at once substituted uxoriousness for universal philanthropy, and cared in fact for the one human being merely because she had become part of himself.

All his friends he dropped quietly; as well the sharers of his secret thoughts, as the partners in his social enjoyments. All his doors he securely bolted; and hospitality peeped through the keyhole to see who was coming, and to cry "not at home" to the visiter. No spree, no cigar, no whist; he forgot or abandoned all his old ideas of dances, concerts, and theatres; he changed his side in politics, or had no politics at all; and turning love's temple into a mausoleum, deliberately buried himself alive.

Sheer insanity might attempt to discover some lurking resemblance between the two Dicks, and believe them to be one; but reason rejects the proposition with scorn. True, the first Dick Withers did take a wife—(he was always so full of his fun); he just lived to wear his

wedding-suit; but his name should have appeared on the same day, and in the same paper, among the Deaths and the Marriages.

That all the signs and evidences of life capable of meeting together in one human specimen of vitality, afford no proof that death has not been there before them, is perfectly well known to every one who happens to be acquainted with our friend Rattleby. That his eyes are the fiercest in their frolicsome and extravagant glee of any in company, and his laugh always the loudest, however noisy and numerous the party, is an everywhere admitted fact; but is all that wonderful and overwhelming display of life any evidence that Rattleby is still living? Are those boisterous spirits, that constant and rapid flow of humour, by which he makes all around him "certain they shall die of laughter," ten times in the hour, a testimony that Rattleby himself is not yet dead? Is the elasticity of the lungs an argument against the dead-weight of the heart, and are spasms health? If the real Rattleby be not deceased, death is a poetic fable. He still may go on to shout, caper, and toss off bumpers; but live as fast as he may he can never be alive again. As Dick Withers must be said to have finally quitted this life when he entered the state of matrimony, so may another man be as fatally cut off by being left out of a wedding. This was the lot of the royster now in view. Poor Rattleby, who appears to have such quantities of existence to spare, died—beyond mistake, poor fellow!—on the day Kate Fisher was married.

His fate, varied by circumstances, is the fate of thousands surrounding him. When we say that they are not themselves, their story is but half told; they are not so much as the semblance of themselves. It is impossible to regard them even as their own ghosts, so opposite in character, habit, and disposition, was the original now in the tomb to the living substance bearing the name of the deceased.

Hear this lecturer upon humanity, whose charity and tenderness of heart is an affair of precept only, a subject to descant upon for personal objects. He died soon after he had taken his seat in Parliament, where he is still to be seen "as large as life."

Look at this hoary gambler; you cannot call his spasmodic mode of living an existence; the truth is, that he was brought down from an honourable station years ago, by the misconduct of a beloved son, and perished in his prime.

Here is a mother, childless now, but not seeming in outward show otherwise than living. She makes rational replies whenever she is addressed, smiles calmly when kindness shown to her appears to ask a smile, and bends her brow over a book of which she is not reading a single word. Hers is not a life. She died when the last of her children, a fair daughter in her sweet and early youth, was laid within the family grave.

Go to the next public assembly, no matter for what object it may be called together; or, what will serve the purpose as well, look from your window upon the passers-by. The unfortunate deceased are as two to one, and if they were to take it into their heads (skulls rather) to revolt, might at one fell swoop drive the living minority into their graves.

Here comes an author, with an intense consciousness of his own existence—assured, with an emphasis beyond the force of myriads of

affidavits, not only that he is living now, but that posterity, until time itself shall be no more, will be a witness of his glorious longevity. The delusion, if ludicrous, is sad too; the immortal has been dead ever since the night on which his tragedy was damned.

Yet the *prima donna* who sweeps past him, shooting onward like a star, and seeming to breathe empyreal air, is surely living in every atom of the bright dust whereof she is formed. So indeed it would appear, for to the eye she is life all over, the personification of whatever can be comprehended in the idea of existence. But what a bad judge of visible facts the eye is, and how necessary is it sometimes to see with the heart. Viewed through that medium, sympathy proclaims her to have been some time deceased. When her darling sister, cleverer, younger, and handsomer than herself came out with such brilliant success at the other house, the vital spark fled. All talk of life after that, had about as much meaning in it as the song she excels in. She still gives, it must be admitted, the most startling tokens of an active and indestructible animation; but these are only the mock-heroic contortions of the eel, after it has been neatly skinned, and cut carefully into inches.

There is another popular phrase which clearly implies that death is not at all incompatible with a protracted stay within the precincts of existence. Poor So-and-so, say the commentators on mortality, "is dead *and gone*," intimating that to die is not necessarily to go, and that the defunct are not always the departed—"dead and gone" describes the double event, whenever that takes place—the exception and not the rule. The currency of the phrase strengthens our argument that dying and going are not synonymous terms, and that we may long continue to have crowds of the deceased for our intimate acquaintances.

It is interesting to remark how varied are the periods of demise among the classes referred to, and how opposite are the causes which have rendered the obituary of the living so extensive. One who professes to be sixty-five, and vows that he has lived all those years, died at the age of forty, in consequence of his success in a duel with a near relative. Another, who conceives himself to have attained to middle age was in reality cut off in the very flower of his youth, by a shilling delicately introduced in his father's will. A third, a maiden, antiquated and thinner than all her tribe, by virtue of taking nothing but tea and cribbage, breathed her last—in spite of her hushed sigh, or her small sarcasm, that may seem to say she still survives—a long time ago, on the day when the gallant adventurer, who had twice danced with her after she was six-and-twenty, sailed for India without making the fondly expected offer.

For a pair of positive existences, as far as first appearances go, we need look no further than to this old sweeper at the crossing, and the occupant of the carriage rolling over it. Whosoever should conceive them to be actually living would decide wholly in the dark, and pronounce upon a case without a fact to judge it by. Sudden death overtook the unhappy cross-sweeper at the age of thirty, when he lost every sixpence of his large fortune; and the loller in the carriage expired in as sudden a manner at a later age, when he came quite unex-

pectedly into a fine estate. One lost a tin-mine, and the other found a canal; both perished prematurely.

Prosperity and adversity, satiated appetite, defeated ambition, brilliant success, wounded honour, blighted affection, filial ingratitude—the hundred incidents, dark or bright, which make up in their confused and yet consistent combination, the history of every human life—each of these, occurring at a critical moment, may bring the real *finis* long before the story appears to have arrived at its conclusion. The cold, formal, appointed ending, is simply an affair for the apothecary and the gravedigger.

The sentiment which first suggested the wearing of mourning was beautiful and holy; but custom strips it of this sanctity; its poetry has become a common-place; and in the adoption of the ceremony the heart silently heaving with sorrow and honour for the dead, has no concern. Still, if the fashion is to be continued, it may at least be turned to a higher use, and be made to serve sincerer ends. The suit of mourning is in few cases put on *soon enough!* If we would invest the custom with grace and dignity, elevating it with moral sentiment, we should sometimes wear the black dress while the mourned is yet amongst us. Letters to old friends must then be written, often perhaps on black-bordered paper, indicating our regret for their loss; and the crape upon the hat we touch to a former companion, as we pass him by, might be worn, poor moral skeleton! for himself.

It is painful, after an absence of a few years to return to a family circle in which we had stored up a thousand friendly and affectionate memories—where we expected to find the bright deep well-spring of sympathy, bright, deep, and clear as of old—and see nothing there but dry sand; Time's glass pouring out its contents over and over again, only to increase the heap and make a desert of the garden, every hour adding a little handful to the disappointing, the desolate, the hideous waste.

What a mockery of the heart, as we stand in the midst and look mournfully around, to attempt to persuade ourselves that we are amongst the living—merely because they all regularly breathe and wear no shroud! Count the faces there; in number, but in number only, they are the same; look into them for the old recognition, and the death's head is grinning. We feel that we have just shaken hands with the late Mr. Jones, who has forgotten to get himself buried. The act of friendship—in this case the ceremonial—has sent a chill to the soul. The momentary contact with that cold nature was freezing; at the bare touch of his hand, we feel horrid rheumatism running up the right arm.

It is the same as we proceed round the circle. The friends and companions of our youth are no more. The eldest son perished of a scarlet coat on obtaining a cornetcy, and the eldest daughter died a sadder death when she joined the saints. The remainder became defunct in succession, each in his own favourite way. When we take our leave, it is bidding adieu to the dead. The ordinary courtesies there would be anomalous and absurd to the last degree; for they must come in the form of inquiries concerning the departed—"How is your late lamented father?" or, "I hope your deceased sisters will go to the opera on Tuesday."

MRS. HOPE, THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

A NEW SONG.

BY JAMES KENNEY, ESQ.

Hope thou hast told me lies from day to day
For more than twenty years.
YOUNG.

MRS. HOPE, the Fortune-teller,
Call'd on me when I was young,
"You," she cried, "will be a dweller
All the great and wise among.
On your shoulders fortune thrust is—
Honours more than I can tell—"
Mrs. Hope, to do her justice,
Really talks extremely well.

First, she cried, "You're devilish clever,
Push for fame and pocket pelf,
Write a play and lay for ever
Billy Shakspeare on the shelf."
'Twas done—the curtain rose, I nearly
Felt the laurels deck my brow—
Deuce a bit, I wish sincerely
Mrs. Hope had heard the row.

Eloquence, at her suggestion,
Conscious too that I possess'd,
I, on some important question,
Soon the sovereign mob address'd.
Strange to say such storms assail'd me,
Showers of worse than hail or rain,
All my elocution fail'd me,—
Mrs. Hope was out again.

Whisp'ring then my wondrous merit
Claim'd at court a leading place,
I at length contrived to ferret
First my Lord and then his Grace.
Much they said conceit to soften—
Promises they made a few—
Mrs. Hope, great people often
Humbug fools as well as you.

Oft she vow'd the sex adored me,
Conquering all where'er I chose,
Husbands, lovers, tho' they bored me,
Ne'er could such a smile oppose.
Yet I scored by wives and misses,
When I came to count my game,
Quite as many kicks as kisses—
Mrs. Hope, oh! fie, for shame!

Wedded bliss, she now reported,
I should taste serene and true;
Trusting still, I proudly courted
Quite a stylish black-eyed blue.
Though the fair could not refuse me,
What the sort of wife she made,
If you wish to know, excuse me—
Mrs. Hope's a cursed jade.

Thus with endless tarrididdles,
Still the gipsy wins her way,
Gulls us all, and fondly wheedles
Shallow pates like mine astray.
Fame and Fashion thus allure us
Lions, lords at routes to meet,
Then blue devils come to cure us—
Mrs. Hope is fairly beat.

Yet, old girl, on recollection,
Why should I your tricks resent,
Since I've form'd a new connexion—
That sweet modest maid, Content.
Weary now of you and blarney,
Snug with her I dwell secure,
In my little *chambre garnie*,—
Mrs. Hope, *votre serviteur*.

THE BEAUTY OF BRIGHTON.

BY JOHN POOLE, ESQ.

The verses bearing the title of the "Beauty of Brighton" were composed with a double purpose. For the first:—England can boast of a violinist who is at the very antipodes of Paganini; for, whereas Paganini could play upon one string any tune that had ever been composed since the hour when Apollo first set up in the musical line, till the moment that the great monochordist himself twiddled his last *pizzicato*; the *artiste* in question (who delights the Brightonians during one half of the year, and the Londoners during the other) can play but one half of a single tune—say three quarters, and he will then have no just ground of complaint of a stinted allowance—upon all four! And observe: the "all four" is used advisedly; for he does somehow contrive—*how* he does it must be left to Sivori, or Ernst, or Oury to discover—but he does somehow contrive to elicit tones—and such tones, O Orpheus!—from all four at once, from the G string to the E. "*Arpeggio*," cries some matter-of-fact fiddler. No such thing—no more *arpeggio* than a sow grunts *arpeggio*—the sounds are scraped off the four strings simultaneously, not one ten-millionth part of a second intervening between them. As to what is the tune, or the portion of the tune, which he plays, the best judges are not yet agreed. One says it is the "Dead March in Saul;" another, the "College Horn-

pipe;" a third, "Water parted from the Sea;" a fourth, "Britons strike Home;" some say one thing, some another; but it is most generally suspected—for it results in a mere matter of suspicion after all—that he *thinks* he is playing "Over the Water to Charlie." Of this opinion (or suspicion, rather) is the author of the poem following; and it was for the purpose—that is to say, purpose the first—of rescuing this extraordinary *artiste's* only tune from its doubtful and somewhat disgraceful condition, that he resolved to give it a respectable settlement, by "marrying it with immortal verse." And albeit as little vain as poet may be, he deems that he has produced a something which "shall live after him"—not, however, founding his hopes (as some sarcastic critic might say) on the chances of his bidding good night to the world before the appearance of the *New Monthly* for the coming May.

Purpose the second—an amiable purpose it will be said—was to throw an apple of discord amongst the unmarried divinities (and not few are they, to the shame of single-man-kind be it spoken) who embellish that Babylon of marine towns, Brighton. But this, as all wicked intentions deserve to be, must, if not altogether frustrated, be at least limited in its operation, and to an extent, indeed, which the poet had never contemplated. For, admitting, as he does, that he invoked the Muse with a particular object in his hear—that is to say, in his *eye*—it will instantly be perceived that no young lady, bearing a name composed either of more, or fewer than just two syllables "need apply:" thus, the Misses Jones, Tims, Sims, Pyms; Appleton, Poppleton, Singleton, Congleton; Atterbury and Battersbury, Trelyddeldillon and Fitzmyddlewyllan are, by the prohibitory length or shortness of their patronyms, excluded from the privilege of joining in the flattering scramble. Let it, however, console them to reflect that, by the same circumstance they are protected from the mortification of defeat.

But what a May-day is prepared for the Misses Simpsons, Thomsons, Johnsons and Jacksons, and all the other dissyllabled beauties of the place! The heart-burnings! the jealousies! the pulling of caps and tearing of ribbons—*metaphorical* caps and ribbons be it understood, for the realities are unknown to young ladies. "'Tis I am the Beauty of Brighton!"—"No, 'tis I."—"You, indeed! no; 'tis to me those exquisite stanzas are addressed." Fortunately for the poet he is half a hundred of miles away from the scene of strife. It is from London he casts his mischievous missile, and can but guess at the terrible effects of its explosion. O, for next Thursday's number of the *Brighton Gazette!*

Even as I am writing these words, he comes—he of the fiddle. He walks towards my window, not as ordinary mortals walk, by moving his legs alternately forward, and treading on the flat of the foot; but by curiously tossing his feet over each other and supporting himself on his ancles. And now he takes his seat—not a bench, nor a chair, nor a stool, but a stick, a *walking-stick!* Placed horizontally, of course? By no means—perpendicularly—bolt upright. The lower point he puts to the ground, and on the upper point *he sits!* How he contrives to do it is the wonder of every one of the many thousands who have seen him; but there, on the point of a stick, he sits; and, apparently,

as much to his own comfort as if he were resting on a velvet-cushioned settee.* And now he draws his bow; and having satisfied his ear that his fiddle is as perfectly out of tune as it can possibly be, he plays the air which inspired the song of

THE BEAUTY OF BRIGHTON.

(*Air*—[PRESUMPTIVE,] "*Over the Water to Charlie.*")

Go, find me a lass
Can Miss * * surpass,
(If you find her I'll give you a bounty:)
Try Sussex all over;
No indolent rover,
Explore ev'ry nook of the county;
From village and city
Select all the pretty,
(And pretty enough will you light on)
But none will compare
With my favourite fair,
Sweet Miss * *, the Beauty of Brighton.

St. Leonard's and Rye,
Horsham, Hastings, go try;
Go wander through Steyning and Patcham;
Try Eastbourne and Uckfield,
Try Cowfold and Cuckfield,—
(And for beauty few places can match 'em)—
Add the lasses of Shoreham
(And few stand before 'em)
They together can't furnish the right one;
Though charming I grant,
Still not one can supplant
Sweet Miss * *, the Beauty of Brighton.

Go search ev'ry full borough,
Arundel, Pulborough,
Preston and Portslade† and Pevensey;
Take your horse and go prancing
Through Worthing and Lancing—
Little Hampton and Hove you may even see:
Your tour don't stop short on—
Take Lewes and Laughton,
Whose fair ones we must not throw slight on;
But nor those, nor the pretty
Of Chichester‡ city,
Match Miss * *, the Beauty of Brighton.

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* This is a real character, well known in London, but still better at Brighton.

† It may be objected by some formal and precise Sussex-county critics, that Portslade, Preston, and perhaps some other places mentioned in the text, are not, *strictly speaking*, boroughs. To this we shall only say, in lawyers' phrase, "And if not, why not?" No blame to us that they are not so: for the sake of our own accuracy we wish they were.

‡ A reasonable reward will be paid to any person who will favour us with *an available* rhyme to Chichester.

Ride over to Midhurst—
I'm told that it did erst
Produce pretty women in plenty;
While the people of Keymore
Say there you will see more—
That they'll beat it by nineteen in twenty.
You may go the whole hog,* nor
Pass Bramber or Bognor,
But there you'll not find me the right one;
Nay, even add Petworth,
They're not, the whole set, worth
Miss * *, the Beauty of Brighton.

P.*

THE POLKA; OR, THE BOHEMIAN GIRL TO HER LOVER.

A NATIONAL BALLAD.

The following graphic description of the far-famed "Polka Dance" has recently been given to the world by the celebrated Fredrika Bremer, the Edgeworth and Austin of Sweden, in a work entitled "Strife and Peace," of which a translation has appeared from the pen of a kindred writer, the accomplished Mary Howitt. This dance, which is equally popular in Bohemia, Hungary, Sweden, Norway, &c., "is," says Miss Bremer, "highly characteristic; it paints the northern inhabitants' highest joy in life; it is the *Berserker*-gladness in the dance. Supported upon the arm of the woman, the man throws himself high in the air: then catches her in his arms, and swings round with her in wild circles; then they separate, then they unite again, and whirl again round, as it were in superabundance of life and delight. The measure is determined, bold, and full of life. It is a *dance-intoxication*, in which people for the moment release themselves from every care, every burden and oppression of existence!"

1.

Dear youth, from the forest and mountain
Oh, come, 'neath the wild cherry-tree—†
My flax thread I've washed in the fountain,
Come, love, dance the Polka with me!
Like the waves of the Elbe madly bounding,
Let not the dark Wodnyk‡ affright,

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* Literally translated from the French, *Aller le cochon entier.*

† The branches of the wild cherry-tree, which are supposed to possess many magical properties in Bohemia, &c., are used in wedding festivities. It is the favourite tree of Sclavonian song and superstition.

‡ The *Wodnyk*, or *Wodnjk*—water-demon, frequently the subject of popular stories in Bohemia; his name is used to frighten children away from the water-side—"The Wodnjk will catch you!" is a common exclamation with mothers and nurses.

The Mandoline long has been sounding,
Like Vilas* we'll dance through the night!
Dear youth, from the forest and mountain,
Oh, come, 'neath the wild cherry-tree—
My flax thread I've washed in the fountain,
Come, love, dance the Polka with me!

2.

With the Garnets you gave to adorn me,
Those gems in our Giant's Glen† found,
That our Burgrave himself should not scorn me,
By my *gold-hearted*‡ mother I'm crown'd!
There's life in my feet and my arms, love!
There's fire in my heart and my soul!
I pant for the Polka's wild charms, love,
Which each sorrow of life can control!
Then come from the forest and mountain,
Oh, come 'neath the wild cherry-tree—
My flax-thread, I've wash'd in the fountain,
Come, love, dance the Polka with me!

3.

Like WINE, that glad dance will inspire me,
With transport 'twill thrill every vein—
Did I dance through the night, 'twould not tire me—
I would dance it at morning again!
What rapture, when heart to heart joining—
In thine eyes, love, as onwards we go,
All its magical circles entwining,
I must gaze, or I giddy should grow!
Then come from the forest and mountain,
Oh, come 'neath the wild cherry-tree—
My flax-thread I've washed in the fountain,
Come, love, dance the Polka with me!

M.

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* *Vilas*—a race of mountain spirits very popular throughout all the German provinces; they have lately been rendered somewhat familiar in England under the name of *Wilis*, in the ballet of "Giselle;" there is an account of them in Keightley's "Fairy Mythology."

† *Giant's Glen*, or *Riesengrund*, a deep valley in the vicinity of the Elbe, and the *Berawn*, in which precious stones are often found. Bohemia has long been celebrated for the beauty and quantity of its native *garnets*, which almost rival in brilliancy and value those of the East.

‡ *Golden*, is a particular term of endearment in Sclavonian poetry; it occurs frequently in the ballads of Bohemia. In the popular old song "Matko Maticko," a love-sick damsel thus addresses her mother:

Mother, sweet mother mine,
Gold, is that heart of thine, &c.

And in the well-known ballad, "Na Tureckem pomezj"—another love-sick maiden thus addresses her sire—"My golden Father—*Muy zlaty pantato*," which is the common Sclavonian mode of addressing a parent. Many other examples might be given were it necessary, but these may suffice.

LITERATURE.

THE NEW SPIRIT OF THE AGE.*

This work stands in a very unhappy predicament. It has had the effect of sorely puzzling some people—of offending others—of satisfying none. Luckily this is not a very belligerent age in literature, and the public care little about the feuds of authors. But it is a strangely unfortunate destiny for a book, when even those whom it praises are uneasy under its approbation.

The first difficulty is the selection of persons who are to represent the spirit of the age. It would be impossible to make such a selection without omitting many who have unquestionable claims to high consideration. We could name at least twenty distinguished men who are not even alluded to in this work. But that might be forgiven. Editors cannot do every thing. It might be good-naturedly inferred that such omissions occurred from want of space, were we not awkwardly reminded of the idleness of the excuse by the quantity of space lavished upon a small brood of great Obscurities. There are names here suddenly ticketted for fame, of which the world that bestows the fame never heard before, and may, probably, never hear again. What frantic acts of wild delight the owners of some of these names may perform when they find themselves called to glory all at once, it is not for us to speculate upon; but certain it is that they can do nothing half so preposterous as the projector of this work has done in putting them forward, to use his own words, as "those most eminent in general literature, and representing most extensively the spirit of the age!"

We shall be more tender towards the individuals who are thus dragged into a painful publicity than the editor has been. We will *not* mention their names. But we hope, should the book reach a second edition, they will endeavour, for their own sakes, to extricate themselves from its pages. Nobody will believe that they are fit to discharge even the duties of their private stations with credit and discretion, if they allow their vanity to swallow them up without at least some show of remonstrance.

The worst of such an attempt to force a reputation for people who really have done and can do nothing to justify it is, that it looks like a desperate combination amongst a few small writers to make a dash at notoriety—at any risk. Such may not be the case with this work—but it has a very suspicious aspect, and might with much greater propriety be called the spirit of a clique than the spirit of the age.

Be that as it may, the book teems with "curiosities" of one sort and another; and as it is so desultory in plan and execution as to defy the application of any thing like regular criticism, we shall content ourselves with dipping in here and there for a few illustrative points.

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* The New Spirit of the Age. Edited by R H. Horne. 2 vols.

The principle on which the selection of persons has been made is not one whit more incomprehensible than the odd way in which they are sometimes hunted in couples. If their names had been thrown into a hat, and drawn out hap-hazard, the associations in some cases could hardly have been more ludicrous. Thus Lord Ashley and Dr. Southwood Smith are billeted together—Sydney Smith and Douglas Jerrold—Harriet Martineau and Mrs. Jamieson, two persons not only wholly unlike each other, but are even opposed by antagonistic characteristics—Miss Barrett and Mrs. Norton, the one living out of the world, the other in it; the one all Greek and passion, the other all English and sentiment. Then the supercilious manner in which some people are dealt with, the slurring and shifting style in which approbation is dropped upon others, and the frequent mistakes which arise from the hopeless attempt to adjust individual claims under wrong designations, or to despatch various or contrasted claims under the same—these, and other unfavourable incidents in the book, lead to a confusion of judgments and individualities which will utterly scare the innocent and conscientious reader, and make him wonder what all this clamour and jostling can really mean. The ready reply is, of course, the old story—the difficulty of pleasing every body—the old man and his ass—the painter and his picture, &c.: to which we beg to reply, in return, that these difficulties furnish no argument for the way in which the work is written; but that they furnish the best of all conceivable arguments why it should not have been written at all.

The article on Dickens is full of panegyric. Nobody can object to any praise bestowed upon Dickens, unless it be false praise, and that is objectionable because it obscures his real merits, and applauds him in the wrong place. Nothing offends a man of true genius so grossly. Dickens can afford any sort of ill-treatment better than this. The critic compares him to Hogarth—the slip-slop fashion of calling him the "Fielding of the nineteenth century" is out of date. This method of comparison is easy criticism, but never before was it carried to such extremity. It seems that Dickens "is like Scott and Fielding in fleshly solidity, costume, and completeness of his external portraitures"—that he has "a close affinity" to Cervantes—that he "is not like Gay,"—that he is "very like De Foe," and awfully like Hogarth. The point on which he is stated to resemble Hogarth most closely is precisely that on which he most widely differs from him—vitality and closeness of detail. They are both great in details—and this has led the writer into a supposition that they must necessarily resemble each other. Hogarth's details are invariably subservient to a distinct and single purpose—Dickens's, always true in themselves, are generally independent, or simply illustrative. In Hogarth, unity of design is paramount—Dickens never aims at unity. Indeed from the very point of view chosen by the critic their genius presents essentially different aspects.

In a paper on the Howitts we have a catalogue of their works, and a sketch of their lives, with the following pertinent note attached: "We must not allow ourselves to be so overcome by a sense of the abundance of the Howitts as to omit our tribute to the beauty of Mary Howitt's poetical productions, which are not, we think, sufficiently estimated in this article." This is a comical method of rectifying a very

grave injustice. Whose business was it to estimate Mary Howitt's poetry if not that of the writer who voluntarily undertakes to sit in judgment upon it? What satisfaction is it to the public to find an apology of this kind offered for the non-discharge of a voluntary responsibility? What quittance is it of a duty to acknowledge that it is left undone? Surely if the names of the Howitts are paraded in the advertisement, we have a right to look for a proper estimate of them in the book.

Mr. Ainsworth is treated in much the same way. It is pretended that an article, remarkable only for being wonderfully superficial as far as it goes, was begun by one hand, but as it was tending towards an alarming severity, taken up by another hand, which, not seeming to mend the matter, it was finally consigned to a third hand, whereupon it was ultimately agreed to say nothing more about Mr. Ainsworth, on the ground that he ought to be spared in public because he is esteemed in private. Now the flippancy of all this is no less censurable than the transparent nonsense about the employment of three hands upon the preparation of an article which could not have occupied one hand a quarter of an hour. The real question is, why was Mr. Ainsworth introduced at all if he was not to be fairly, openly, and, above all, honestly criticised? If the esteem in which he is held in private be a valid excuse for not dealing frankly with him in public, why did this critic with the three hands bring him into his book at all? Would Hazlitt have done this? Hazlitt had only two hands, and he would have put them both into the fire before he would have committed his integrity to such a ludicrous compromise. The writer of this triangular article is dishonest to the public, to Mr. Ainsworth, and to himself. He leaves it clearly to be inferred either that he is wholly unacquainted with Mr. Ainsworth's writings, or incapable of estimating them. The pretext through which he creeps out of the difficulty is a naked evasion, and a very paltry one to boot.

But the onslaught upon Thomas Ingoldsby is the strangest chapter of all. The writer professes his object to be "the exposition and denunciation of a false principle of composition." If we were to accept this statement as conveying his real design, we should be compelled to conclude that he had discovered some fundamental flaw in Ingoldsby's prosody or syntax. Every body knows what "composition" is—it is neither smelting, nor fishing, nor burglary, nor rat-catching—but simply, as applied to writing, the art of putting words together according to certain rules and regulations. Now a false principle of composition can only refer to some violation of such rules and regulations; and not merely a violation of them, but a wilful and systematic violation of them, else it could not aspire to the dignity of a principle. Thus it would be a false principle of composition if Mr. Ingoldsby were to insist upon making his verbs fall out with their nominatives—as if he were to say "Mr. Horne am very good critic." But we can find no such instance; the subjunctive mood is properly attended to; the objective cases and the active participles, and the relative pronouns are all respected according to their several rights and privileges: Mr. Ingoldsby has nowhere broken Priscian's head, nor can we discover that he has even thrown any thing at it.

The real embarrassment the critic seems to labour under respecting Thomas Ingoldsby is, that he does not know what to make of him. He never can tell whether he is serious or only in fun. At last, after floundering about for a considerable time, he inclines to the opinion that Ingoldsby is a comic poet. He is not quite sure of this, but he is clear that, if Ingoldsby be a comic poet, he is unlike all other comic poets. "The present age," he observes, "is sufficiently rich in its comic poets. They are nearly all remarkable for the *gusto* of their pleasantry, *and in the singular fact that they have but little resemblance to each other.* George Colman was an original, Thomas Moore was an original; the same may be said of Horace and James Smith," and so on of Hood, Blanchard, and Titmarsh, who are now for the first time recognised amongst the comic poets. With such a classification of celebrities in his head it is not very surprising he should be troubled to know what to do with Ingoldsby.

Classification is evidently not this writer's *forte*, and that is the exact reason, we suppose, why he is so sensitive on the subject. It is the infirmity of poor human nature to exult over its weaknesses, and flourish them in the face of the open world. Thus in a note, similar to that which he tags to the Howitts, he says that he "hardly feels at ease in the above classification of Richardson with the author of the 'Fool of Quality.'" Startled by this touch of remorse we turned back upon the passage, and found no such classification expressed or implied. The passage is to the effect that Mrs. Gore leaves the Richardsons and Brookes far behind. So she might the Smiths and the Surrs without implying the remotest classification between writers so utterly different in their means. But the editor evidently thinks that Master Brooke has no right to stand on the daïs with Richardson. We are sorry that a gentleman who professes to be so well acquainted with the spirit of the present age, should be so ignorant of the spirit of the past as not to have a more familiar acquaintance with the author of "Gustavus Vasa."

The sensibility which is so tender of the fame of the dead lions, is not always so careful of seeing justice done to the living ones. For example, it is said of Knowles that "he has delved into the human breast, and traced the secret windings of the affections; *limited, indeed, to the emotions elicited by modern social intercourse;* but still with genuine truth and varied knowledge." The intentional depreciation of this most preposterous passage will be best understood upon a perusal of the whole article. The solution is obvious—*Mr. Knowles has succeeded.*

Indeed the spirit in which the dramatic writers are treated is too obvious to escape the notice of the most careless reader. The subject is evidently a nervous one to the writer. He cannot conceal his agitation; and his motive is as plain as his tremour. The "Martinuzzi" of Mr. Stephens, which was played at the Lyceum to the infinite amusement of the public, and at the loss of at least 1000*l.* to the author, is ambiguously pointed out as a great tragedy. Mr. Buckstone is compared, on account of his fecundity, to Thomas Heywood! We are told that there is not a single instance of a successful author of a five-act play, tragedy, or comedy, "throughout our literature of the present

day;" not even Knowles, not even Bulwer, not even Talfourd. "No," adds the writer, as if he had recoiled in astonishment at his own thunder, and then come back again resolved to be convinced, "no, *there is not one!*" The enumeration of the acted dramatists of the age, is confined to Jerrold, Planché, Bernard, Buckstone, Oxenford, Dance, Mark Lemon, Moncrieff, Coyne, Leman Rede, Lunn, Peake, Poole; and we are told that nearly all the best authors compose the bright band of the unacted dramatists, whereupon we are referred for some of "the finest dramatic writing and *situation* [think of that, Master Brooke!] of modern times," to Lord Francis Egerton, Lord John Russell, Lord John Manners, and Lord Beaumont! If the great unacted be so strong, they can afford to be just. Why should they omit from the roll of acted dramatists the honoured names of Almar, and Dibdin Pitt, and Stirling, and the gentleman who executes equestrian dramas for the Amphitheatre? If, as the writer says, "Moncrieff only wanted to have fallen on a better age to have been ranked with some of the dramatists of a nobler era," what might not have happened if Mr. Batty's poet had flourished a little lower down the river on the same side in the sixteenth century? The notion of Moncrieff falling on an age, and the age being the better or the worse for the fall, or he for the age, is exquisitely comical.

No wonder our critic should be perplexed by Thomas Ingoldsby, who is just the man to throw such a critic into fits. In one of the legends a knight twists off his wife's head. The critic indignantly asks whether he is in jest or earnest. "Serious or comic?" he demands; "surely this cannot be meant as a laughable thing, *but as a dreadful actual revenge?* at any rate, however, it *is* laughed at, and the very next couplet institutes a paraphrastic comparison with Humpty Dumpty, who sat on a wall! 'all the king's doctors and all the king's men,' sings the primitive muse—who is sometimes 'rather too gay'—'can't put fair Alice's head on *agen!*'" It is not that the muse of Ingoldsby is too gay or too sanguinary, but that she is not altogether one thing or the other. Had Ingoldsby written in the fashion of Blue Beard, or Jack the Giant-killer, and slain his victims with becoming seriousness, all would have been right. Nobody complains of Blue Beard's blood-thirstiness; on the contrary, it is generally regarded as the chief grace and fascination of his character. But Ingoldsby must act Blue Beard in broad grins. This is dreadful. His legends seem to possess the singular property attributed to the herb *sardonia*—they kill you with laughter; an irreverent sort of mirth which fairly takes the legs from under the dignity of criticism.

It might be supposed that the close neighbourhood of so much rich humour would have the effect of shedding an air of pleasantry over the savage cruelties of this incomprehensible muse. There are, undoubtedly, many people who think the legends a pure rush of genuine fun, poured out from a kind of impulse, as birds sing simply out of the fullness of their music, without much caring or knowing why or wherefore. Our critic thinks differently. He is satisfied that the jokes and volubility are only thrown in to divert attention from the real slaughtering purpose at the bottom, and that Thomas Ingoldsby is in fact a sort of legendary ogre. When the knight twists off fair Alice's head, (which

he had previously twisted on) the reviewer says it must be meant "*as a dreadful actual revenge!*" And although Humpty Dumpty makes his appearance in the very next couplet on the top of the wall, he is still of the same opinion. If Humpty Dumpty failed to throw any light upon the business, we may give it up in despair.

Being convinced then that Ingoldsby's intention is to inculcate battle and murder and all manner of physical horrors for the pleasure of them, he proceeds to exhibit some of the proofs on which he erects his faith. He is speaking of the legend of Glugulphus, a worthy man who was murdered once upon a time by his wife, assisted by a learned young clerk, who had his own reasons for wishing him out of the way:

"Having dismembered him 'limb from limb,'" says the critic, "cutting off his hands at the wrists, by means of the great sugar-nippers, they determine upon throwing his head down the well. Before doing this, however, they cut off his long beard, and stuff it into the cushion of an arm-chair, all of which is laughably told. Then, the muse does not mean to be serious? This is not intended as an account of a murder done, or any thing beyond a joke. *Read the next stanza.*

> They contrived to pack up the trunk in a sack,
> Which they hid in an ozier-bed outside the town,
> The clerk bearing arms, legs, and all on his back,
> As the late Mr. Greenacre served Mrs. Brown.

Exactly—this is the point at issue—here is the direct, clearly-pronounced comparison with an actual horror, made palpable beyond all dispute. As did Greenacre, in like manner did this spruce young clerk. No pantomime murders, no Christmas gambols—but the *real thing* is meant to be presented to the imagination."

This is the *gist* of the whole criticism. Finding that the young clerk dissected Glugulphus with a pair of sugar-nippers, all of which is very circumstantially related, and that he stuffed an arm-chair with his beard, the critic begins to suspect that Ingoldsby must be only in fun. His own extensive observation through life comes to the help of his critical faculties, and never having heard of a dissection by a pair of sugar-nippers, especially the cutting off the hands at the wrists, he is just about to be of opinion that the whole thing is a piece of rigmarole, when unluckily his eye falls upon the next stanza. That next stanza settles the question. Fun do you call it? says he; fun? Read the next stanza. There you will find whether it is fun or not? What do you think of bringing in Mr. Greenacre and Mrs. Brown *by name?* There is no joke in that, *but the real thing presented to the imagination.*

"Thrown off our guard," he says, "by the comicalities of the style, such things might be passed over with a laugh the first time (they have been so, too generally); but a second look produces a shudder, recollecting, as we do, the previous allusion to Greenacre, and *knowing* that those horrors are not meant for pantomime."

You see, he *knows*, this acute critic *knows* that they are not meant for pantomime.

Having established this fact to his own entire satisfaction, he winds up his opinion into a general proposition, namely, that others apply laughter and ridicule "to a moral purpose, viz., to the diseased appetite for horrors," but that Ingoldsby applies them "*to the horrors themselves.*"

This is the charge—that Ingoldsby looks upon murder not as a capital offence, but as a capital joke; considers Mr. Greenacre a humorist of the first water; and would infinitely prefer a bowl of poison to a bowl of punch.

It never occurred to this sincere wiseacre, that there was something else to ridicule besides the diseased appetite for horrors—namely, the *diseased food by which it is nourished*. He sees plainly enough that Ingoldsby indulges in a jocose use of horrors, and he takes his stand upon that. If he had looked an inch further he must have discovered that all this raw-head and cross-bones whimsicality is the vent, not of a scoffing spirit, but of a strong wit lashing with matchless ridicule the ribald and profane narratives of horror, which daily solicit the morbid sympathies of the public in an endless variety of shapes. Look at the daily newspapers—look at the weekly papers, when a diabolical murder has been perpetrated. Look at the column after column of sickening items, the exact geography of the spot, the biography of the murderer, embellished, perhaps, with a faithful likeness. Visit the spot while curiosity is yet keenly directed towards it—thousands of people are crushing onwards, jammed, yelling, eager, maddened to gaze at the bed, the doorway, the window where the atrocity was done, and to refresh their jaded imaginations by "realising" the locality; observe the halfpenny sheets of fabulous particulars dispersed amongst the multitude to stimulate them into still fiercer luxuries of speculation; while the memory of the event itself is perpetuated by medals, relics, and bleary wood-cuts destined to be hung up in cottage-parlours for the benefit of the "rising generation." When you have thoroughly explored this phase of our national taste, good wiseacre, and perceived the evil that is done by treating the things seriously, and by allowing a grave relish for them to grow up amongst the people, you will be qualified to understand the healthy and solemn purpose which lies beneath the apparently fantastical vagaries of Thomas Ingoldsby. We believe that more effectual remedies for social vices of this intangible nature—vices, that are evasive of legislation, and too subtle in their working to be much influenced by the ordinary expression of Public Opinion—are found in the successful use of well-directed ridicule than in the beadle's whip or the hangman's noose. And Thomas Ingoldsby has scourged the brutal taste in a way not likely to be forgotten. He has heaped overwhelming satire upon that minute style of delineating crime, which might be said to have created the passion upon whose indulgence it subsisted; and he has given such an effectually ludicrous turn to the genius for the horrible, that the whole school of penny-a-line pathos may be fairly said to shudder through his verses and expire in their echoes.

But Ingoldsby, although he has most effectually succeeded in bewildering the brains of the critic, is not the only individual misrepresented in this book. There are several very odd configurations of men of genius. Carlyle is described as one who "has knocked out his window in the wall of his century." Mr. Milnes is informed that instead of writing poetry for the people, he ought to have written it for the philosophers; "but," adds the writer, "the very philosophers should be of the upper house, and accustomed to tread softly upon Plato's car-

pets, or—" what does the reader suppose would be the consequence?—"they would be found inevitably defective, now and then, in their range of sympathies!" Of Mr. Fonblanque we have the following curious description.

Fonblanque seems not so much to fight "on editorial perch," as to stand with an open code of social laws in one hand, and a two-edged sword in the other, waving the latter to and fro with a grave face, while dictating his periods to the laughing amanuensis.

This is very much like the story of the Hiberniun who wrote a challenge with a pistol in each hand. Mr. Dickens, we are told, is "a great walker, *and very much given to dancing Sir Roger de Coverley.*" When Hartley Coleridge is spoken of, *the* Coleridge is referred to as his "*eminent father.*" Mr. Wordsworth is said to have "laid his hand on the Pegasean mane, and testified that it was not floss silk;" a fact upon which there could be no great difficulty in collecting evidence. Alfred Tennyson, our critic informs us, avoids general society, "and would prefer sitting up all night talking with a friend, or else to 'sit and think alone.'" The work teems with such curt and sober-looking trivialities. We could quote a sheet of them. *Cui bono?* Long before this number of our Magazine shall have been bound up into its volume, and taken its place upon the library shelves of our readers, this "New Spirit of the Age" shall have quietly evaporated into oblivion. Let it go.

THE WILFULNESS OF WOMAN.*

Amongst the novels which of late years made a decided impression on the public mind the "History of a Flirt" deserves a conspicuous place. It was a first production, and exhibited an intimate acquaintance with the working of human feelings and social influences. It was succeeded by the "Manœuvring Mother," in which the author addressed herself to a different phase of fashionable experiences, and with an amount of success which quite justified the expectations she originally excited. Her third novel is now before us.

It may be gathered from the titles of these works that the writer sets out with a clear design—that she always proposes to herself the solution of some moral problem; the only mode of proceeding (if the esthetical principles of criticism may be relied upon) by which a complete artistical result can be obtained. Her first work was a capital specimen of the class. The whole mystery of "flirtation" was explored and laid bare in its pages with a fearless hand and philosophical purpose. Nor is the writer less resolute in the courage with which she now assails a still graver womanly vice, which, for delicacy and euphony, she softens down into the gentle term—wilfulness.

The novel reading world has resolved into a canon of drawing-room

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* The Wilfulness of Woman. By the authoress of "The History of a Flirt," "The Manœuvring Mother," &c.

opinion a fact which is obvious enough in itself—namely, that women can best depict the nature of woman. Of course there are great failures in this way; but, upon the whole, the truest, profoundest, closest, and to themselves most intelligible and palpable portraits of woman in the narrative shape have undoubtedly been drawn by women. Men have succeeded only—with rare exceptions—in large characteristics, in taking the ideal rather than the real likeness, and in massing rather than separating the attributes of the sex. The process of generalization is peculiarly the province of the stronger intellect; but it is in individualisation, in the small, trifling but essential touches, the minute *finesse* of the female character, that female writers pre-eminently excel. And this is certainly one of the points in which the clever novelist under consideration exhibits the greatest ability.

The "moral" of this novel, indicated clearly enough by its title, is developed through two or three "cases"—if one may say so—of female self-will. In none of these instances is the obstinacy over-drawn. It never stands out so sharply on the canvas as to appear hard or unnatural. They are one and all precisely such patterns of womanly wrong-headedness as may be fallen in with night after night throughout a fashionable season at the west-end. Novels of this description do not depend so much upon their dramatic texture, as upon the strength and earnestness of their delineation of real life. The means are generally of less importance than the end. We are engrossed too much by the truth of the portraiture to care how it is brought about, or by what contrivances it is to be followed up. The actors are every thing in these stories of the actual world—the carpenters and scenery nothing. Hence we are prepared to find the plot of such a novel as this neither very skilful nor very intricate. As a mere matter of plot, there is scarcely any thing new or startling to attract or surprise the reader. Two fair cousins of opposite character marry the men of their choice—the one a man of sense, with the sanction of her friends, the other an empty fop against their consent. The issues of these boldly contrasted marriages may be easily predicated. The former secures a life of happiness—the latter is deserted by her worthless husband. In the progress of these two lines of domestic experience we have a variety of glimpses at the great world of fashion, whose heartlessness, levity, and vice, are exposed with such success, and at the same time with so much good taste, that nobody can be the worse, and a great many people ought to be the better for the perusal of this strange although not very eventful history.

The dialogues are occasionally too lengthy; but they are always written with spirit and considerable conversational tact. Sometimes they soar into the wit of comedy, and sustain the flight with grace and buoyancy. Take a sparkle of their gaiety from the following passage. The lady is married to an old general, and is making a confidante at first-sight of her sister-in-law, to whose house in town she has just come upon a visit. The very openness of her confessions is characteristic of her nature.

Lady Sarah Monteith loved gaiety for its own sake, and courted it also as a means of filling up a large portion of valuable time. She was beholden to society for hours and days of amusement, which could not be obtained in domestic retire-

ment with the taciturn and chilling general, that "dismal general," as she expressed herself in confidence to her new sister; "that dismal general, whom my mother would not allow me to decline because his station and fortune were high—so I live for and upon others, when I know and feel I was meant for better things." Sydney was shocked.

"But he is a Monteith, Lady Sarah, he is, he must be kind and well-principled. Is he not Edward's relation?"

"Kind, my dear! Oh! he is perfectly civil, and decidedly polite, but look in his face, Sydney. Look in that dismal face and tell me if there is a loveable spot upon its surface for a woman of five-and-twenty to contemplate with satisfaction."

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"I would not have married so, for all the world could offer, Lady Sarah!"

"You, Sydney? * * * You have greater energies than you are aware of; besides, your beauty precludes the fatiguing necessity of sparkling. You have only to sit in loveliness, just keeping your eyes open, whereas I am obliged to 'briller,' as the French term it, and be witty with all my might. Do not give way to fancied fatigues at this most bustling portion of the season. Sydney, I shall require you to be my very shadow."

"But the General will surely often accompany you into public, Lady Sarah?"

"What, take the 'dismal General' with me, to blight all my pleasant fancies? No, indeed, my dear. Besides, it is an understood thing that we never interfere with each other. He will attend his own club-house, and make one of the acid faces among the ancients there. I could not present him among the young and gay in my own circle, it would be rolling a dark cloud over the genial beams of the sun."

Sydney Monteith looked distressed, but she could say nothing in reply to observations so new, and so fearfully sounding in their import. She could not comprehend a woman confessing herself happy in the absence of her husband, and feeling only distressed when circumstances required them to appear together.

Lady Sarah is the perfect representative of her class. Her beautiful head, radiant with the sunshine of a thoughtless spirit, is the centre of a group of worshippers wherever she goes. Her character is drawn by our author in exquisite colours—and her fate leaves a melancholy but most salutary moral behind. She elopes with a captain in the guards, and, after an exile of two years, is struck with remorse and returns home to die. This is one view of the "Wilfulness of Woman"—one that most frequently presents itself in its early stages, although it does not always end in public crime and voluntary penitence. The fidelity of the sketch will be universally recognised.

Of the self-willed cousin, who outraged all family advice by marrying a handsome puppy, the history is equally painful in its course; but happily the death of her husband releases her from her miserable obligation, and with the elasticity of a true woman she quickly recovers her beauty and her self-reliance, and marries a gruff physician, who makes her, in the long run, one of the happiest women in the book. We hardly like to see so much real wilfulness rewarded in the end with so much real serene felicity; but the author is a better judge on this point than we can pretend to be; for with all the lady's perverseness, we plainly see a heart beating under her cross-purposes, which, no doubt, well entitles her to the enjoyment of domestic delights at last. If we have any substantial charge to bring against the physi-

cian's wife, it is her indulgence in a multitude of caprices of temper and expression; but here again, the writer knows best, for in this particular also she has wisely drawn from nature. The physician himself —a flat, blunt, big man, with the voice of a trumpet, and a heart huge enough for a giant—is a portrait to the life; a great, terrible, ugly, most loveable creature, full of rugged good sense, and practical benevolence. The "dismal" old General, too, whose mind is broken down by his wife's infidelity, is thrown out with great power in a few masterly touches: one of those dumb, crusty-looking, hard-featured men, who give you at the first glance a notion of stony-heartedness, but who turn out, when a solemn domestic trouble falls upon them, to have been all the while the kindest and tenderest, and, in their affections, the gentlest of human beings! The motley party at Castle Donald is very cleverly drawn—perhaps a little too crowded and noisy, but cleverly individualised nevertheless. Mrs. Tryon is really not a fiction—she lives in this book; with her constitutional flutter, and her hereditary power of enjoyment. We have met this sort of capacity of gay life flourishing in families; and no doubt it is a thing to be transmitted in the blood, and to be remembered long, and to survive from generation to generation, like the colour of the eyes or the outline of the face. The grandmother of this sprightly incessant widow, was a sort of second Ninon de l'Enclos, and her mother was still enjoying the pleasures of Baden-Baden. The secret of all this power of wear and tear is very philosophically determined by our author, who hints that Mrs. Tryon is at bottom utterly heartless and selfish. That accounts for every thing; only it is a pity that people who have no hearts are by that very circumstance exempt from being reached by the only sort of punishment to which they are ever likely to be exposed. Mrs. M'Carthy makes a delicious contrast to this intriguing coquette. Her honest Hibernian nature refreshes the reader in the arid desert of gossip. With what *gusto* she blurts out her frank thoughts. How fearlessly she "takes down" the generals, who certainly, as a class, are not always the most agreeable persons in society. She had two generals in her own family, and "both of them dacent men while they were majors and colonels, but as soon as they became ginerals, you mightn't look at them through a telescope." No wonder her father's cousin should declare that "all ginerals were gineral nuisances!"

In all these portraits and sketches of character, and in the art of making them talk, our author displays unquestionable ability; but she has yet to do something more—to make her characters act as well as speak. We have no doubt of her genius; but she must imagine as well as observe, and she will produce a work of still higher pretensions than any of these, excellent as they are, which she has already written.

THE FORTUNES OF THE FALCONARS.*

Mrs. Gordon is, beyond all question, entitled to take a highly respectable, if not a first-rate, rank among the lady authors of the day. She possesses great good taste, an elegant and unaffected style, with equal purity of thought and expression. Her portraits are well drawn, and her incidents well conceived and well developed, and the work before us is calculated to add much to her popularity here as well as on the other side the border, where a slight tinge of superstition, and the supernatural agency of a real *bonâ fide* ghost will, from the peculiar tendencies and predilections of our second-sighted neighbours, meet with even a greater degree of favour than no small proportion of novel readers are inclined to extend to them in our less imaginative and romantic part of the island. The subject of the work is the decline, fall, and eventual restoration of an ancient and respectable Scottish family, impoverished by the thoughtless expenditure of its chief, Mr. Douglas Falconar, with whose decease the narrative properly commences. A high-minded and excellent son, Alfred Falconar, struggles in vain to preserve the old family seat, Cargarth, and to keep together at any sacrifice, and at any price but that of honour, the wreck of the property. His want of success is much aggravated by the annoyances to which his sister Eleanor—a beautifully drawn and highly finished portrait of all that is amiable and dignified in the female character—is subjected, as well as himself from the petulant imbecility of a weak mother, a variety of the Mrs. Nickleby genus, perpetually acted upon and excited by two of the most pestilent old aunts that ever escaped smothering. The characters of the trustees, too, are ably drawn, and the goodnatured, yet selfish Peter Balmayne, a wealthy partner in a great wine-house, is well contrasted with the pompous, purse-proud, and self-sufficient baronet, Sir Arthur Wellwood, who is his principal associate in the trust. Unlike the generality of heroes, Alfred Falconar has no heroine, and as he evaporates in the course of the history, the difficulty of getting rid of a lady love (for a young lady who has a sort of sneaking kindness for him, can scarcely be elevated to that dignity), is of course got rid of. Indeed, it is with the fate and persecutions of poor Eleanor, crossed in her dearest affections, principally through the means of impertinent interference of the ancient hags alluded to, that our sympathies are, for the most part, engaged, and her eventual union with the excellent friend of her beloved brother, hardly repays us for the pain we experience in accompanying her through her previous trials. This is, in effect, the principal fault of the book; it is a little too lugubrious; we are kept in a perpetual rage with those terrible tabbies, and their wretched dupe, the mother, and the misery produced to all in whose favour our feelings are enlisted, is such as to make us wish for, at least, a gleam of occasional sunshine amidst the general gloom of the picture. The fair author, too, has

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* The Fortunes of the Falconars. By Mrs. Gordon. 3 vols.

crowded her canvass with rather too many personages, fresh *dramatis personæ* are incessantly appearing upon the scene, and half the Scottish peerage figures in the narrative in the persons of some of its scions or representatives. Notwithstanding these minor blemishes, we do not hesitate to pronounce the work one of the best of its class. The character of Eleanor especially is a model for young ladies, and her admirer, Clifton, is every way worthy of her. We have room but for a single extract, and that, notwithstanding our previous hint, we shall take from one of the most *piquant* passages of the book. If a ghost is admissible at all, our readers will agree he could scarcely be better introduced than as thus, in Clifton's apartment.

It might have been an hour after this that Clifton started from a sleep into which he had fallen. There was no one in the room with him, and he lay for a few minutes gazing on the reflection upon the wall, opposite the window, which looked westward, of a long slanting red beam indicative of sunset, and thinking of the beautiful autumn woods as they must be at that moment smiling beneath its ray, with all the intensity of longing which seizes on the worshipper of nature during the restraint and weariness of a sick room. The bright radiance grew the while less and less distinct, till it faded entirely from the wall. The sun had set, and Clifton turned away his eyes with a sigh. They rested on the fire-place, which was within a few paces of his sofa, between it and the door, and on its opposite side, he started to perceive the figure of a man leaning against the mantelpiece, with his face partially turned from him. He had not heard the door open, but the lock, he remembered, was a very easy one, and concluding that it was Lavington who had entered the room, and remained silent, supposing him asleep, he addressed him by his name.

"I've kept my word, you see, Lavington," said he; "it's long since my letter was finished."

The vision to whom he spoke turned fully round at these words, and looked towards him. The room was by this time somewhat darkened, but at that moment the fire blazed up, throwing a bright illumination over every part of it, and disclosed to him a full and distinct view of the face and figure of this silent visiter. The face, the figure, the eyes, fixed upon him with a melancholy gaze, were those of Alfred Falconar!

Clifton sprang from the sofa as if touched by an electric shock. From the mingled effects of weakness and violent agitation he was unable for a minute to articulate a word, or to move a single step, and he remained supporting himself by the arm of the sofa, his eyes rivetted on the face of his friend—deadly pale and ghastly as it looked in the fitful light. Alfred, or his likeness, extended his right hand towards him, and his lips moved, but Clifton could not catch their sound. This motion, however, seemed to burst the spell that bound him.

"Falconar!" he exclaimed, advancing as he spoke, with a faltering step.

The figure smiled, but he felt as if a dimness coming over his eyes rendered it less distinct to his view. It seemed to fade before him. Another step, he reached the spot. *There was no one there.* No one was in the apartment, and the door remained closed as it had been all the while.

We question if there has been so graphic an account of a spectral visitant since the appearance of Hook's "Martha the Gipsy," and with it we commend our fair readers to their pillows.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A DISSENTING MINISTER.

This singular *exposé* of the effects of the "voluntary system," by one so practically acquainted with its results, and so powerful in delineating them has, as might have been expected in such polemical times as these, given this little work "a run" among our religious communities of all denominations. The sixth edition is now before us, and unpalatable as it may and must be to a large and influential body of men, the facts which it details, and the want of any thing like asperity in the tone in which they are recorded, even when mentioned as pressing hardest upon the personal experience of the author, must go far to disarm the *odium theologium* of much of its proverbial acerbity on the one side, and to increase the popularity of the book on the other. It is ably written, and there is a vein of quiet humour pervading the anecdotes and descriptions occasionally introduced, which is rarely found in writers of the author's *status*, and is especially calculated to promote the success of the book with the general reader.

SELECT PIECES FROM THE POEMS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

An elegant little work compiled from the best productions of one of our *most elegant*, and *now* most popular poets. The selection is judiciously made, and the style in which the book is got up renders it peculiarly appropriate for the *boudoir*, while the quality of contents justifies its introduction among the most refined portion of female society.

NINETY-EIGHT.*

A sharp reply to one of the sharpest metrical productions of the repeal party in the sister island. We sincerely hope the day is not far distant when all these outbreakings of party spirit on both sides will be buried in oblivion.

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* Ninety-Eight: a Truer Ballad Version of the Great Irish Rebellion.

William Beckford, Esqr.

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